

# The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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February 1, 1961

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The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Betty Best, of our London staff, told us that she went rather tongue-tied to interview Jacqui Chan (opposite page), because she had agreed not to mention the name of the actress' old friend who had married a princess.

"BUT," said Betty, "there was no need for qualms.

"As soon as I met Jacqui, I knew that her poise and charm would dispel any ghosts.

"I found that once she felt she could trust you, she herself would mention That Name."

★ ★ ★  
INTERESTING anecdote about the Maharajah of Jaipur, who is a host to the Queen and Prince Philip during the Royal tour of India and Pakistan.

It was the same Maharajah whom world-famous party-giver Elsa Maxwell kept waiting for three-quarters of an hour while giving an interview to staff member Cynthia Strachan during the Olympic Games in Rome.

The Maharajah was waiting to take Miss Maxwell to the Olympic equestrian events.

And Cynthia said: "When I left, he looked as if he was ready to break the door down — a contrast to the sunny smile he has in the picture on page 5."

★ ★ ★  
AMERICAN author Robert Carson, who wrote "The Improbable Blonde" (pages 16 and 17), a lively story of a teenager's infatuation for an "elderly" man (of 32), could apply the improbable part of his story's title to himself.

In the district where he lives, halfway between San Diego and Los Angeles, he is regarded as an "improbable" farmer.

He bought a ranch-farm and is running it with great diffi-

### Our cover



● The small boy with the waterlilies is John Peck, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Peck, of Bundaberg, Qld. Young John was swimming in Catfish Creek, a camping spot on the Gladstone-Biloela road, when his uncle, Mr. Ray Peck, photographed him for the cover picture. Mr. Peck told us: "John's sister, Leanne, 'prettied' him up with lilies and John 'inked' — his version of winked — at me."

culty, lacking any previous farming experience.

He reports that his crop failed, he has spent most of his money, he doesn't know how to drill a well, and he is afraid of horses.

The country air, however, agrees with him.

★ ★ ★  
MR. GORDON CLARKE, whose garden at "Linton Park," Linton, near Ballarat, Victoria, is shown in color on page 41, tells us that in flower with his 15,000 tulips are all the spring annuals, some 50 to 60 varieties of camellia, and hundreds of spring-flowering shrubs and trees.

"But," said Mr. Clarke, "we think the better show is a little later in the year when thousands of Dutch and bearded irises are in flower with the rhododendrons and azaleas.

"Or later still, when hundreds of delphiniums, lupins, and foxgloves flower with the roses, sweet peas, and all the late spring-flowering trees and shrubs."

SYDNEY photographer Douglass Baglin took the superb color picture of Sydney Cove (pages 8 and 9) from a Cessna aircraft at about 1000ft. Time was 7.45 a.m.

★ ★ ★  
FASHION editor Betty Keen says:

"In Paris, lingerie and at home clothes are the mixed up kids of the couture world. "Lots of garments sold as lingerie could be worn for leisure fashions; leisure clothes often look like lingerie.

"The amusing knicker design on page 27 is typical of this trend."

★ ★ ★  
THE five-page cake decorating feature (pages 30 to 34) is the first of two sections on an art in which many women take keen interest.

For the second section is our next issue, Food and Cookery Expert Leila C. Howard gives new ideas for decorating nine cakes—wedding cakes and a wedding anniversary cake.

**NEXT WEEK:** £1200 Maize Cornflour Contest — Announcing a maize cornflour recipe contest for which prize-money totals £1200 . . . Patterns for the older woman—Three-page color—illustrated section showing smart fashions for which patterns are available.



# JACQUI (not Jackie) CHAN

## -don't ask her about Tony

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● Those who want to enjoy meeting Jacqui Chan, if she visits Australia in April as planned, should keep off the question of her friendship with Tony Armstrong-Jones. If they do they will find that she is charming. If they don't, they are bound to be disappointed.

At first glance the name Jacqui Chan does not look familiar. But it sounds it. For the past ten months it has featured in stories of the Royal family in a subsidiary role, misspelt Jackie Chan.

The misspelling is the key to the mystery. For until now Miss Chan has refused any private interviews with reporters and has avoided making any correction in the spelling.

When she agreed to have lunch to talk about her planned trip to Australia in April to star in the play "The World of Suzie Wong," I was warned by her agent that it was on condition that I never mention the name of her old friend who had married a princess.

Fortunately, only a few days before we met, I had seen the film version of "The World of Suzie Wong," in which Jacqui Chan, for me at any rate, steals all her scenes.

She plays the featured part of Gwennie, Suzie's friend, who also is a prostitute in a bar in sleazy-side Hongkong.

Such a performance could only come from sound training, and after the compliments I asked Miss Chan where she got it.

"I have been training ever since my earliest teens," she said, a slight tone of irritation in her voice. It was not to be explained until later.

"I was born in Trinidad. My mother is full Chinese and my father half-Chinese, half-Russian. From as far back as I can remember I wanted to be a ballet dancer.

"I had lessons in Trinidad, and when it was time for me to go away to school (all children in Trinidad do when they are about 14), my parents let

me come to ballet school in England.

"I went to Elmhurst in Surrey, where dancing is a part of the pupil's everyday life."

When she was 17 her parents decided to let her go to the Royal Academy of Dancing in London for a three-year teaching course. But her own determination and commonsense took over.

"After a year I knew that I was far too impatient and bad-tempered to teach anyone else.

"And I wanted to be a performer myself."

Jacqui got a four-month run with the Windsor repertory company in "Teahouse of the August Moon," then in the same show in London.

After a year she went straight to principal dancer in "The King and I."

From there on Jacqui's career has been non-stop success: Principal dancer in

to Princess Margaret was announced.

Her dressing-room at the Prince of Wales Theatre was besieged by reporters and photographers who knew she had been a good friend of Tony's. Her private life was haunted for months by inquiring gossip writers. She was adamantly discreet, refusing all pleas to "talk."

I was very conscious of this as she reached this period in her story, so I merely said:

"But I'm amazed you have had such a successful stage career for so many years, and yet I've seen you described only as a photographer's model."

## Till now she's told everyone: "Print whatever you like"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" ballet, one of the dancing Ababos in "Kismet," principal dancer in "Simply Heavenly," and finally a straight role in the West Indian play "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl."

When "Suzie Wong" came to town, Jacqui was a natural for the cast. She took a featured part and understudied Suzie, which she got a chance to play for three weeks, with excellent notices from the critics.

She had been approached to play in the film when Tony Armstrong-Jones' engagement

For nearly a minute she looked at me in silence, seeming to weigh up the possibilities of once more being misquoted. Then suddenly, and almost with a pent-up sense of relief, it all came out:

"That's what makes me so sick. You see, I've been earning a good living by acting and dancing for more than four years. Yet when all this business about Tony came up, everyone forgot it.

"I have never actually worked as a photographer's fashion model in my life, although everyone said I did

— just to link me with Tony, I suppose.

"The fact is that I was photographed for glossy magazines in model clothes like any other actress or dancer is in London.

"Then as soon as the engagement was announced, writers began to ask all sorts of personal questions I had no intention of answering.

"When I saw that in spite of my saying nothing they still printed stories about me, which they made up, and that they couldn't even bother to get the spelling of my name right, I got furious.

"So when they rang to ask silly questions I just said,

And also if you make it clear that I do not owe my career to all that sort of publicity.

"The suggestion that I had never been offered a job until all this business is what makes me so mad. It just isn't true.

"If you explain that I did quite well without all that, that in fact it has hindered, not helped, people taking me seriously as an actress, I think it might be a good thing.

"I would also appreciate it if you would warn reporters in Australia that I don't answer any questions on this subject. It might not make any difference, but at least they have been warned and it might save us all a lot of time."

So there it is.

With photographer Alec Murray I visited Jacqui's Chelsea flat, went with her to some local shops.

We chatted of her recent television success in the lead of a straight play, "Without the Grail." We discussed her recent cabaret act, which was a wild success, and the record she made of "But No One Knows" and "Gentlemen, Please."

Finally she said that she longed to play Suzie in Australia.

"Creating the role with a new cast, I could give it the interpretation which suits me, and not have to fit in with someone else's, as an understudy always must do."

But never again did we discuss that old friendship or refer to our previous conversation, even obliquely.



ACTRESS Jacqui Chan in a brocade jacket, the only Chinese garment she owns. It was a Christmas present. Jacqui is quarter Russian, three-quarters Chinese, diminutive and enchanting.



● Sorting her wardrobe. The doll is "George," with whom she danced in "Kismet."



● Morning orange juice at the restaurant owned by Australian Peter Bathurst.

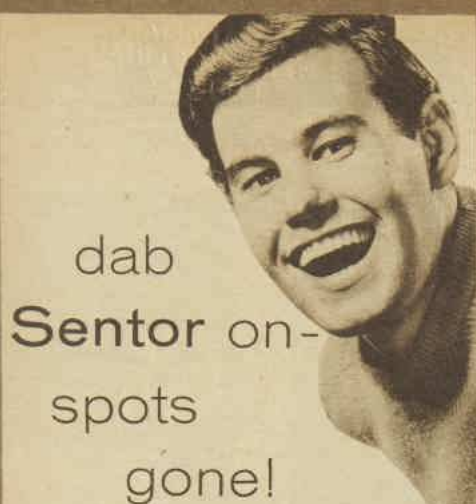


● Marketing in King's Road, near her flat. Fruit is sometimes from her native Trinidad.



● In the doorway of the Georgian house in Chelsea, where she has her bachelor flat.





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7/6

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## FREE MOTHERCRAFT LEAFLET

● Be frank with your children, especially about the facts of life. When the toddler begins asking questions about the new baby kitten, answer him simply and truthfully, but only the questions he asks.

A leaflet giving guidance, and with a list of helpful books for young parents, is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped addressed envelope is required.

# EVERYBODY'S GLAD TONY HAS A JOB (9 TILL 5)

From a staff reporter in London

● Princess Margaret and her husband, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, are now breakfasting earlier than usual.

THIS is part of the household reorganisation Princess Margaret has made now that her husband has become a 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. "daily-breader."

For Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones has got a job with the Council of Industrial Design in London's Haymarket, a stone's-throw from Eros in Piccadilly Circus.

Here, in a pastel-colored office behind the yellow door, he will work with his boss, Mr. Paul Reilly, 46-year-old director of the Council.

Tony will work a five-day week (time off for public engagements allowed); will receive no salary, but will draw Grade I expenses of £2/15/6 a night if he is out of town on office business and 7½d. a mile if using his car. (This small piece of intelligence has caused Londoners some amusement, as they say, "What if he is using Princess Margaret's car?")

### By car

Princess Margaret will time earlier breakfast to allow Tony half an hour to get from Kensington Palace to his office.

He is expected to go by car, probably chauffeur-driven to avoid parking problems in London's congested central area, and the same chauffeur-driven car is expected to pick him up in the evening.

Princess Margaret is trying to organise her official functions between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. so that she will always be home when Tony gets back.

Evening entertainments are also likely to be organised to give him at least an hour to bath and change before going out again.

The couple are not expected to be away from London very much from now on.

A Clarence House spokesman said: "I do not think Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones will be leaving London for some time now, except at the weekends."

Like thousands of other young men of his own age working in London, Tony will arrive at the office somewhere between 9.10 and 9.45 a.m. wearing a dark suit and striped shirt.

He will be saluted by the commissionaire of Haymarket House before he queues up for the lift in the black marble hall with a covey of pretty secretaries.



ON THE JOB. Tony Armstrong-Jones, society photographer, before his marriage to Margaret.

His office, on the second floor, is next door to his director's, and inside he will find a red carpet, decor of brown-and-white and pastel color, a desk and filing cabinet, and a window looking out as usual on to the next-door building.

At eleven o'clock the trolley will come along with a cup—it could be tea or coffee—and Tony will pay 2/4 a month for this and another one at 3 p.m.

Miss Sonia Edwards, the director's secretary, will answer the intercom buzzer when Tony presses it to dictate a letter—that is, if she is not already occupied with Mr. Reilly's work.

There is no office canteen, so when lunchtime comes Tony can choose between another chauffeur-driven car or an 8d. ride home on the No. 9 bus, a 7/6 lunch at the pub across the road, where many of his office colleagues go, and a quick and deliciously expensive meal in a famous fish restaurant at Piccadilly Circus, where very few of his colleagues go.

The Industrial Design Centre was opened by Prince

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The Industrial Design Centre was opened by Prince

Philip in 1956 as a permanent display of well-designed British consumer goods.

Prince Philip has always taken a great interest in it and is often popping in and out. I looked in the other day and walked round rather austere displays of china furniture, and kitchenware.

My companions walking round at 12.30 on a weekday were four schoolboys who were making drawings of everything they saw for some school project, three old ladies who stood for a very long time opening and shutting the doors of every cooker on display, a young courting couple sitting on one of the modern sofas munching off sandwiches. The commissionaire was viewing the resulting crumbs with offended dignity.

Two high-spirited children swung round and round on one of the shining pillars supporting the decorations while their parents investigated china much too fragile-looking for their particular household.

### His duties

What will Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones actually do?

The official handout from the Council of Industrial Design says:

"He will assist the Council in an advisory capacity and his experience will be of particular value to certain projects in connection with the Council's educational and exhibition programmes, such as visual teaching aids, illustrated publications, and display."

One of his first tasks will include helping to prepare an illustrated section of a new publication. He will also work on the use of photographs in the Council's magazine "Design."

Public opinion in London is delighted that Mr. Armstrong-Jones has got a job, but it is felt in many quarters that it's a pity he is not paid for it.

It is well known that the Queen Mother has been extremely keen that Mr. Armstrong-Jones should have a regular job, and as soon as possible.

In many quarters it has been suggested that he was given until after Christmas to make up his mind which of several suitable propositions he would choose.

Prince Philip's interest in the Council has obviously influenced his decision.

## A JOB—AND A KISS

DURING her Christmas holiday with Tony in Ireland Princess Margaret received a telephone call from London which made her throw her arms round him and kiss him.

Was this a call from the Queen with the news that Tony could begin work in a regular job?

The telephone call has never been explained, but observers believe this is when the couple first heard that Tony had a job.



# All India to guard the Queen's health

**They'll see doctor  
before they even  
touch an eggshell**

From ANNE MATHESON, in Delhi



● The Queen, whose Royal tour of India promises to be the most glamorous of all her tours.

INDIA and its people are being subjected to the biggest medical check-up in history to safeguard the health of the Queen.

No food she eats will be touched by human hands that are not, medically speaking, clean.

Local authorities in India have been issued with a Government directive:

"The Government of India desires that all cooks, waiters, assistants, who are likely to be in contact with the Queen's food, should be medically examined and certified free from amoebic dysentery."

Results of such examinations go straight to the local magistrate.

In Agra, where the Queen will be on January 29 to visit the Taj Mahal, Dr. Chatterji will see the entire staff of the hotel which will provide the food she will eat in the luxury of the V.I.P. lodge, Circuit House.

From Circuit House Elizabeth will see the Taj Mahal every time she glances through the windows. Khrushchev, Eisenhower, Chou En-lai have all stayed at Circuit House.

"But," said a member of the medical staff, "we have never conducted such a thorough examination of those who prepare the food."

## Salad problem

For the Queen there is a gigantic tossing of salads in Condy's fluid and boiling up of vegetables in a soda solution.

Says Mrs. Elsie Riby, Swiss manageress of the hotel, "My whole staff will see the doctor immediately before they touch even the outside of an eggshell."

In Agra, that means two

cooks, two kitchen boys, a butler, two footmen, two supervisors, a steward, and the girl who does the flowers. Mrs. Riby herself will take the Queen's breakfast to Circuit House by jeep.

But in Delhi the medical check takes in the entire staff of more than 100 at the President's (formerly the Viceroy's) Palace, which the Queen will make her headquarters, as well as the chefs and waiters who put on the great banquets and receptions.

Meantime Indians are coming hundreds of miles in bullock-carts to catch a glimpse of the Queen.

For three-quarters of India's population live in the villages. And, as one Government official told me, "Millions of our people don't know that the Raj (ruler) has left."

The Union Jack went up again in India for the first time in 13 years for the arrival of the Queen and Prince Philip on their State visit, beginning on January 21.

"We thought it had gone forever," said one old man.

In a setting of brilliant pageantry the Queen is stepping into a land where all the talk is of elephants and tiger shoots, of polo matches with the Duke, and of the wonderful Republic Day parade on the 26th, at which she will be the honored guest.

Security men say they have seen such crowds assembling in India—but only for Pandit Nehru.

A grandchild of the President of India will make a vermilion daub of welcome on the Queen's forehead.

"It is for luck and the one worn by many Indian ladies on festival days," explained the Royal Visit Director.

"In the villages is where you'll find the deepest affection for Elizabeth," I was told in

## Australians will meet her

Australian Julie McDonald will be one of the mannequins in a fashion show the Queen will see at Delhi's Cottage Industries Emporium on January 28.

Julie is married to Colin McDonald, Australia's Third Secretary in Delhi. But he won't see her as a model. The parade is private — no husbands invited.

Julie will wear tight pants and a heavily jewelled top in black and hand-spun Indian silk.

Julie and Colin McDonald, who were married last year in Melbourne, are the youngest couple in Australia's diplomatic service abroad.

They are well known and well liked in India, where they have a charming home, a dog named "Cobber," and a reputation for serving good curry. Julie makes the curry herself.

As well as modelling slacks for the Queen she is to be presented at a reception at the President's Palace.

Julie McDonald has already travelled extensively in India, has visited the Taj Mahal, and been the guest of the



Maharajah of Jaipur, known as "Jai" to his English and Australian friends. She stayed in the fabulous palace where there are eight guest suites. "But once the Maharajah lived in the old palace, which had 80 bedrooms," Julie told me.

She was travelling then with Nobel Prize winner Sir Macfarlane Burnet, Lady Burnet, and their two daughters.

"I was at school with the younger daughter, Deborah, at 'Fintona,' when Jai invited them to stay," she said.

Julie reminisced about the Maharajah's luxury palace.

"My bathroom in pink marble was enormous, with a sunken bath, diffused lighting, and steam heat at the turn of a knob," she said.

"I had a suite to myself. Although the Maharajah has turned part of the palace into a hotel, he keeps these suites for his friends. He is a perfect host."

Julie told me Jaipur was one-time absolute ruler of 15,000 square miles, is the son of warrior Rajputs, a crack polo player, and married to one of the most beautiful women in India.

● Maharajah of Jaipur at polo in England. Now 49, he is still one of the richest men in India.

"It is for a definite reason," said the Maharajah, without apologies. "It can be dangerous, also it is a highly informal occasion with the whole party — the Queen, Prince Philip, her Household, and a clutch of maharajahs — in slacks and jodhpurs. The kill will be either at dusk or dawn, the best time to shoot a tiger. It is their feeding time."

## Staff of 80

From Jaipur station the Royal party, counting four-score bearers, guides, gun-bearers, loaders, footmen, will travel 100 miles up-country in a private train with air-conditioned sitting- and dining-rooms, then motor in Daimlers and Rolls to the nine-room shooting lodge.

Here everything is studiously rustic, with box mattresses and kerosene stoves. Here the Queen will change into jungle-green bush shirt and anti-snake boots, drive to the Royal machan, where absolute silence is the order and smoking is prohibited.

The Queen will live in such luxury as only India knows how to lavish on guests, but she will see the "other half" of this sub-continent.

She will see housing projects of which India is proud, but she cannot fail to see something of the poverty of India, where 100 million landless laborers look for work at 1/6 a day, where two million refugees live and die in the streets of Calcutta.

Delhi. "She is the great-great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and that is how she is known and referred to."

Determined to make this Royal tour the tour of her life, the Indians are turning on everything they have, including 15 elephants borrowed from various maharajahs. The elephants are climbing the mountain pass to Katmandu to add their weight to the welcome there on February 26.

The long walk is the only way of getting these elephants up there.

Up in Jaipur, some 200 miles from Delhi, the ceremonial State elephant, which the Queen will ride, had a

"dry run" with his ankles a-tinkle with brass bracelets and his face gaudy with lacquer patternings.

The Maharajah of Jaipur on counting his elephants found he was down to only five, and hurriedly looked around to borrow more.

The deposed Maharajah of Jaipur is the only one to act as a private host to the Queen while she is in India.

He has laid on a tiger shoot in the jungles of Rajasthan.

Eight fat buffalo calves have been offered and taken as bait. Four tigers are prowling the area, living on the fat of the land, convinced they've never had it so good.

Their installation is against the day Prince Philip arrives with a tiger rifle.

The Queen will probably content herself with shooting a film of the kill.

She will sit in the "machan," a little house in the treetops.

The Maharajah has thoughtfully sent in advance champagne, salmon, and turkey. He is acting as a V.I.P. public-relations officer for India, is still a maharajah of some substance, with seven palaces, a house at Ascot and Grosvenor Square, London.

While the Queen and Prince Philip are at the tiger hunt the Press is to be flown back to Delhi.

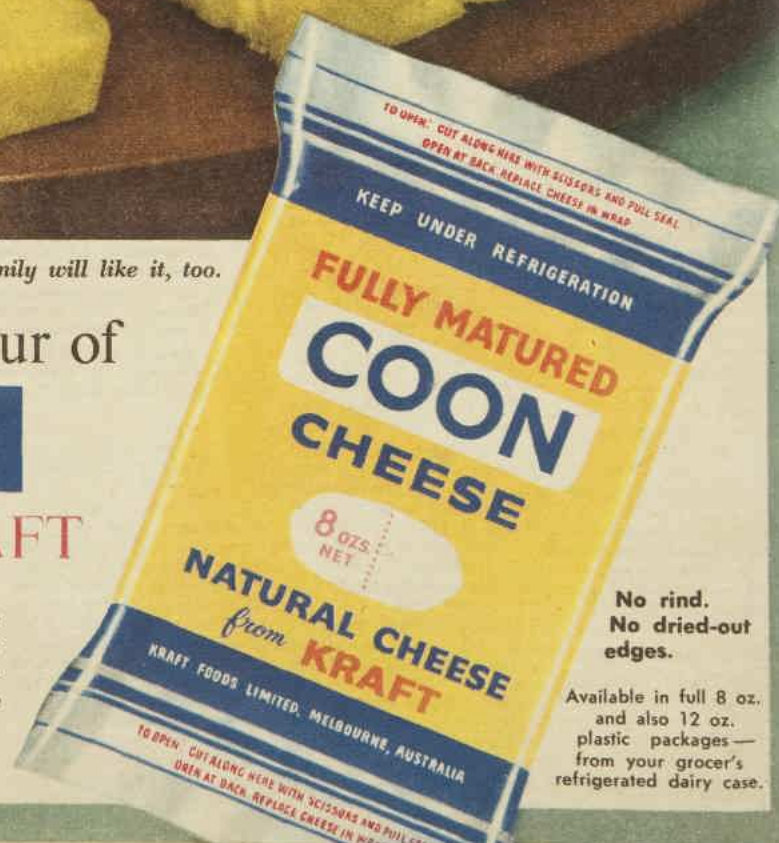




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# SO MUCH LOVE AND GOOD WISHES



PRESIDENT OF THE C.W.A. PURFLEET BRANCH Mrs. Ella Simon addresses members in the meeting hall. The children love the meetings, especially when there are cookery demonstrations and they get "sample" cakes.

## Everyone has been glad to help new C.W.A. branch

The first Monday in each month is a big day for 17 women on Purfleet United Mission Station for Aborigines. That's the day the Purfleet branch of the Country Women's Association meets in the weatherboard hall, and they are all members.

THE women take their places on the rows of wooden seats. In front of them, standing behind a table draped with a handsome blue cloth em-

broidered with the association's emblem in gold — gift from a member of another branch — is usually a member of the nearby Taree branch.

It may be champion cook Mrs. Ilma Wooding showing

how to make iced cakes, or Mrs. Doris McKeon, president of Taree branch, explaining the aims of the association, or Mrs. G. Whitelaw giving a sewing demonstration.

Branch secretary Mrs. Marje Maher told me: "The

By WINIFRED  
MUNDAY,  
staff reporter

members we have are most enthusiastic, but there are 300 or so inhabitants here, and many women are shy of joining us yet."

Three members were responsible for forming the branch.

Mrs. McKeon explained: "Although, so far, all members of the Purfleet branch are inhabitants of the Mission Station, this is not an aboriginal branch. Every group of C.W.A. members is open to all women, colored and white, and anyone living in Purfleet can join."

There had been talk of getting a Purfleet branch organised for two years, but it wasn't until last June that a group of women from Purfleet Station met Taree members at lunch to discuss practical details.

Six weeks later Mrs. Thelma Bate, State President of the C.W.A., performed the official opening ceremony of the Purfleet branch. Three hundred representatives of local organisations attended to give the venture a rousing send-off.

Mrs. McKeon told me of the touching speech made by Mrs. Ella Simon, president of the Purfleet branch:

"Our people were rather in fear of this new thing in their lives . . . but feeling so much love and good wishes around us I know you will help us . . . I do pray we make our name honorable among C.W.A. women, and through God's grace we will succeed."

Mrs. Simon heads the list of officials. Mrs. Marje Maher and Mrs. Stella Russell, both grandmothers, both aborigines, are secretary and treasurer.

Mrs. McKeon told me: "One of the big problems was lack of equipment and funds



DRESSMAKING help for Mrs. Narelle Clarke and daughter Barbara Clarke from Mrs. C. Whitelaw, of nearby Taree C.W.A. branch.

to buy it, but everyone has responded wonderfully."

Quota, a group of local businesswomen, gave a second-hand sewing-machine and a handsomely framed title and association motto.

Taree branch gave a stove for cookery demonstrations. The R.S.L. Ladies' Auxiliary gave cups and saucers. Local organisations gave cash donations. Individual donors gave small gifts like tea-towels.

But the members have helped themselves.

Mrs. Russell told me, "We sold some of the demonstration cakes and held a jumble sale which raised about £6. That's towards an electric tea urn for the clubroom."

Lack of confidence and natural shyness in talking about themselves has been a handicap among the wives on the station.

But a big step forward was made when members of the Taree branch persuaded some of the Purfleet members to join forces with them and members of Quota to enrol in a University of New England course on public speaking and meeting procedure.

Three members went to a State conference of the C.W.A. at Bellingen.

Every local citizen who has had anything to do with the branch has gone out of his way to help.

On the great day that branch officials called on the local bank to open an account, the manager, Mr. J. Folkard, invited them all to stay on for tea.

"At the moment," explained Mrs. McKeon, "we are looking in at every meeting, but when the members get the branch on its feet they will run it entirely by themselves."



A "REGULAR" at the monthly meetings is Mike Simon, shown here with his mother, Mrs. Vilma Simon. The highest aim of the branch is to raise enough money to build a baby health centre.



## **Australia- 1788-1961**

# **WHERE PHILLIP LANDED**

**I**T is just 173 years ago, on January 26, 1788, since Governor Arthur Phillip landed at Sydney Cove to establish a settlement.

He chose this spot because it had the best spring of fresh water, and because, as he wrote in his first dispatch, "ships can anchor so close to the shore that at a very small expense quays may be made at which the largest ship may unload."

Even with his foresight, Governor Phillip could not have envisaged the splendid 42,000-ton luxury liner *Oriana*, pride of the P. & O.-Orient Line, on its maiden voyage this month, lying beside the new passenger terminal, as shown in this magnificent aerial picture.

Because the *Oriana* can steam sideways, she can be edged into berth without the aid of tugs.

*Oriana* was the first ship to use the terminal, recently completed at a cost of £1,750,000.

First settlers clung to the shores of Sydney Cove, but now the city sprawls in all directions, encompassing an area of 670 square miles, with a population of nearly two million people.

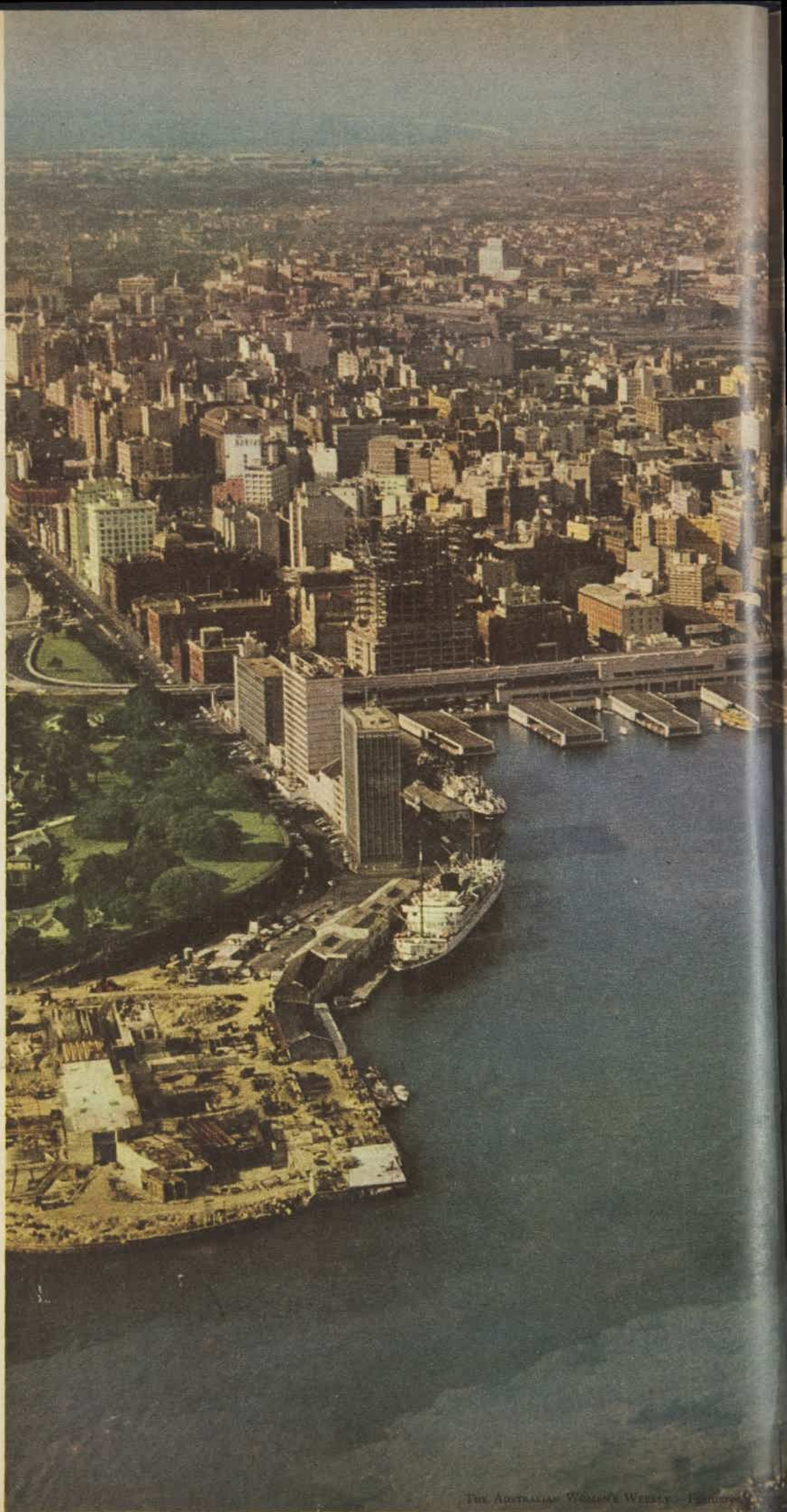
At left foreground of the photograph, the Opera House can be seen in process of construction on Bennelong Point.

New buildings of steel and glass surround Circular Quay, dwarfing the ferry wharves behind which runs the overhead Cahill Expressway for traffic to the Harbor Bridge.

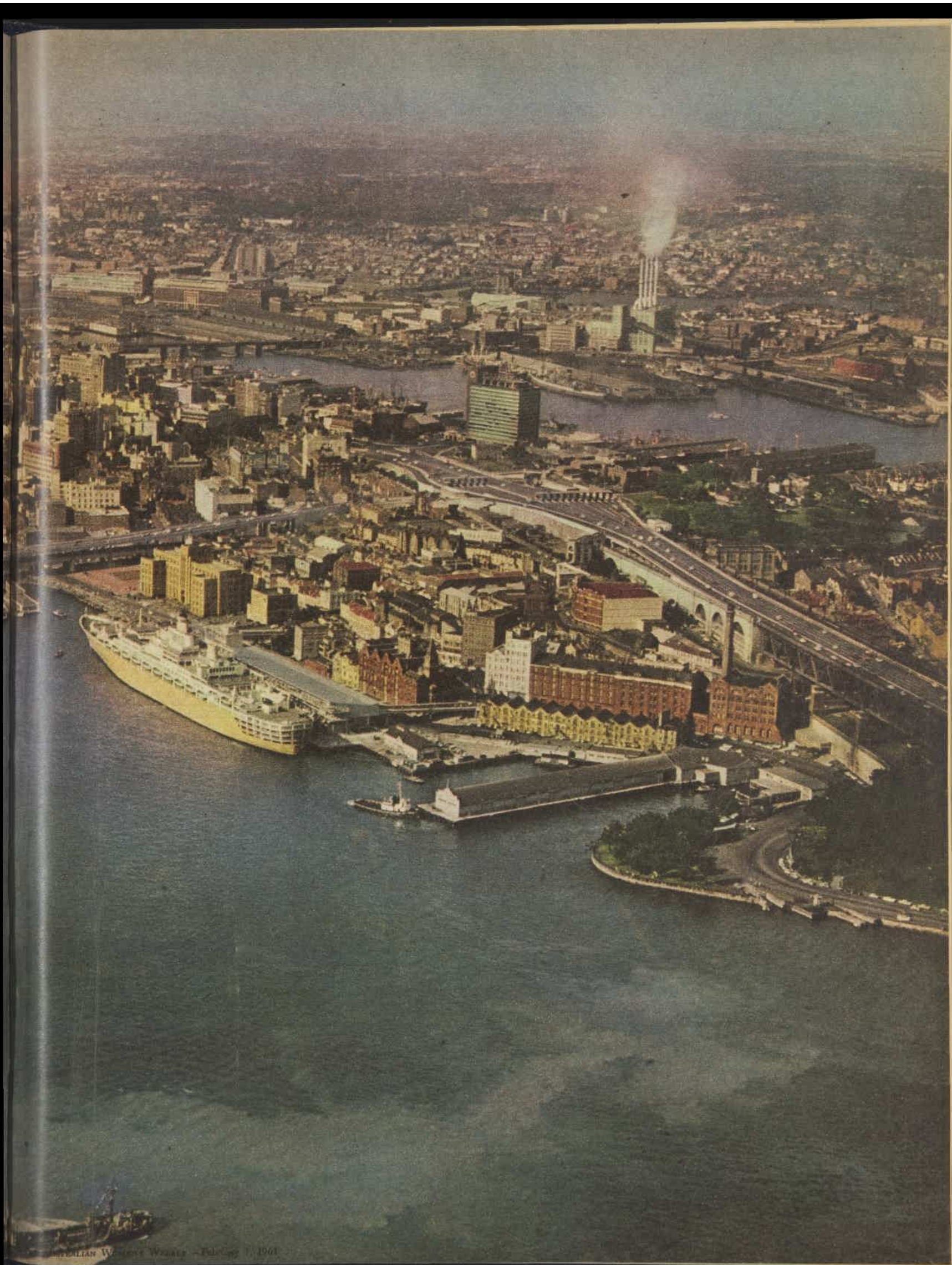
Plans are under way for reconstruction of The Rocks area, from behind the passenger terminal to Milson's Point, beyond right foreground.

Pymont Power Station dominates the background at right beyond Darling Harbor.

*Photograph by Douglass Baglin.*









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FATHER



MOTHER



## It seems to me

"ISN'T it time you took up some more improving hobby?" asked a colleague, catching me reading the form guide with my lunch.

The trouble is that racing is a hobby not easily discarded.

I have been searching for some high-sounding way to justify it to non-racing friends. One thought was to spread the news that I was making a fortune at it, but my friends are a sceptical lot.

"In that case," they would say, "why not take it up full-time and become known as Dot the Demon Punter?"

My latest idea is to announce that I'm making a collection of picturesque racetrack speech, which is partly true.

Some recent samples: "Stay—this horse stays like a poor relation" (from a Melbourne broadcaster). "Stays like a bailiff" (from the same source).

"Harder to beat than an egg with a spade" (an owner, reported by Clarence the Clocker on TV).

Unfortunately this last statement turned out to be over-optimistic.

Then there are bits of wisdom, more obvious in character.

Some of these remind me of an elderly lady I once mentioned in this column, an acquaintance of many years ago, whose conversation was almost entirely made up of proverbs and saws. She used these in a most unselfconscious way. She could say, "A stitch in time saves nine," or "Every cloud has a silver lining," with an emphasis that suggested the sentiments and phrasing were freshly coined.

She strongly disapproved of all forms of gambling, which was a pity. For how she would have relished "Winning form is good form!"

A NEW ZEALANDER, on holiday in Sydney, tells me that city men in New Zealand wear their hats turned down all round, whereas in Australia they turn them up at the back.

"Yours looks very nice," I said. And it did. "Yes," he said, "but at the races three different men said to me, 'Your hat's turned down,' as if they were doing me a favor, so I will have to conform."

Women are usually obliging enough to tell each other that a slip is showing, but once upon a time men didn't notice each other's hats. Evidently those interests which work so hard at making men fashion-conscious have achieved success.

THE ball-point pen I bought the other day cost a shilling. It is an impressive model, orange and gold, with a retractable nib. And it works.

Meanwhile satellites are flying round in space.

And yet, should ten points of rain fall at homegoing time in Sydney, one of the world's biggest cities, you can't step off a footpath into a bus without sinking ankle deep into potholes.

By



Dorothy Dean

WHEN this issue went to press there was still some doubt whether the Queen would actually try to shoot a tiger during her Indian visit, or merely take pictures while Prince Philip shot one.

Whichever turns out to be correct, the English criticism aroused by the project seems to me to be justified.

A tiger shoot, said the editorial director of the "New Statesman," Mr. Kingsley Martin, was "the very symbol

of the past colonial regime."

Other critics felt that the Queen should have no part of such a bloodthirsty sport. I agree with them, and if anyone points out that it is illogical to object to hunting but not to fishing as a feminine pastime, then I can only say that one is entitled to draw a line somewhere.

Besides, there is an enormous difference between the kind of hunting in which a man pits his skill against a wild animal on even terms and this sort of excursion — baits were to be laid days before, beaters employed to bring some of the fast-vanishing tigers within range.

You might as well fill up the Bondi baths with doped sharks and call it big-game fishing.

TAILS will soon be completely outmoded for evening, according to a London report.

Women will feel a little wistful about this. You can't deny that most men look elegant got up in white tie and tails. Having grumbled loudly about donning the rig, they then usually adopt a stance and an air to suit its formality, and there's nothing like an air of vanity for carrying off clothes.

Against that you could say that tails are expensive, uncomfortable, impractical, and silly. So they are, but most clothes look silly when they're going out of fashion.

EXTRACT from Paris fashion news about the collection by two male designers from the house of Nina Ricci: "The silhouette is mysterious but opulent. The bust will disappear during the day but return in the evening."

Oh, who would swap this modern age for life at any earlier stage?

So much to do, so much to see,  
Such motor-cars, jet planes, TV.  
So progress marches on apace,  
Soon men will fly at will in space.  
It makes you shake your head and say,  
How marvellous the world today,  
Including dames and men who dress 'em  
(Such clever little fellows, bless 'em)  
For what can match, if one is just,  
The vanishing nocturnal bust?





Living Room Buffet Bar—Tan Oak

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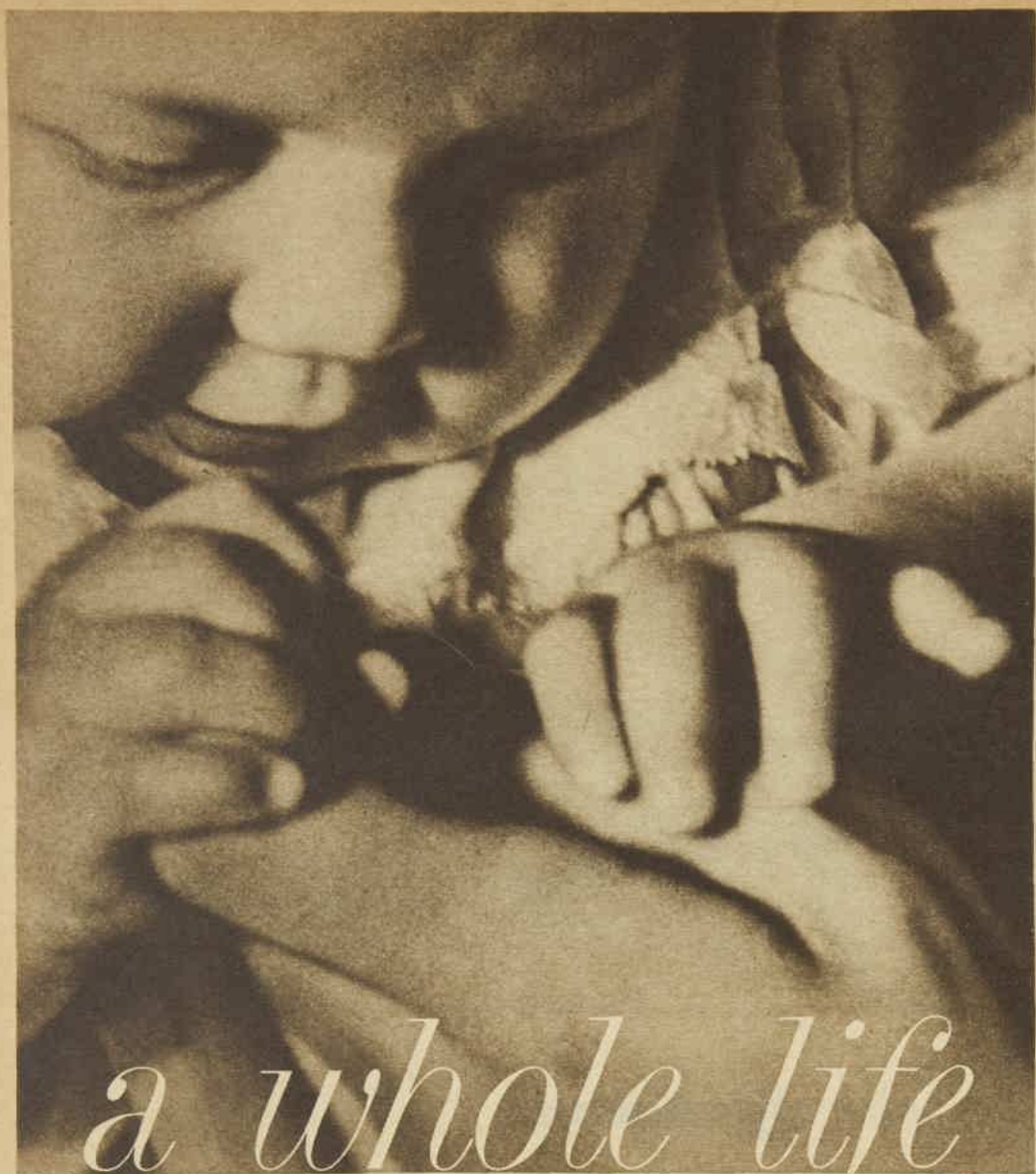
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Page 11





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## SOCIAL

**SUCH** a pretty wedding gown will be worn by Penelope Mackie when she weds John Carter, of "Yarraman North," Quirindi, at St. Michael's Church, Vacluse, on January 28.

It's a white French lace trimmed satin frock with a petal-shaped bodice and a bell skirt merging into a train, set off with a short bridal veil lined in palest pink.

Morna McKenzie, of "Fintona," Quirindi, and Pattie Nadin, partnered by Dr. Owen Carter and Robert Scott, of "Hillsborough," Maitland, will be the attendants—with Morna and Pattie frocked in autumn-flowered white organza.

The bride-elect's 14-year-old twin stepsisters Peta and Jan Sweetnam will complete the bridal retinue.

Penny, who is the daughter of Mrs. A. N. Sweetnam, of Narromine, and the late Mr. E. G. Mackie, and John will include visiting "Merryville," Yass, in their motoring honeymoon programme, to spend a few days with Penny's grandparents Sir Walter and Lady Merriman.

**MR. AND MRS. BRUCE PARKINSON**, of "Ben Buckley," Mudgee, and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hirst, of "Burraburroo," Gulgong, were among guests at the gay cocktail party given by English visitors Sir Leslie Gamage and the Hon. Lady Gamage at the Australia Hotel. Dick is a second cousin of Lady Gamage. The Parkinsons were on the eve of leaving for Surfers' Paradise in search of some real summer weather, after "freezing" for several weeks holidaying at Newport. During her Sydney visit Mrs. Parkinson did the honors as godmother—holding Peter Bryan, the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kiss, of "Belmont," Mudgee, at his christening at St. Michael's Church, Vacluse. Later Master Kiss was toasted in champagne at the home of his maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Egan.

**HONEYMOONING** in Honolulu, John Ryan, of "Gwandalan," Brewarrina, and his bride, formerly Marie Hutton, of Newport, were guests of honor at a party at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, arranged by Marie's English uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lewis, who were in Honolulu a few weeks ago on their way home to England. They thought it would be a nice idea for friends of theirs in Hawaii to greet John and Marie when they stopped-over there en route to Los Angeles. Incidentally, John and Marie's departure from the reception at the Australia Hotel after their wedding on January 14 was a sight to remember. They were swept off their feet by husky bushwhacker friends of the groom and borne shoulder high from the Rainbow Room to the car waiting to take them to the aerodrome.

**FEATHER** in the cap of the Art Gallery Society is capturing Sir Colin Anderson for the evening on January 25 to address members at a specially convened meeting in his honor before he leaves with Lady Anderson and their daughter Rose on their return to England. Sir Colin, who is chairman of trustees of the Tate Gallery in London and an extremely active patron of the arts, has a marvellous collection of Australian contemporary paintings—and a very soft spot in his heart for Australian artists. Before the function at the Gallery, he and Lady Anderson and Rose will dine with Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. J. Buchanan.

**ALTHOUGH** her husband is a tea planter, Mrs. Paul Rushworth Shallow admits that a coffee percolator will be a treasured item in her luggage when she flies to Ceylon on January 26 because she hasn't yet acquired a taste for tea. Mrs. Rushworth Shallow, who was formerly Margaret Smithson before her marriage in England last year, has been making a two months' home visit to Sydney before settling in her new home on Oodewella Estate, 3000ft. above sea-level, near Kandy. She had a fleeting glimpse of the estate when she broke her journey there on her way back from England.



**SMILES** from Mr. and Mrs. David Cusack leaving St. Joseph's College Chapel after their wedding. The bride was formerly Betty Kneipp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Kneipp, of "Tarrangower," Ashford. David is the son of Mr. Stanley Cusack, of Canberra, and the late Mrs. Cusack. Betty wore a white delustred satin ballerina-length wedding gown.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 1, 1961



# ROUNDAABOUT

By MARY COLES



**JUST WED.** Dr. Grahame Mahony and his bride, formerly Janice Burchall, of Vaucluse, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Behind them are their attendants, best man Dr. Graham Bosch, Mrs. Kevin Sheahan, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Mahony, David Johnson, and Jill Barkill. The bride wore a classical gown of white satin, and her attendants were frocked in white marcella pique, trimmed with pink garlands.

**RECEPTION** at the Pickwick Club followed the wedding of Suzanne Roth, of Mudgee, to Dr. Alan Poole, of Gordon, at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst. Pictured with the bridal couple are matron of honor Mrs. David King (on the left) and bridesmaid Helen Kellett, of Mudgee. Suzanne, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roth, and her attendants wore white organza.



**ENGLISH** visitor Lady Sybil Anne Phipps, of Chalco, Wiltshire (on the right), attended the A.J.C. Twilight Meeting at Randwick with her daughter Mrs. Philip Parbury, of Dunmore. Lady Sybil, who is a sister of the Duchess of Gloucester, wore a black lightweight coat with her black-and-white flowered silk frock. Mrs. Parbury chose a pretty pink flowered hat with her floral frock.



**HAPPY REUNION.** From left, Wing-Commander Colin Steley, Deryck Giblin, the Hon. Lady Gamage, and Russell Leith at the cocktail party at the Australia Hotel, given by English visitors Lady Gamage and her husband, Sir Leslie Gamage. Trio were among Australian airmen who were entertained during the war by Sir Leslie and his wife.

**ENGAGED.** Philip Last, of "Rawilla," Muttama, and dark-haired Jane Lindsay, of "Cucumgiliga," Cowra, who have just announced their engagement, attended the A.J.C. Twilight Meeting at Randwick last week. Jane, who has a beautiful emerald and diamond ring, chose a mustard pure silk frock and green-and-gold hat.



**CELEBRATING** her seventeenth birthday, Anne Luttrell, of Double Bay, pictured in the foyer of The Emerald Room at the Australia Hotel with her mother, Mrs. S. F. Luttrell, who hosted a luncheon party in honor of the occasion.





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PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRUCE MINNETT

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IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER, IT'S SAFE IN LUX  
*(and so are your hands!)*

U.485.WWFFC

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 1, 1961



# The quads explore museum

● It's back to school next week for the ten-year-old Sara quads, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., but they've made the most of their holidays.

**HIGHLIGHTS** were swimming lessons at the Bankstown pool, roller-skating for Judith and Alison, underwater swimming at Bondi for Phillip and Mark.

And they spent one wonderful afternoon exploring the Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences at Ultimo, N.S.W.

Mark and Phillip, dressed in casual shirts and shorts, and the girls in blue summer dresses, black court shoes, and white socks, roamed through the rooms with their mother, Mrs. Percy Sara, staff photographer Ron Berg, and Mr. H. L. Brown, keeper of exhibits.

First was a display of Australian opals. The boys soon lost interest, but Judy and Alison lingered, breathing "very neat" as they pressed their noses to the glass case.

By then, Phillip and Mark had discovered the section model of a 1950 car, complete with motor in action.

## The coach

Perhaps the biggest thrill was the Cobb and Co. coach, the last used in Australia. As a special favor, Mr. Brown helped the quads into it, and for a few minutes they sat there, playing drivers.

Then Alison hurred herself underneath, drew out her imaginary pistol, and cried "Cowboys and Indians."

And so it went on. They admired a tall china vase, but scurried away when Mr. Brown told them it was valued at £250.

Alison discovered a drinking fountain, so they paused for quick refreshments.

By **PENNY FORD**,  
staff reporter

Next was a set of miniature engines in plastic. Mark spent about 10 minutes turning the handle to revolve them, droning: "Number eight coming up the straight, number nine close behind."

Of course the others had to have a turn.

Cries from Alison: "Look, Mummy, one tusk that was made of," as she pointed to an exquisitely carved ivory figure in a glass case.

Then they trooped up to the second floor of the Museum, where the four stood, hushed, not quite understanding, as the model of the famous Strasbourg clock chimed the hour and the Apostles appeared, one by one.

They weren't silent for long, though. The chimes and music finished, and they were off again. Mark led Judy round, showing her moving displays of modern industry and proudly reading the signs.

Mr. Brown opened a case of whistling birds and set the machinery going. The children were entranced, and asked, "Are they real?"

All too soon it was time for the Museum to close and the quads to leave for home. "I don't want to go," said Mark. "We haven't seen everything yet," they all chorused.

They weren't happy until Mrs. Sara had promised to come again, and "bring Daddy next time."

Then they shook hands with Mr. Brown, thanked him for his help, and left, still not tired, in spite of their two hours of walking, running, and admiring.



JUDY "plays" an 1820 harp, while sister Alison looks through it, at the Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences.



PROUD coachdrivers. The quads, from left, Mark, Alison, Judy, and Phillip Sara, in a Cobb and Co. coach, the last used in Australia, at the Arts and Sciences Museum.



FASCINATED (right) by a 16th-century suit of armor, a recent addition to the Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences, are Mark (left) and Phillip.





# THE IMPROBABLE

A short story By **ROBERT CARSON**

**A**MONG the test pilots employed by Amalgamated Aircraft in its far-flung operations was one Pete Lomax; he was as good as any of them, or better, and had the added advantage of being an accomplished engineer.

Thirty-one years of age, not over medium height, and solidly built, he was pleasant-looking and quiet and seemed a bit older than he actually was — that was common to his profession, because flying the blow-torches they built for aeroplanes these days tended to push you a little ahead in time.

He wore a neat black moustache and had wrinkles around his eyes that could have been from either amusement or worry. He had been in the Air Force, and had seen considerable trouble both public and private. He was unmarried and cherished no plans.

Amalgamated brought him out from their upstate New York plant to Long Beach, California, to run a series of tests on a new seaplane they had developed. Socially Long Beach wasn't too electric. The Amalgamated crowd was nice and hospitable, but mostly composed of people who talked aerodynamics, physics, and astral navigation in their off hours, and Pete was addicted to relaxation in between hot, hurried, nervous journeys at fifty thousand feet.

He had been involved with several girls in various places in the world in various languages, without perceptible results, but that didn't mean he disliked them.

One night, feeling restless, Pete took his hired car and drove south along the Pacific Coast Highway until he turned off at the island of Balboa. It was a pretty place, full of kids and pleasant houses and moored boats. He ate dinner in a restaurant, saw a dance advertised on a poster at the cashier's counter, and decided to take it in.

The hall in question had been taken over for the evening by an outfit called the Pavement Sluggers, a group Pete assumed was one of the many Southern Californian hot-rod groups. He was right, and to his dismay he discovered they didn't run to any great age.

There were plenty of girls around, but they were all in brilliant Capri pants, temporarily out of high school, and dancing with male types who practically didn't need the razors they were using. The only grown-ups somewhere near Pete's stage of sophistication and resignation were parents doing sentry duty to keep things from getting out of hand.

Starting to retreat, Pete was intercepted at the doorway by a blue-eyed, short-golden-haired, handsome, shapely girl in a cocktail dress. She had a blue ribbon pinned to her shoulder which read "Hostess."

"You don't appear to be having a good time," she said. "We want the kids to enjoy themselves here."

"That's why I've had it," Pete told her. "I'm not a kid any more."

"Come, come!" the girl said. "You look in reasonably good shape, and we hate having the customers leave without even one dance. This is the beginning of a series of dances to raise money for our club — I'm a Pavement Slugger myself — and we need satisfied customers. Couldn't I introduce you to some girls?"

"You'll do for a single dance," Pete said. He took her in his arms and danced off. She smelled of heavenly essences and was light on her feet.

"Hostesses are supposed to circulate, not enjoy themselves," the beautiful hot-rodder said. "Oh, well! At least you're mature."

"I sure am, in here," Pete said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty. My name's Tommy Monahan. Teresa, really, but I'm the outdoor type and everybody calls me by my nickname. My family has a house on the island and we stay here every summer."

They danced another dance. Miss Monahan had apparently forgotten about her duties and was engaged in asking Pete questions. He avoided being too specific.

"Amalgamated, eh?" she said. "Are you an engineer?"

"Yes."

"Are you any good on non-stock cars? Ever been interested in them?"

"No," Pete said. "Just to wind it up, I'm unmarried, a registered Republican, eleven years older than you, and sometimes at night my joints ache. What's new with you?"

"You," Tommy replied. "Gee, it's a nice change to meet somebody who is calm and kind of worldly and dances on his own feet instead of mine. Wouldn't you like to come over after the dance and see my Class C Street Roadster?"

"No," Pete said.

Nevertheless, he was still at the hot-rod hop three hours later. Tommy had clung to him devotedly; she said she enjoyed the company of older men, she hadn't danced with anyone in a long time who had a moustache, and there were plenty of other hostesses.

She even discarded her ribbon. At least eight youths tried to cut in and inspected Pete coldly. Knowing something from the newspapers of juvenile belligerence, he fully expected to be called outside and have his block knocked off.

"My strength is going fast," he remarked finally. "Besides, I have a feeling I haven't won a lot of hearts tonight."

"You've won mine, dad," Tommy said. "Why kid around?"

"Why, indeed?" Pete said. "I'll be frank with you, too. One or two of those great, big, beefy surfboarders look as if they might be fed up. You want me flattened?"

"You're safe as long as you're with me," Tommy said, and registered open delight. "But I wouldn't advise you to step out alone. You can take me home."

The Monahans lived in a large bayfront house, and the imposing Monahan yacht was parked out in front. Tommy verified that her parents were upstairs asleep, felt it would be too dangerous for Pete to leave at once, installed him on a porch and let him take his shoes off, and brought him a Scotch and soda. She had a soft-drink.

"I suppose you drink a lot," she said.

"No, I can't."

"Why? I'd imagine your kind would. Stomach?"

"More or less," Pete said. "Do you have to be so nosy?"

"When a woman is really attracted to a man," Tommy said, "she never can satisfy her curiosity about him."

He finished the highball, got his shoes on again with difficulty, and arose and thanked his hostess kindly. She insisted on showing him the Street Roadster.

"In my time," Pete said, "I think dames used to invite you up to see their etchings."

"Times have changed," Tommy said. "I regard you as experienced, not ancient."

The Monahans had a combination garage and workshop, and in the place of honor was a vintage-year, topless two-seater car which had undergone a complete transformation. It was squat, more than a little ugly, obviously powerful, and chromium-plated in many places. Tommy mentioned the finish had seventeen coats of lacquer. She unbuckled the strap that held down the bonnet and poked proudly at the contraption's innards.

"Four pots," she said, "and a three-quarter cam. Ten-to-one compression, and she's been ported and relieved. When I'm dragging, I use alky."

"Lay off it," Pete said. "A girl your age should be riding a bicycle to make her legs pretty—not that yours need any help — and getting to bed earlier than this."

She stared at him. "Look, I'm not a juvenile delinquent. Dragging is racing against time on a measured mile, on special strips at airports which they let us use. It's perfectly safe and sane. Alky is short for the alcohol you use as fuel. The best I've been able to do so far is a hundred and six."

"A hundred and six miles an hour?"

"Yes. Does that scare you?"

"Out of my wits," Pete said. "You're crazy. You ought to be married before long and raising children, not trying to bust a hundred and six. What is the younger generation coming to?"

"Don't race your engine," Tommy said. "Weren't you ever active in bygone days?"

"Well, I remember I played tennis and went to night-clubs in New York with kids in long dresses and tried to build up my physique with bar-bells, but I wasn't ported and relieved and burning alky. You could kill yourself!"

"I could now. I was counting on you not being a square. Now it's all over."

"You're a girl. Completely a girl. They're supposed to be silky and easy on the eyes and without bulging biceps or greasy. Try to remember that."

Tommy patted his shoulder. "O.K. You've told me my place. Not that I'll keep it . . . Shall we bid each other good-night in the conventional way?"

"Eh?"

"One for the road, so to speak?"

"Oh," Pete said. "Uh—yes. One for the road."

He kissed her lightly. She kissed him, not lightly. Now, he thought dazedly, he knew what the younger generation was coming to; no wonder they had to keep opening new schools and more assembly lines for bassinets.

"Well!" Tommy said rather breathlessly, "this makes you realise there's no point to being kissed except by experts . . . Well, we won't go into that. Why don't you pay a formal call on me soon and meet my aged parents?"

"No, thank you," Pete said. "This has been enough. I'll need a day or two in bed to recover. Good-night."

"Good-night," Tommy said.

Pete had no intention of again delving into the sub-stratum of the kindergarten set, but the Sea Horse, as his baby was called, threw a turbine blade and had to have the engine pulled and he developed into a problem around the plant for Mr. Groves, the West Coast director for Amalgamated.

"Listen, stop walking up and down," he said. "You've probably got a couple of weeks to goof off and I don't want you getting jumpy. Take the twin-engine job and go fishing in Mexico or spend time in San Francisco. Did you ever think of girls? Are you normal?"

"I'm normal," Pete said, "so these days I think of women. Oh, I'll find something."

Instead, something found him. He was telephoned at his apartment by the switchboard operator said, a Miss Teresa Monahan. His heart sank an inch or two.

"I've checked on you," Tommy said. "Good heavens! I had no idea you were a famous test pilot. This is incredibly romantic. Come on over and meet mother and daddy."

"I can't," Pete said desperately. "I'm busy."

"Please," Tommy said. "Just this once, a family dinner. If you don't like my folks, I'll leave them."

For reasons of strategy, and further to emphasise the gap between generations, Pete bought flowers and candy and put on a light summer suit. He actually wore a hat and found himself wishing he needed glasses.

The senior Monahans awaited him in their broad-windowed living-room, which gave a nice view of assorted swimmers, catboats, power cruisers, sloops, and tanned young creatures in terribly tight bathing-suits.

Mrs. Monahan was charming and comfortably rounded, and reddened by the sun; her husband was a big man who had an engagingly blunt way of speaking. They both looked alert and hopeful. Obviously, a neat suit bearing gifts moved them emotionally. Tommy wasn't present.

"You're the nicest sight I've seen in years," Mr. Monahan stated, and crushed Pete's right hand in his. "I figured you'd turn up in dungarees and a Hawaiian shirt and carrying an uncleaned carburettor."

Mrs. Monahan rang for cocktails. "Please sit down, dear Mr. Lomax," she said. "I understand you're unmarried and solvent. You look so gentlemanly! How could our monster be intrigued by a prize like you? Have you ever been married?"

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**Her loving parents were delighted when Pete turned up to court their only daughter, whom they despaired of ever falling for a man unless he was mad about vintage cars.**



# BLONDE





# Worth Reporting

**H**AVE you called your brand - new 1961 daughter Tracey, Kim, or Debbie? Your son Mark, Philip, or Anthony? Then you're right in the name-fashion swim.

These, says a spokesman at the N.S.W. Registrar-General's Department, are the State's most popular Christian names.

In England, John and Jane top the list.

In Soviet Russia, however, names like Five Year Plan, Great Worker, Integral have driven the Kremlin to publish a "Dictionary of Soviet Names."

"Consult this list for a dignified Soviet name," the Kremlin urges zealous patriotic parents.

Here the Registrar-General can't refuse to accept weird or eccentric names unless the name is obscene or blasphemous. Indeed, Love Not, Rolling Stone, Last Final, and Kitchenette have been recorded over the past 50 years.

And just how important is this parental decision?

A Church of England minister: "I'm terribly sorry for the girl babies I christen after some current rock'n-roll idol, a film star, or a transitory political figure."

"It's a woman's privilege to adjust her age to circumstances. How can she do this when her name pin-points her birth to within a year or two?"

The psychiatrist: "Parents should examine their motives in naming a child. Calling a

girl by an obviously masculine name and a boy by a feminine one often reveals a desire for a child of a sex opposite to that of the youngster involved.

"This can have serious repercussions on the normal development of the child."

Eccentric names again merely reflected parental attitudes, he added.

★ ★ ★  
**MR. BILLY BUTLIN.**

Britain's holiday camping, will be doing all his shooting with a cine-camera on his safari to Kenya.

Explaining this, he said: "Using a gun is just like walking through a wood and cutting down bluebells with a walking stick. I think it is terrible to shoot those big animals and see them crashing down."

"What can you do with them when you've shot them?"



**EDUARDUS URSUS . . .**  
he's tump-tump-tumping down the stairs with **CHRISTOPHORUM ROBINUM.**

**FROM the U.S. manual, "Opportunities for Graduates":** "Old Etonians are much in demand as butlers, doormen, lifeguards, commissionaires, and husbands."

## Winnie is a Latin winner

IT'S unlikely that anyone — since the days of the ancient Romans — has ever seriously considered a Latin book would be a best-seller, but Dr. Alexander Lenard has proved it's possible.

For Dr. Lenard, a Hungarian living in Brazil, has produced the oddest and most-surprising best-seller in London — "Winnie Ille Pu," a Latin translation of A. A. Milne's beloved "Winnie the Pooh."

Bookshops are out of their 7500 copies and the publishers are hurriedly reprinting.

For Latin and/or Milne devotees, the fun lies in the rather splendid Latin mantle that Pooh, Eeyore, and Piglet assume under Dr. Lenard's hand.

For instance, the sentence, "Here is Edward Bear coming downstairs now, bump, bump, bump on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin," becomes:

"Ecce Eduardus Ursus scalis nunc tump-tump-tump occipite gradus pulsante post Christophorum Robinum descendens."

★ ★ ★  
IN Beethoven Street, London W.10, there is a Sonata Laundry.

## But it wasn't a piece of cake

THE scene was the front-line trenches in Amiens, 1916.

German shells were lobbing round the young A.I.F. lieutenant, his men, his wife, and her fellow Army nurse, when the orderly appeared.

"The Colonel's compliments, sir," he said breathlessly. "But WHAT are two women doing here?"

Furiously the red-faced lieutenant turned on his wife.

"I told you this was a damn-fool idea of yours, bringing a cake to me in the front line," he shouted.

"But, darling," she protested, "it's your birthday and we only wanted to surprise you and (sob) we've been a whole day getting here from the hospital."

The orderly relayed the explanation to the Colonel and was sent back instantly with an ambulance and "The Colonel's compliments, sir, but give these women gas masks and get them away."

Recalling the exploit this week, Mrs. G. S. Cook, of Point Piper, Sydney, one of the first five Australian nurses to leave Australia in 1914, said, "I don't think poor George has ever forgiven me."

The daughter-in-law of the then war-time Prime Minister, Sir Joseph Cook, Mrs. Cook is 70, but looks 50.

Today she works for several charities, is a driver for "Meals on Wheels," and has opened a three-storey antique shop in a Sydney suburb.



MRS. COOK . . . she has never been forgiven for taking a birthday cake to frontline trenches.

## A sea voyage . . . on a ski

**PUZZLE:** When paddling a surf-ski up and down beaches starts to get a bit tame, what do you do?

Solution (by courtesy of the boys of North Cronulla Surf Life Saving Club, Sydney):

You tackle marathon surf-ski trips, such as from Wollongong to Sydney (33 miles, 8½ hours), or Cronulla to Palm Beach (37 miles, 8 hours).

Such surf rides are reckoned "nothing unusual" by the North Cronulla boys.

"But the sharks?" we queried timidly.

"Haven't struck too many nosy sharks," said laconic Ray Strong, "and we're careful to keep hands and legs on deck." The Wollongong-to-Sydney

marathon was a "fun" thing, Ray explained. It was to see how much the skis could clip off the two-day trip made previously by the surfboats.

Brian Hooper, 23, and Kevin Carruthers, 19, were given a big send-off at Wollongong before setting off, complete with water-flasks and plastic bags of curry tied around their necks.

The only trouble they struck was a stiff nor-easter that "slowed them down."

We asked if they took any special clothing? Hokanui (half-length) surf-ski pants, for instance?

"Gripes, NO!" said Ray.

"We wouldn't be seen dead in Hokanui. They're for the amateur lairs. The boys wore nice, strong, fitted shorts, woollen jumpers, and socks." Socks? "Yes, to keep their feet warm."

## ROBINSON'S new 3-IN-ONE WEANING PLAN FOR DIET VARIETY

**Baby Rice Cereal**  
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are ideal at weaning time. They are pre-cooked in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals essential for sturdy growth and contented feeding. Robinson's Baby Cereals are simple to mix, easily digested, and provide the diet variety for baby so desirable during weaning time.

### ROBINSON'S TRIPLE PACK

Robinson's Baby Cereals are sold in separate cartons or in one handy Triple Pack for your convenience. All babies love these creamy cereals — they're tops for toddlers, too!



ROBINSON'S FAMOUS BABY CEREALS come separately or in one HANDY TRIPLE PACK!

TRY ROBINSON'S WONDERFUL 3-IN-ONE WEANING PLAN TODAY WITH THE TRIPLE PACK!



# Blindfold

Second instalment of our dramatic serial

By **LUCILLE FLETCHER**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

**T**HE change-over to another airport for greater secrecy after the anonymous message did not make much difference. Dr. Fenton merely crisscrossed through a different set of streets and took a cab to Newark. The cab fare was much higher, but it was the Government's money. The plane was the same. It was growing darker earlier these nights. Daylight-saving time ended after the Friday session, and on Monday evening he left his office long after the sun had left the sky.

Green, after that initial double play, sent no more letters. On Monday Dr. Fenton turned the Annandale letter in. Stevens thanked him in the same noncommittal manner, and once more told him to keep strangers out of his life, to act like a shadow, to stay mum.

Unfortunately, the patient during the next full sessions did the same.

He seemed to have returned to apathy. The "restless" period had passed. Limp as a dead cod, he lay during these frustrating times, turning an indifferent ear to all the doctor's attempts. And during the day the microphones caught nothing. After Monday night the General agreed to the doctor's request for daytime tape-recordings.

But all day Tuesday the apparatus picked up little more interesting than the movements of the orderlies around the bed. Wednesday, for twelve hours, elicited one heavy sigh. By midnight Wednesday, after another long, futile attempt to rouse the man, using not only psychiatric techniques but a new drug, the doctor's confidence was much diminished.

No entries, save discouraging ones, were written on his pad.

On Thursday morning, October 30, a new patient named Ernest Fitzgerald was ushered into the doctor's consulting room by Edna Willoughby.

Fitzgerald had called from Chicago the previous week and made his appointment through Edna. He was in the

To page 22

When Dr. Fenton asked if she were the person he had to meet the woman shook her head.

**N**EW YORK psychiatrist DR. RICHARD FENTON has been approached by the Secret Service to attend an American Government scientific genius suffering from a mental breakdown. The patient is so important his identity is kept secret from the doctor.

Agent JOSEPH STEVENS meets Fenton at La Guardia Airport and takes him in a sealed plane to an unknown destination, placing a blindfold on him before the last part of the journey by car. This is removed in the drawing-room of an old house, and Fenton meets DR. WILLIAM THROCKMORTON and MAJOR BROWN, who are in charge of the patient and the necessary staff to maintain Base X, as the location is named.

Through a wall-wide screen of taut canvas Fenton talks to the patient on a number of occasions, getting no response until asked if he wants to kill his wife. The answer comes curtly and strongly, "No!" Fenton then seeks permission to meet the patient's wife, but the General in charge of the case will not agree. Before his next visit to Base X, Fenton receives an anonymous message to ring a MR. GREEN at a given number if he wants information about an important scientist. That night the patient talks incoherently, mentioning over and over the words "Wichita Falls" and "murder." Feeling elated after this small success, Fenton returns to his house to find another message to contact Mr. Green, at a different number this time. NOW READ ON:







### The leg-appeal lotion

#### American beauties love

Walk. Stand. Pose. Dance little lady. So everyone's a-peepin? So what! Show them the cleanest pair of heels they ever saw and a pair of pretty feet that will set their eyes a-dancing. Clever little lady. She's a Pretty Feet gal. Pretty Feet, the lotion leg-conscious American women love. Pretty Feet—so kind, so gentle and harmless to healthy skin, yet so sure in use. See how it just rolls away hard, rough, ugly surface patches. How it acts instantly to get rid of tough, nylon-snagging bumps and bulges. How it hates hard skin! In no time at all you're all-over beautiful, from tip to toe. Suddenly your feet are your fortune. No wonder heads turn. Smart little lady . . . !



**8's**  
**Pretty Feet**

Another fine **S&M** product

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## LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Honest gain?

A YOUNG friend lost his wallet containing two pounds. Imagine his surprise when a few days later the wallet was returned by post with one pound note inside and replacing the other pound this note: "I have always been honest and hard-up. Any little thing I have ever found I have handed in, but never got so much as a thank-you. This time I am being more enterprising, making sure you DO get your wallet back and going more or less 50-50. I feel sure you will not mind. The £1 note will help towards the postage, a pair of stockings, and a drink. Good luck.—"Well-wisher."

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Kelly, Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

### These dogs herd ducks

WE'VE all heard of dogs which herd sheep, but how many of us have come across dogs which herd ducks? My friend in Holland has such a dog; he helps the fowler get the ducks into a pen for ringing. Apparently the web-footed creatures just can't resist swimming in to see what the dog is doing.

£1/1/- to Miss C. Breaky, Nottingham, England.

### Checking the road toll

EACH day the frightful toll of the road increases, and pleas for tolerance and care on the part of motorists and pedestrians have failed. In desperate circumstances no possible remedy should be ignored. I suggest photographs should be taken, where possible, of each accident before any other steps are taken. These photographs should be published and shown on TV daily. This drastic measure should do more to shock the public than all the pleas and reports of accidents have so far done.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Wilkinson, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### The children get confused

WE often hear parents telling their children to address family friends as Uncle and Aunt. Would it not save confusion in the child's mind if he or she were taught to use these friends' surnames—or Christian names, if single—when speaking to them? Such politeness would tend to bring up the child to respect grown-ups.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Hennelly, Ipswich, Qld.

### Divided on adages

AT a recent afternoon "tea," I took a vote on which of two sayings—"Look before you leap" and "Do it now"—the guests considered the wiser. Of the 18 women present, 11 favored the former and seven the latter. We decided to take the matter further and ask for readers' opinions.

£1/1/- to Miss T. Marshall, Strathfield, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

"I don't want the bunny plate! I'm too old for it."

The protest came from one of my children.

There is nothing wrong with the bunny plate as a plate. Artistically it is quite good and much better than the pink fairy plate. But people over a certain age think the bunny plate is beneath their dignity.

This process of getting too big for things goes on at our place all the time.

Take chocolate frogs. Last year someone may have been glad to receive a chocolate frog. This year the same person looks down on frogs and wants chocolate bars.

Some of the changes involved in growing up are welcome, I admit. I am not sorry when anyone gives up blowing bubbles through the straw in soft drinks.

Sucking up the last bit of a milkshake noisily is different. Many of us do that all our lives. It is so hard to suck up the last bit without making a noise.

But blowing bubbles through the

### MILESTONES

straw is just noise for noise's sake. There is nothing to be said for it.

Another worthwhile stage of progress is the ability to handle toast.

I have spent some of the best years of my life buttering other people's toast, I also cut it into pipes for sticking into boiled eggs.

The end is not in sight yet, but it is something to look forward to.



I remember something said by a woman whose two-year-old son had fallen down and cut his knee. She said: "It'll be a great day when I, can trust Cyril on a slope."

She had a good point there. It is also a great day when children can

reach door handles. I mean reach them properly, not standing on tip-toes and groaning and asking for help.

They say a time even comes when door handles do not get sticky. But that is far away in the future.

All such accomplishments—being safe on slopes, opening doors, having showers instead of baths—mean a lot to the young person who masters them.

Later on there are other advances—long trousers, lipstick, housie, pipe-smoking. Each is proudly cherished as a sign of senior status.

And then a funny thing happens. Suddenly you find you don't care any more about showing how old you are.

I am as grown-up as anything, cut all my own toast, go to adult movies, and even horror ones. I never blow up my lunch bag and burst it. I read books with no pictures in them.

Yet I don't get a kick now out of being so mature.

If nobody else will have the bunny plate, I don't mind using it. Or even the pink fairy one.



# Rickshaw Boy

A short story complete on this page

By STEVEN REGUAM

WE JONG had done well in his twelve years of rickshaw running. He had done so well that he had reached the point where he could consider the prospect of retiring. A retired rickshaw runner was indeed a thing to marvel at, for they aged very quickly and died early, but We Jong had been lucky.

He had aged, his lined and gaunt face was not that of a young man of thirty, as he was, but that of an old monk. A monk such as the ones he saw when he went to the Buddhist temple twice a week; the ones that read his life for him and told him of his unhappy end that was so near.

But We Jong felt strong yet, and he was not unhappy. He had his wealth, for at the price of becoming an old man quickly a good rickshaw runner became rich fast for an Oriental of low caste. He had a fine wife, too, a beautiful young wife who had borne him two fine sons.

It was not usual for the monks to be wrong, but We Jong felt that this time they had made a mistake, for he could see no prospect of an unhappy end to his life.

One of the reasons that We Jong had become a rich man was that he had a good stand, one that ensured a steady flow of rich foreign people. It was not considered dishonest to take the tourists by a roundabout way to their destinations; they had come to see the city, so We Jong showed it to them and could ask a higher fare without his conscience goading him.

And many people came down the steps of the big hotel to ride in We Jong's rickshaw, for not only was it convenient for them but it was a fine piece of workmanship.

It was not ornate, as were many of the rickshaws of We Jong's contemporaries, but it was clean and large. He had found that the tourists liked a rickshaw that was clean, and he was not one to ignore the wishes of his customers.

With room for two, his rickshaw was often hired at night for several hours at a stretch, and he would pull the couple through the gaudy streets of the city. He knew the streets that looked the best at night and ran through them slowly enough to let the couple see the sights and not get bored.

Then, as if by magic, the couple would find themselves overlooking the harbor, with the bright lights of the city winking and gleaming around the edge. They could see the red glow from the fires on the houseboats and the rainbow of colors from the twisted neon lights on the roofs of the buildings.

And often the couple would say, "Go away for a while, boy. We will call you when we want to go home." And We Jong would trot quietly away into the shadows and wait. Back at the hotel they would happily pay the price We Jong asked and often would tip him for waiting so patiently.

So We Jong had good reason to disbelieve the monks, and he had good reason to think of retiring soon. He sat on his rickshaw outside the hotel and dozed peacefully in the sun. Noon was not a very busy time for him. Everybody in the hotel was eating; a thing that We Jong never did at noon, for it was bad for him. No good rickshaw man ate in the daytime, for they knew only too well of the terrible stomach pains that would rack them if they had to carry a fare too soon after eating.

It would mean that they would have to wait for at least half an hour for their meal to settle and miss the possibility of a fare. When he rose early in the morning We Jong ate a large meal of rice and fish, and when



We Jong's passengers smiled happily at the gay and vivid scenes as they journeyed along the busy streets.

he went home he ate again. But between times he either ran or waited.

The couple that came down the steps woke We Jong from his reverie, and he jumped lightly between the shafts of the rickshaw, glancing around at them as he did so. A Western man, American and rich from his looks, and an Oriental girl. The girl's face was hidden by the bag she held up, fussing with her hair as she used the little mirror in the flap. From the lines of her body We Jong guessed she was fairly young, about thirty. No doubt a geisha girl and her boy-friend. "Drive us around the town, boy. Anywhere—my girl will tell me where we are." He dropped a handful of coins down We Jong's singlet, saying, "There'll be more when we get back. Off we go, gee-gee." He laughed as he climbed into the rickshaw.

We Jong pulled into the road and began jogging along the route that he took all tourists and lovers. As he pulled them through the city the girl was telling the man where they were and what work went on in the buildings they passed. She knew the city well; almost as well as We Jong.

Though they were only a few feet behind him, We Jong did not hear much of what they were saying, for he had to concentrate on the traffic that swirled about them. He had never had a traffic accident and he did not want one. Perhaps, though, he was fated to have one. The monks could be right, and he was destined to be run-down by a truck or struck by one of the little scooters that skittered in among the cars and buses like flies.

He would be careful among the traffic, even more careful than he had been before. As he ran We Jong thought more about his retirement. He would tell Ching Li, his wife, tonight. After the next big festival he would retire. He would be foolish to do so before then, because the festivals attracted the tourists and a good rickshaw boy could earn much at a festival.

Ching Li would be happy to hear of the decision. She had always wanted to be among the bright lights of the city, but We Jong had told her that they could not afford it. He made enough to see them well fed and clothed, he had told her, and enough to pay for a small house, but no more.

She had been unhappy at first and often pestered him to take her to one of the big hotels where the silk merchants and their wives went, but he had said no. For a long while she pestered him, so much so that he had beaten her. He was sorry afterwards, but she never forgot the beating and never again asked. Now he could take her sometimes, he thought. Not very often, or they would soon spend all his savings.

Ching Li did not know about the savings. We Jong had been very clever about that. He had gone each day and put a little of his daily takings into a bank. He had heard that the bank was a safe place, and the people there had shown him what to do when he wanted to bank some money or take it out if he had had a bad day.

Ching Li had asked him about the little book that the people in the bank had given him, and We Jong had told her it was a special pass that the police made all coolies

carry. She could not read or write, so never knew they were comparatively rich.

As he ran thinking happily about his bank-book, there was something that bothered We Jong. He did not know what it was and he tried to push it from his mind. But it kept returning persistently, like a mosquito buzzing about his bed on a summer night.

It was still with him as he trotted through the fruit market. The narrow alleyways were lined with stalls, the merchants haggling loudly with the customers, finally allowing themselves to be talked into a price that was far higher than the article's proper value.

The corners of the alleyways would have been very dangerous but for the wisdom of the City Council. They were very sharp and a person could not see what was around the corner. It would have been easy to blunder into an oncoming truck if there had not been the mirror. On each corner the Council had placed a large mirror, so angled that it was possible to see in advance what was coming around the corner.

In one mirror We Jong saw the great blundering truck around the corner and at the same moment he caught the reflection of Ching Li kissing an American in a rickshaw.

And We Jong was pulling that rickshaw. Simultaneously he pinned down the mosquito in his brain. It was Ching Li's voice. He had not recognised it, because she had been speaking English.

The monks were right, thought We Jong, as he pulled the rickshaw around the corner and under the grinding wheels of the fruit truck.

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# Sandwiches are fabulous with

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on food or in food, Keen's Mustard adds extra man appeal to meals . . . gives food that added tang men really go for. Keen's gives a fresher, more appetising flavour to sauces, dressings, savouries, relishes, pickles, canapes, hot or cold meats, soups, fish and all seafoods. Be a clever cook — use mustard in all your cooking and . . .

PUT MUSTARD ON THE TABLE FOR EVERY MEAL!

X174 A



## Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 19

advertising business in Chicago, he said, and if Dr. Fenton could arrange to take him on, he planned to commute from Chicago for the consultations. He had been recommended by two of Dr. Fenton's former patients, whom he mentioned. He had seemed a highly intelligent and sensitive man. He was suffering, he told Edna, from loss of concentration, blackout spells, and sleeplessness.

So now, entering the sunny office at 11.00 a.m. came a short and wiry blond man in his late thirties, with a pleasant smile, a sandy crew-cut, and the garb of a Brooks Brothers mannequin. He had a ringing voice. He shook the doctor's hand with a firm grip. Then he sat down beside the doctor's desk, his blue eyes twinkling with appreciation.

HE glanced at the pine-panelled walls. "May I compliment you on your office, Doctor? It's very well done. Conducive, ah—" His smile was shy. It crinkled up the lines around his eyes and drove deep lines down his cheeks, so that his face resembled a withering piece of fruit. This was a face which had probably looked old at twenty, and which would look no older at sixty. "Conducive, well—to a mental pinwheel like myself. Very fine Van Gogh," he added, looking up and past the doctor's shoulder. "I've never seen that one. May I ask if it's original?"

"Original?" The doctor smiled. "I picked it up at a bookstore for a dollar ninety-eight. Well . . ." He was very tired. New patients had always been a challenge, but it was hard to burn the candle at both ends.

Again that puckish smile, a trifle forced. The man pulled out a leather cigarette case. "Mind if I smoke? Lung cancer, what the heck. How about you?" He passed the case over. "At the moment I don't care much about the way I die." He puffed for a few moments nervously. "I work in advertising. I am a sort of writer, Doctor, an idea man."

He then went on to say that he had become "all nerves" during this past month. He found it hard to concentrate. Ideas were his business, but "day after day I get out the fishing pole and not a nibble." At night he could not sleep. "My mind lights up like a ballroom." Using the trick speech of Madison Avenue or its Chicago facsimile, he kept looking at the doctor and half-smiling all the time. The effect was of a speech which had been rehearsed.

Dr. Fenton asked some routine questions.

Mr. Fitzgerald lived in Chicago, in an apartment. He had a wife. Three children, aged twelve, four, and six months. His work often brought him to New York. He had many friends in New York. Suddenly his hand, which was lighting another cigarette, began to tremble slightly. He still saw many of his friends socially. He stopped short, laid his cigarette on the ashtray, rose, paced, thrust his hand into the pocket of his tweed sports jacket, and then turned, with all the cockiness and sophistication fading from his face.

"I might as well be honest about it." He shrugged awkwardly. "This nervousness of mine has a reason. It's due to a woman."

So the doctor had already assumed. These thirty-year-old confessions, male or female, often ended up that way.

"A woman who at the moment is living here — in New

York. I have been seeing her. She is a Mrs. Mallory?"

Here, for no reason determinable, he made the name into a question, as though, for instance, it were a famous film star's, and added a quick glance to the rising inflection of his voice. But Dr. Fenton knew no Mrs. Mallory, in the gossip columns or otherwise.

Mr. Fitzgerald now returned to his wing chair, on the edge of which he perched, leaning closer to the doctor's elbow. Lowering his tone, he spoke with force.

"It is not at all what you must be thinking, Doctor. Not at all. Mrs. Mallory isn't my type, though she is beautiful. I have no need to tell you that, I'm sure." He waited.

"Me that?" the doctor said. Fitzgerald smiled. "She and I are friends. Good friends. And she has a few people, believe you me, whom she can lean on. I was and am a personal friend of her sick husband. He was my room-mate in Harvard, class of '42. I am referring to Dr. Eric Mallory . . ."

Again that rising inflection in the tone, the look of expectancy and the slight tense cock of the head. But this second name meant nothing either. Dr. Fenton frowned.

Mr. Fitzgerald now seemed disappointed. Getting off the arm of the chair, he walked to the green chaise-longue, fin-

### FROM THE BIBLE

• "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

— 1 Corinthians 10:12.

Looking back over the lives of famous Jews, Paul sees many things which could act as warnings to his contemporaries. He warns them not to be too sure of themselves.

gered it, and sat down. He groped for another cigarette.

Behind him, indifferent to the hell which humans could make of living, the tropical fish swam in their big aquarium and a sunbeam slid off the tip of Beethoven's plaster nose.

"May I tell you a brief story, Doctor? It may, well, bring a certain credence to what I am about to ask." The small, dried-up face looked very earnest. "I have known Eric Mallory since our college days. He came from Cincinnati and so did I. I'd known of him slightly from the time I was about ten. Big wheel in Cincinnati, so I was knocked out when I found he was my room-mate. He was the most brilliant fellow I'd ever met, even then. The best brain in the business. But you know it, Doctor, Science."

Again he paused. The doctor realised, with a certain alarm, that each pause had a significance.

"Recently I heard through friends," his visitor said, "that Eric had had a nervous breakdown, gone to pieces. I had met his wife. I was best man at their wedding," he added, with a rueful smile. "I wrote poor Angela to express my sympathy, ask what I could do. They lived, as many scientists do who work on rocket

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

stuff, in a government-guarded town. I could not communicate with her direct. My letter was returned. It had been opened."

Dr. Fenton, to avoid those eyes, reached for a pad and fountain pen. "I couldn't imagine, naturally, what had happened. Evidently in even knowing about poor Eric's illness, I had done something wrong. You know the way these people operate." He shrugged. "However, as Eric and Angela's closest friend (and we were practically like brothers, Doctor) I felt it was my duty to find out the situation. Mrs. Mallory's name had been Romagna before her marriage. I knew her family lived in Brooklyn. So, on my next trip east, I looked them up."

Mallory. Angela. Brooklyn!

"Does this story you're telling me have a bearing on your symptoms, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"I am coming to them—" Suddenly his patient smiled and with a still more anxious look of apology, took out a handkerchief and wiped his hands. "I'm doing this badly. I can imagine what you think of me, Dr. Fenton," he said. "I have no symptoms, actually. I am not sick, except in the sense that I am sick at heart. I will admit it. This — particular call on you, this appointment was a trick."

The doctor frowned. Fitzgerald leaped nervously to his feet. "I had to see you. She knows you're taking care of Eric for the General. It was she who asked me to. Begged me on her bended knees, practically, to reach you, talk to you . . ."

The doctor looked him in the eye. "Do you mean — your wife?" he asked, dead pan.

"My wife?" He laughed, an awkward, self-deprecatory laugh. "Oh — I see. I see. I sensed that this is how you'd have to react. She worried about it, too. Angela, I mean. I said to her last week — 'Angela, why don't you try to see the doctor yourself? You are in a better position. You're his wife. If anybody can break him down, it'll be a woman . . .'. But she's shy, terribly shy. And of course they keep a constant eye on her."

"Mr. Fitzgerald." The doctor rose, trying to find control. "What you're saying is over my head. Now if you wish therapy, that's one thing, but if not . . ."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"When you're ready to discuss something I understand, you may arrange another appointment with my secretary."

HIS visitor remained standing sheepishly between the desk and the chaise-longue.

"Then I may have another appointment? You aren't turning me down? A chance to talk to you about Eric is all I ask, Doctor — for her sake."

He came forward. "Whether it's today or tomorrow or next week, any time. Anything would mean so much to her. You see, she doesn't know his real condition. They took him in an ambulance somewhere. She can't visit him. She gets only dry reports. She has been worrying herself sick. She doesn't know whether he's dying, whether he's permanently insane, or whether there's some hope. Could you tell me, just, whether there's hope, so I may tell her?"

"Good day, Mr. Fitzgerald."

"Aw look, Doc, I flew in all

To page 45



# PIER 90

She knew that the decision had to be made . . . a short short story

BY JOSEPHINE MANSER

HARRIET stood on the boat-deck of the great liner as it edged past the floodlit Statue of Liberty and forged steadily up the Hudson River towards Pier 90. For the second time in three years she held the rail tightly with both hands and felt an almost painful excitement at the sight of the great pyramid of hard, glittering lights which hung before her.

A crowd of American college girls returning from Europe stood farther along the rail, each with a bouffant hairdo and elegant Italian shoes. With their long legs and brilliant, puffed-out heads, they were like a group of chattering tropical birds as they hopped about with delight at this first view of the Manhattan skyline.

Three English schoolteachers on an exchange scheme stood on Harriet's other side. They were very young, white and tense with shining eyes, holding on hard to their passports and papers, quite suddenly reminding Harriet of herself as she'd been three years ago. She'd had a lot more style than these three, though, thought Harriet, looking affectionately at their crepe-soled shoes and colored mackintoshes.

She'd been so young then, only twenty, but with clear-cut ideas of what she wanted from life. A junior sub-editor on one of England's glossiest magazines, she'd come armed with references and letters of introduction for its American counterpart, fiercely determined to make herself into a first-rate American-type journalist.

And I did, too, thought Harriet dispassionately, still watching the schoolteachers as they flicked through a small paper guide to New York and joyfully identified the searchlight revolving solemnly on top of the Empire State Building.

By the time she'd met Chris she'd been well up the ladder, a smooth, over-groomed New York career-girl, with only an English accent to mark her from the others. It was her soft English voice which had made him turn to look at her in the middle of a smoky, crowded cocktail party.

An American newspaperman! They were supposed to be one of the toughest breeds on earth, weren't they? Harriet smiled grimly to herself. Chris had been the exception then. Big and gentle, with a soft voice and a quick sense of humor, he'd pursued her in an old-fashioned, gallant way that charmed Harriet, though she laughed at him.

It was only when he started to talk



A wave of tenderness overcame Harriet as she looked at the baby lying peacefully in her arms.

of marriage that she panicked and shied away like a frightened foal. This was too early in her scheme of things. She'd seen other people take the stony path that led to small, cramped houses, too little money, babies' nappies, and bickering. She intended to marry much, much later, when she was established and independent herself. And then it would be someone with money and a position, not a struggling political reporter.

But it had been too late. Looking now at the brilliant, towering streets where she and Chris had tortured each other for so many months, it seemed incredible to Harriet that she hadn't realised she was in love with Chris and married him that summer.

It had been nearly Christmas when she knew she was pregnant. She remembered Chris sitting opposite her in an Italian restaurant near Washington Square, his face grey and drawn, oddly incongruous against the Christmas decorations and festive faces of the other diners.

"You must marry me now, Harriet. Don't you see this is the best thing that could have happened . . ."

"For you, yes," she'd lashed at him. "I don't want a baby, not even yours. I want to make a career first, and then marriage — the other things — well, they'll come in time. But now, now . . ."

"Don't forget it's my child, too." He'd reached out and gripped her arms across the marble-topped table. "Please, Harriet, let's get married immediately. We'll go down to Florida over Christmas . . ."

"I've booked a passage home, Chris. I'm going to have the baby in England, and arrange for it to be adopted. Then I'll get my old job back and start again . . ."

Even now, nearly a year later, Harriet could hear the hard, metallic ring in her voice as she'd said that. She'd got up and left him huddled there, because the look on his face was dangerously near to melting the hardness that encased her.

The hooting of a tug somewhere in the dark mistiness ahead made Harriet shudder and pull her coat more tightly about her. The London hospital where

she'd had the baby was close to the river, and she'd lain sleepless in the long summer evenings listening to the pleasure-boats hooting as they passed by.

Her mother came up from the country to visit her twice, nervous and ill-at-ease, making no attempt to probe or to understand. She never had, Harriet thought bitterly.

She'd been quite alone on the morning they brought her the adoption papers, sitting in a chair by the window with the baby newly fed and asleep in his iron crib. A haze hung over the river and the little boats hooted merrily while Harriet stared at the papers on her lap. By the time she'd filled them in the mist had cleared and the baby was beginning to stir with renewed hunger.

Harriet gave a small, animal cry of pain at the memory of that moment, and then turned quickly to see if the schoolteachers had heard. They were gone, and all at once she realised that the ship had stopped, and she was looking down into the crowded customs shed of Pier 90.

Already the cargo cranes were beginning to squeal and grind, and people pushed past her in answer to the loudspeakers which were directing passengers to the lounges with their immigration papers.

Harriet stared down briefly at the moving, blurred mass of faces below. Somewhere down there was Chris, waiting for her, as she'd had no right to expect him to be. A changed Chris almost certainly.

Suddenly the impatience she'd been suppressing since she left the hospital burst inside Harriet like a firework. She turned from the rail and flew down the companionway and along the narrow, cream corridor to her cabin.

All the luggage had been removed. Only a dressing-case remained on one bunk. Harriet crossed over to the other and looked down at the baby asleep in his carry-cot. Gently she drew the shawl closer about him — the New York night air was cold. As she bent to kiss the small, warm cheek she hugged to herself the thought that somewhere out there Chris was waiting for them.

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*colours for your home*

# Taubmans Spectrocolor cards!



"It's fun to plan paint colour schemes with such heavenly colours," says Mrs. Jann Greene. "And Taubmans new colour cards make it so easy."

Like many young Australian couples, newly married Jann and Bruce Greene of Sydney, like unusual decorating colours—difficult to find until now. They're planning to use them right through their new home in Kirribilli next year.

"Some of our colour ideas are pretty unusual," says Bruce, "but that's no problem at all with Taubmans new range."

INSIDE OR OUTSIDE—USE TAUBMANS PAINTS IN

# SPECTROCOLOR

Taubmans exclusive new paint colour process



# DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

● The dress illustrated here has been designed especially to answer a reader's letter.

HERE is the query from her letter and my reply:

**"I need a late-day dress with a pattern to make it from. The material is floral silk and I want a style with a skirt drape."**

The design for your late-day dress (at right) has a gentle skirt drape and a bodice-top finished with a shoulder-to-shoulder neckline. The shaped belt is leather, but if you prefer one in self material it will look equally attractive. If you decide on the material belt, it will need to be lined. For this purpose use vylene or dress canvas. The belt is included in the pattern. Unfortunately, when writing, you omitted to state the size you require. The pattern is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

**"I want a style for a party frock to make in white eyelet cotton with a cotton lace trim. The lace is 5in. wide. I am 16 years of age."**

I suggest a torso-line dress with a sleeveless top ending in six ruffled tiers of cotton lace. Have the neckline high, round, and collarless.

**"Is it necessary to have a thin figure to wear a frock with a low waistline?"**

Yes and no. The loosened look down to the hips does look better with a slim figure beneath. However, this silhouette also flatters the not-so-small waistline if the wearer has slender hips.

**"Please help me plan a well-balanced daytime wardrobe to do me till winter."**

Rather a tall order with the few details you gave in your letter. However, a good method for methodical wardrobe planning is the following: Decide on the three typical daytime situations you're most likely to encounter from now to autumn and concentrate on three looks to meet them.

**"My mother says at 14 years old I am too young to wear a strapless party dress. I feel this is old-fashioned."**

What your mother says is perfectly true. You really are far too young to wear a strapless dress. In your age-group girls look pretty and suitably dressed for a party in a skirt and separate blouse. The skirt can be given a gala look by a pretty flowery material and a stiffened petticoat. The blouse could have a slightly (only slightly) off-the-shoulder neckline, finished with a large self-material frill.

**"Could a dark fur collar be worn on a pinky-beige coat?"**

Yes, it could; fur trims are very important for winter and I can't think of a prettier combination than brown and pink.

**"My urgent need is for a maternity frock to wear to a wedding taking place at 4.30 p.m. I want a design suitable for floral silk."**

My suggestion is a one-piece dress with a drawstring waistline. Have the waist just below bosom-level to form an empire-line silhouette. This silhouette is fast becoming a maternity classic and is one of the prettiest trends I know for maternity wear. Have the bodice of the dress finished with tiny sleeves and a scooped, low-back-and-front, collarless neckline.

**"I have four bright jewelled buttons given me as a Christmas present. Would they be suitable to trim a navy taffeta suit?"**

Yes, bright buttons, especially glittery fake-jewel ones, are high fashion for any unsporty, non-casual suit.

**DS434.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.**



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# Lingerie from Paris Couture

● Lingerie in Paris can be anything from a bloomer-girl pyjama suit to a romantic floor-length negligee. More news is the matched ensemble look. Example: Petticoat slip with its own "make-up" stole, or one worn with the new short boudoir coat.

● Glamorous twosome—a slip with a full petticoat skirt and a sheer stole.

● Bloomer - girl pyjama suit, at present enjoying a great vogue in Paris.



● Superb embroidered lilac flowers decorate this petticoat slip and its matching boudoir coat.



● Romantic back-dipping skirt buttons over pedal-pusher pyjamas.



● Lovely as any evening ensemble, a flowery negligee and sheer white nylon nightgown.





## Wool Gold Medal Wardrobe Contest

# YOU CAN WIN A £350 WARDROBE



37 Sweater and slacks, £40/10/-. Monici of Parma. 38 Jacket and slacks, £13/16/-. Hit Parader. 39 Slacks, £4/9/6. Stylecut Creations. 40 Ski pants, £8/9/6. Fletcher Jones. 41 Slacks, £9/19/6. Leroy Mfg. 42 Jumper, 13 guineas. N. Klinge (Soverano).



43 Slacks, £8/9/11. Sportscraft. 44 Slacks, £5/19/11. Jantzen. 45 Swimsuit, £7/19/11. Ada of California. 46 Slacks, £6/18/9. Fletcher Jones. 47 Slacks, £7/7/-. Sportscraft. 48 Slacks, £9/9/11. Sportscraft.



49 Short evening dress, coat, £44/10/-. Brill & Salter. 50 Knitted suit, 33 guineas. Adriana of Venice. 51 Evening dress, 42 guineas. Susan Small. 52 Knitted suit (metalled thread), £32. De Angeli. 53 Cocktail separates, £26/5/-. Hit Parader.

IN each of the six States of Australia the prize is a £350 wardrobe, making the total value of the prizes £2100.

Each garment in this contest has been awarded an Australian Wool Bureau Gold Medal for the current season.

To win the wardrobe you must select from the models published in *The Australian Women's Weekly* an ideal wardrobe, to the value of £350, for a winter holiday in the capital city of your State.

Since the contest was announced last week several readers have asked must the wardrobe they choose be worth exactly £350.

Your choice must not exceed the value of £350. Obviously the total value of the items you choose might be worth a few pounds or shillings less than the maximum £350.

You have 71 garments to choose from—36 were published last week; the remaining 35 are shown on these two pages.

In making your choice, you will need to take into consideration climate, amenities, and activities available in your capital city. You will also need to study the design, price, and maker of each Gold Medal winner.

The garments are available in most of the new season's colors.

Write on a sheet of paper the number (shown on the drawing) of each garment selected, with maker's name and price of garment beside each number.

You must also write on the same sheet, in not more than 50 words, why you have chosen the wardrobe.

Add your name and address at the bottom.

A panel of judges will decide which is the best combination of garments. The entry, in each State, which matches this or the nearest to it will be the winning one.

The Gold Medals were awarded to these clothes by a panel of fashion experts, including Betty Keep, our Fashion Editor.

Many of the clothes have wonderful holiday appeal for their versatility and "packability."

Knitted suits vary from strictly tailored designs to the more casual jumper styles.

There are knitted dresses in simple lines for day wear and knitted separates in fancy weaves for evening wear.

The once humble cardigan, which has now become a high-fashion garment, is shown in several designs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 1, 1961



● This is the second part  
of the contest in which you  
stand a chance of winning  
a dream wardrobe—a perfect  
wardrobe for a holiday in  
the capital city of your State.



THIS is the Gold Medal  
Fashion Award of the  
Australian Wool Bureau.

Pullovers for sports and casual wear are shown, jumpers with wide collars and flattering necklines for more dressy occasions.

Skirts vary in design from slim, trim cut to the ever-popular all-round pleated walking skirts.

Superbly tailored slacks are included.

Jackets have moved from the short car-coat length to the three-quarter and seven-eighth length. They are in fabrics and in knits.

Several full-length coats of different weights are shown.

Wool has now become such a finely tempered fabric that it can be used effectively for glamorous evening wear. There is a short evening dress with a beaded bodice and matching coat, lined in contrasting silk.

The full-length Grecian draped gown would grace a really formal occasion.

Next week we will republish the first 36 designs; the following week the 35 shown here will be repeated.

The conditions of the contest, which must be adhered to strictly, were published last week.

Entries close on February 8 next. They must be addressed "Wool Wardrobe Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

## WOOL CONTEST ENTRY COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

All entries must be addressed "Wool Wardrobe Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, and must be delivered to that address by February 8.

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LIST OF GARMENTS AND EXPLANATION OF WHY YOU CHOSE THEM.



Fabric suit, 19 guineas, Kartex Mfg. Fabric two-piece, £10/3/6, Leroy Mfg. Jersey suit, 18 guineas, Exmoor Creations. Fabric suit, £25, Original Record Models. Fabric suit, £24/15/-, Original Record. Three-piece ensemble, £17/5/-, Heidi Knitwear.



Calotte, £10/9/6, Sportscraft. Matching separates, £24/15/-, Hit Parade. Skirt, £5/9/11, Aywon. Skirt, £9/19/11, Sportscraft. Skirt, £5/19/11, Stylecut Creations. Skirt, 5 guineas, Styro.



Jumper, 5 guineas, Heidi Knitwear. Cardigan, 14 guineas, N. Klinge (Sorrano). Cardigan and slacks, £37/10/-, Monici of Parma. Jumper, £3/19/6, Heidi Knitwear. Pullover, 6 guineas, Novelty Knit. Cardigan, £9/19/-, French Knits.



# CAKE DECORATING . . . .



*AMERICAN-STYLE three-tiered wedding cake in which each tier is placed directly on top of the other without use of pillars. Softness and simplicity of design are important in cakes of this type to avoid a heavy or bulky appearance.*



# new ideas for beautiful designs

This is the first section of a two-part feature on cake decoration in which

Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert, gives new ideas and some elaborate designs for those who have already found this art a fascinating hobby

ONCE the beginner has learnt the fundamentals of cake decoration and mastered the simpler designs, she becomes more ambitious and wishes to attempt the finer, more intricate work, but often has not the artistic skill to make her own designs.

This special feature offers many designs which can be copied, or sections can be combined in new designs of one's own.

## FONDANT ICING

Simple fondant recipes given in previous icing features give a good covering for cakes but are not sufficiently fine and pliable for special cakes or finely moulded flowers. Here are a few hints about the actual fondant covering:

- Firm pressure with palm of the hand and not fingertips when kneading gives a smoother, more pliable fondant.
- After kneading fondant, wipe away all dry pieces around board and wash and dry hands thoroughly — otherwise dried pieces worked back into mixture leave specks and marks.
- After rolling out fondant, do not leave it standing on the board — the surface will dry and crack when lifted.
- Fold fondant over long rolling-pin, lift, and unroll on to cake — smooth top section first, then sides, to avoid bubbles.
- After smoothing, rub the cake over with cornflour-covered palms of hands for a velvet finish.

Here are two recipes for more complicated mixtures for fondant, but they are well worth the time and trouble of making. Both mixtures stay softer for a longer period and do not crack or break easily.

## PLIABLE FONDANT

One cup crystal sugar, pinch cream of tartar, 2 teaspoons glycerine, 6 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons glucose, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons solid white shortening, 2lb. icing sugar.

Place sugar, cream of tartar, glycerine, glucose, and 3 tablespoons water in a saucepan. Heat slowly and boil until 240 deg. F. or until a soft ball is formed when tested in cold water. Soften gelatine in remaining water and pour into basin with sugar syrup and shortening. Cool and stir in 4 cups sifted icing sugar. Cover closely and stand aside 24 hours. Turn on to board and knead in remaining icing sugar until desired consistency is obtained. Keep covered closely until ready for use.

## SOFT FONDANT

One dessertspoon gelatine, 1½ tablespoons water, ½lb. glucose, 1oz. solid white shortening, 1 teaspoon glycerine, 2½lb. icing sugar, 1 egg-white.

Soften gelatine in the water. Place glucose, shortening, and glycerine in saucepan, slowly heat until just boiling, stand 5 minutes. Sift 2lb. icing sugar into basin, make a

well in the centre, add egg-white, cover over with the icing sugar, and gradually stir in the hot glucose to make a soft paste. Turn on to board, knead in remaining icing sugar.

## COLORING OF FONDANT

If one all-over color is desired, a few drops of concentrated food coloring can be added during the final kneading of the fondant—otherwise small quantities can be colored individually.

## MOULDING OF FLOWERS

(Step-by-step illustrations on next page.)

Use a light dusting of cornflour on the fingers when moulding flower petals. Break a small piece off the bulk fondant for each petal and knead this to a smooth ball before pressing lightly but firmly between thumb and first finger to shape and size of petal required. Taper off edge of petal to paper thinness for a delicate finish. Beginners will find it most helpful if they can obtain a natural flower and, taking it apart, shape petals accordingly. Reform fondant petals into flower shape and stand aside to dry.

Stamens, such as are used in artificial flower-making, are used on such flowers as the Christmas bell, open rose, fuchsia, orange blossom, some lilies, etc.

Flower or millinery wire, bought ready covered in green or white, is used in place of stems.

Roses: These petals are shaped around a centre-bud section, each slightly overlapping. Fold back tips of petals according to whether a bud or an open rose is required.

Christmas Bells: Shape a long tubular piece of yellow fondant around a thick knitting needle. Open back edge slightly, cut peaks with scissors and insert stamens, pressing firmly into the fondant. When dry, paint base with deep orange color, leaving tips yellow.

Violets: From deep mauve fondant, shape two top and three lower petals as on natural flower. Join petals, dry thoroughly, and paint deep purple; dry again. Add few yellow icing dots in centre.

Orange Blossom: Form petals in white fondant and attach around 3 or 4 yellow stamens. When thoroughly dry, an interesting waxed effect may be obtained by lightly coating with melted cooled paraffin wax.

Orchids: Cut and shape the petals as illustrated on page 32 and join them to a curved fondant base. When thoroughly dry, tint petals with diluted food coloring as desired.

When flowers need stems, make pale green calyx of fondant and attach it to centre back of each flower. Insert covered wire into calyx before drying.

Beginners can obtain plenty of practice at flower-moulding by using children's modelling clay, but a firm but light touch at forming the petals and a certain artistic ability to arrange them attractively and naturally are necessary. All flowers must be thoroughly dry before painting to avoid color edges blurring. Re-dry before attaching to cake.

## CLIPPER WORK

This is a form of cake decoration which is becoming increasingly popular because it is easy to do and can be applied to a freshly covered cake instead of having to wait until the surface dries. The designs formed, whether simply done or elaborate variations added, give an effective decorative finish to sides or tops of cakes. Pattern is formed by pinching and pressing soft fondant covering with clippers.

To form a scalloped line, hold the clippers with the serrated ends about ¼ inch apart. Press this into the fondant and gently squeeze the ends together to about ½ in. apart, so that fondant is pinched between. Then, before pulling away, reopen to the ¼-inch mark and remove. Should the clippers be pulled away before reopening, fondant between will be torn away. A little practice is necessary before the beginner can assess amounts of pressure necessary, depth of markings needed, etc. To avoid clipper tips sticking to fondant, dip occasionally in cornflour or icing sugar.

## RIBBON WORK

Designs resembling ribbon threading can be made by making two ¼-inch cuts ¼-inch apart into the fondant at regular intervals along the clipper-work design. Cut narrow ribbon into approximately 2-inch lengths and insert one end into each fondant cut, leaving ribbon slightly looped in centre. This gives appearance of ribbon being threaded through fondant. For a smaller design, both ends of the ribbon can be inserted into the one cut.

## ROYAL ICING

This icing is used for piped decorations on cakes. Careful making of this mixture is of utmost importance, and too much stress cannot be placed on the method of mixing.

Here is the basic recipe:

One egg-white, 6 to 8oz. pure icing sugar.

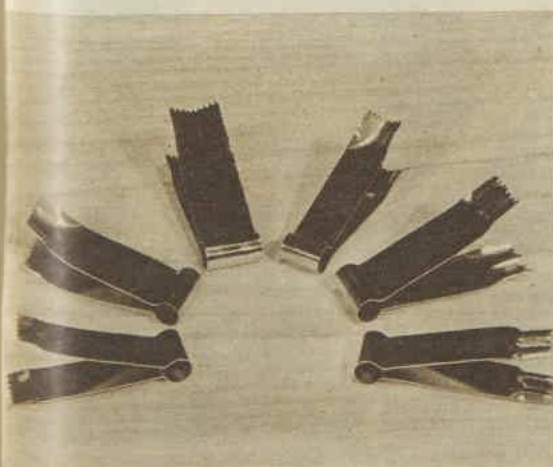
Beat egg-white slightly and work in about 1 tablespoon of icing sugar at a time, mixing well between additions until consistency is desired. Add acetic acid and glucose if necessary. It is the mixing which makes a good royal icing, so the more time spent over this the better.

Soft Peak: Add icing sugar and beat until icing will form a soft fin. peak, made by drawing the spoon up out of the mixture. Used for scroll, latticing, and line work.

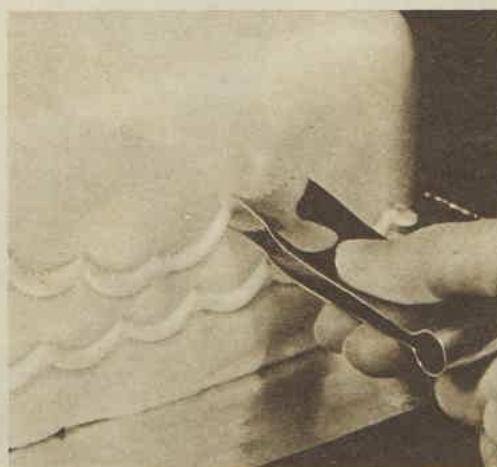
Stiff Peak: Add more icing sugar until the peak stands stiff and straight. Piped petals of flowers need this icing.

Pure icing sugar only can be used. So that it is soft and free of lumps it should be purchased in small quantities at stores which specialise in icing equipment and have fresh stocks only on hand. Even then the icing sugar should be

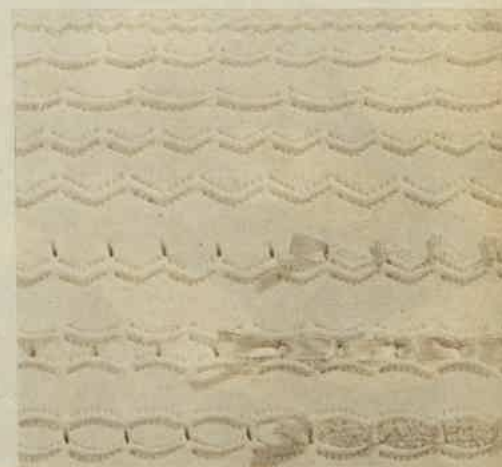
Continued on page 34



VARIOUS SHAPES of metal icing clippers or pincers, which are purchased in two sizes from stores retailing other cake-decorating equipment. Beginners will find them simple and quick to use.



AFTER covering cake with fondant and while it is still quite soft, use clippers as illustration above. Measure out design on cake before commencing and so avoid uneven lines and spacing.



TOP lines give indication of patterns obtainable from clippers, while below are three more elaborate variations featuring threaded ribbon and fine pipe work. Use designs on top or sides of cakes.



# PRETTY FONDANT FLOWERS



*SERIES OF STEP-BY-STEP ILLUSTRATIONS above shows the moulding of the various sections and petals of flowers which are used to decorate iced cakes. Shading and tinting of flowers can be varied to blend with cake color scheme.*



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 1, 1961

# Teenagers' WEEKLY



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

**THE IDEAL GIRL—page 3**



# LETTERS

## Marriages "should be arranged"

MARRIAGES should be arranged by parents, as they used to be. Nowadays teenagers do all sorts of silly things, because they feel they have to catch a husband or wife for themselves, and they often get married without realising everything that is involved. We have many more divorces nowadays to prove this. Parents have the necessary knowledge to choose marriage partners for their children. They would choose someone from a similar background whose family they know well and like. This would solve a lot of family troubles. If teenagers did not have to worry about attracting the opposite sex so much, they would be able to spend more time improving themselves and learning to be good marriage partners instead of lounging around milkbars and wearing crazy fashions.—G. Schmidt, North Sydney.

## Cure for failures

AS a result of the high failure rate in the examinations recently conducted by the University of W.A., suggestions of introducing a post-Leaving year at school have been put forward. The present system in W.A. is to combine the Leaving and Matriculation exams into one, and a student with Matriculation is eligible for entry to the University at 18. I know that the systems of other States differ, and would be interested to hear the views of "teeners" from these States.—Ian Baker, Boulder, W.A.



I could hardly believe it, HAIRSETS FOR 4d!

Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4/10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo's I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

**Curlypet**

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Too much make-up

I WOULD like to register a complaint against the increasing use by teenage girls of too much make-up. Girls do not seem to realise that the chief purpose of make-up is to conceal blemishes and enhance their natural beauty. How can one say if a girl is beautiful or otherwise if her face is painted like an African witch-doctor's mask? Teenage blemishes will eventually go, but this will not be assisted by a "heavy paint job." A good-quality, light make-up is far more attractive on a young girl and shows better taste. Wearing heavy make-up indicates maladjustment and excessive self-consciousness.—(Miss) J. A. Fern, Leon-gatha, Vic.

## Ugly names

MORE Australian suburbs and towns should be named after Australian politicians and explorers rather than those ugly-sounding aboriginal words. The average Australian hasn't any idea what most of the words mean and finds them difficult to pronounce and spell.—(Miss) E. Smythe, Maroubra, N.S.W.

## Selfish young

MOST young people today are more concerned with gratifying their own interests and desires than with exerting themselves to help other people, especially those less fortunate than themselves. There are exceptions, but most of them tend to forget that assistance to aged people, children's homes, and so on, can take other forms than a monetary donation. Time spent and personal interest shown count for much more.—M. A. Harris, Strathfield, N.S.W.

## Proper notes

IT seems a pity that school students, unless they do a commercial course at school, have no opportunity to learn typewriting and shorthand. Many of these students go on to University, and it would be a great help to them if they could take lecture notes in shorthand, then type them back. Typewritten notes are much more legible and easier to learn than handwritten ones, and, besides, they take less time and energy to do.—P. Jennings, Mildura, Vic.

## Plea for history

I AGREE with A.F. (T.W., 21/12/60) that history helps broaden a student's outlook on life, but if it is to be made compulsory let's make it interesting. Almost all the course before the French Revolution of 1789 could be cut out, with only a brief study of the Agrarian and Industrial Revolutions for some background. Maybe then we could learn about something fairly recent, such as the Korean and Second World Wars. Nothing is taught about these and other major events of the twentieth century.

Though history doesn't help build bridges or rockets, it helps us avoid the mistakes of our fathers and another world war, let's make it compulsory.—Barry Cadling, Maylands, W.A.

## Dogs on roads

I AGREE with "A Dog Loser" (T.W., 4/1/61) that people who run over animals in the street should be fined. I cannot understand how some motorists can drive on, after hitting an animal, without even considering that if the animal is alive he could take him to a vet. Surely these motorists have a heart; surely they must realise the animal is loved by someone.—B. Dawson, Sandringham, Vic.

MANY motorists have lost their lives trying to avoid running over animals on the road. Pet-owners should train their animals against crossing roads. I know that many motorists do not stop after hitting animals, some because the road is too busy and others because they just couldn't care less. As for fining people, even if you

**OUR COVER GIRL** is Mary Williamson, of Hawthorn, one of Melbourne's growing army of motor-scooter dispatch-girls. In their white crash-helmets, trim slacks, desert boots, and shirts, and with their scooters shiningly clean, dispatch-bag on the front of its handlebars bursting with packages and messages for delivery, they are a smart addition to the traffic scene. Mary, a twenty-year-old Dutch lass who has been in Australia for six years, gave up waitressing for this fresh-air life in all weathers... hail, rain or shine they still carry on regardless. The firms supply the scooters and about half of them allow the girls to take the scooters home. Wages average £15 a week.

could catch them, circumstances may prove that it was the fault of the animal in the beginning.—(Miss) K. Andrews, Melbourne.

## TV for teens

HOW I wish some bright TV station would start a television show just for teenagers which was not entirely rock-'n-roll! It wouldn't have to be long, but here are some features it could introduce: a teenage panel debating important world affairs such as the U.N. and South Africa (let's drop the eternal school uniform and juvenile delinquency); short talks for those leaving school by people prominent in different fields; a "record review" spot featuring popular, classical, and musical-comedy discs; competitions with prizes of records and theatre tickets; discussions on travel abroad; sport (perhaps interviews with young champions like the Konrads); hobbies; clothes for both boys and girls and all the other things in which most teenagers are interested.—Gwen Napier, Baronia, Vic.

## "Live" theatre

STADIUMS and town halls are regularly packed for performances by stars of pop music and films, despite the fact that they can be seen more cheaply and more comfortably on television. This seems to confirm

that teenagers prefer live performances to "canned" entertainment and would enjoy live plays at least as much as they do films. Theatre parties would not only broaden their horizons but help with exam plays that were meant to be seen, not merely dissected on paper.—"Theopus," Pymble, N.S.W.

## Stop smoking

I AM disgusted to see more and more teenagers smoking. Experts point out that smoking is closely connected with cancer and even if these foolish people don't get cancer their health can be undermined. Many teens think that by smoking they will gain recognition from the opposite sex and their family and friends—they seem to think it's grown-up to smoke. I think there should be a law against it.—"Diana," Maryborough, Qld.

## Danger signals

WENDY NICHOLAS (T.W., 23/11/60) suggested that instead of police cars, ambulances, and fire-engines all having similar sirens they should have different warning signals. But why? Surely the main object of a siren is to warn the public to pull into the side of the road and allow the vehicle to travel quickly in an emergency, not to inform the public of the latest news.—Gill Orsborn, Newcastle, N.S.W.

## National costumes, dishes

● Several readers have wondered what are Australia's national costume and dish. Here are a few suggestions:

AUSTRALIA'S national costume is a loincloth, some feathers, and clay pigment (smeared on).—Gaynor Dahlin, Port Pirie, S.A.

A FEW years ago the New South Wales Division of the United Nations Association held a nation-wide contest for the designers of a national costume. The winner was Robyn McLaren, of Sydney. For males the national costume is moleskin trousers, high elastic-sided boots, and yellow shirt with green scarf. On a wide leather belt is a watch pouch and knife pouch. The hat is brown felt with a flat crown, large brim with a pleated band. For females the national costume is a yellow-green dress with wattle pattern trimmings and a wide sun hat also featur-

ing the wattle theme.—Helen Rock, Brisbane.

THE national costume of a country is the clothes that were worn, perhaps slightly modified, for everyday wear several hundred years ago. The difficulty of travel kept people and customs separated, and thus arose the variety of costumes. Australia will never have a national costume in the true sense of the word because of the uniformity of modern dress and the lack of hundreds of years behind us to develop one.—"Antoinette," Mitcham, S.A.

THE Aussie costume is to be seen in country towns every day—broad-rimmed felt hat turned down all the way, long gabardine no-cuff trousers (cuffs would hold grass seeds),

tan elastic saddle-boots, a hacking jacket in winter or rolled-up shirtsleeves in summer. In the city it stands out as noticeably as any other national costume. I love it.—D. Mattinson, Paterson, N.S.W.

AUSTRALIA'S national dish is baked lamb, peas, and baked potatoes. The pie or fish and chips are just fill-in meals when time does not allow for a real dish.—Ken Allen, Brunswick, Vic.

IF I think of spaghetti I think of Italy, if I think of France I think of frogs' legs or snails, if I think of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding I think of England, but when I think of Australia I think of "steakadeist" (steak and eggs).—Ailsa Moore, Cabramatta, N.S.W.



# THE IDEAL GIRL

By ROBIN ADAIR

● So you girls think you know exactly what boys look for in lasses?  
You think you know instinctively how to dress and behave to fascinate  
the fellows? Well, some of you will just have to think again!

## TEENAGERS' WEEKLY

I recently conducted a quiz among boys all over Australia to find out what they really think about girls. And many answers shatter the fondest beliefs belles have about how to bewitch, bother, and bewilder blokes.

One of the most interesting conclusions I draw from the replies to the "Quiz For Boys Only" is that there are more sheep in wolves' clothing than really forward fellers!

For instance, 60 per cent. of the boys quizzed said they do not expect a goodnight kiss on a first date.

Sixty-eight boys out of 100 also said they prefer dating a modest, quiet girl than a "life of the party" madcap.

Nor do boys disapprove of girls who know when to say when—in the sense of the length of the date. Eight boys out of ten said they like girls who insist on going home at the time specified by their parents.

And 84 per cent. answered that a girl's looks aren't more important than the way she thinks.

All this is not to say, however, that boys aren't at all red-blooded and uninterested in the "sugar and spice" side of girls' make-up.

Close to three-fifths of our big quiz panel plumped for taking out girls who are willing to neck.

And the majority vowed they would not stop dating a gorgeous girl because she was a bit too loud.

## Going steady

Another popular popsie conception of boyish character crushed by the quiz is the old belief that boys swell with masculine pride if girls discuss their romantic prowess. Seventy-one per cent. of the "quiz kids" objected to girls who "kiss and tell."

The boys, too, gave the lie to any suggestion that they have a cavalier, couldn't-care-less attitude about dating. By their admissions, they take boy-girl relationships just as seriously as lasses do.

While 68 per cent. said no, they don't necessarily expect to eventually marry girls with whom they go steady, 70 per cent. answered that they prefer

girls who go steady to those who play the field.

And 71 per cent. said they feel angry when "their" girls flirt with other boys on dates.

Girls who play the part of "shrinking violets," in the belief that boys like to have girls terribly dependent on them, can also learn a valuable lesson from the quiz.

More than half the boys said they prefer independent, "I-can-take-care-of-myself" girls to helpless clinging vines.

The analysis of answers to another question proves that, while no boy will admit that girls aren't the weaker sex, they don't mind an occasional show of feminine strength.

We asked if boys resent girls beating them at games (say, tennis), and 91 per cent. said emphatically, "No."

I must confess that the answers to two other questions suggest that boys want to eat their cake and have it, too.

The majority said they like girls to be individualists who don't necessarily conform. Sixty per cent. "voted" for this state of affairs.

But then 62 per cent. said they prefer girls who'll always fall in with male plans, with the crowd.

Girls who are apprehensive

about what to say to blokes on a date can put their fears largely to rest. Eighty per cent. of boys apparently don't think it is important for a girl to know about football and cricket.

Nearly as many said they were not bored when a girl talks about serious books, music, or the state of the world.

So there's a tip, girls—you don't have to nut up on Test scores in a desperate attempt to have a topic of conversation in common with your beaux. Boys read books and are interested in what goes on in the world off the field of play, too.

(I was going to say that this means that boys and girls aren't that different, after all. But that's silly, isn't it?)

## Giggling

One boy, by the way, made an interesting comment with his denial of being bored when girls hold intelligent conversations.

"These things (books, music, world affairs) make any girl more interesting," he said. "They can raise a giggling teenager into an interesting adult."

Then, with the wisdom of Solomon, he added: "Although a girl genius is better when she does a little giggling!"

The quiz results show another

way in which boys aren't as black as they are painted.

Almost a full house (90 per cent., to be exact) said they did not resent chatting with girls' parents before the date begins.

## Drinking, smoking

Another high percentage (91) swore that they don't lose interest in girls after they—the girls—let on that they've lost their hearts to them.

While we're on the subject of falling in love (it may be puppy love that's barking up the wrong tree, but we'll call it love for want of a better word), the questions bared some hitherto hidden facets of boys' feelings about the matter.

Boys DON'T like girls to chase them. A solid block of 60 per cent. said this very firmly.

But 52 per cent. qualified this slightly by saying that they do not like girls to be aloof and reserved until they are "won."

Another big "vote"—76 per cent.—said girls who attracted them do not have to be cast in the same moulds as their (the boys') mothers.

Drinking and/or smoking by girls is frowned upon by 64 boys out of 100.

Boys, according to the quiz, have some pretty set ideas about girls' clothes. (So there, I'm NOT the only one!)

The biggest percentage answer to any question was the 93 per cent. which said "no" to the query: "Do you prefer a girl to follow the latest fashion, even though it does not suit her?"

This does not mean, however, that boys don't like their playmates to dress smartly.

Ninety per cent. of the lads who answered the quiz said they are offended if girls don't care what they look like when they're taken out.

Well, that's about it—no, wait. I've forgotten to discuss one question.

## "Color-blind"

The quiz asked boys if they had a weakness for girls who wear pink or pale blue. The majority answered that they don't. I agree.

Which suggests that love is not only blind but also color-blind!

Or maybe that we boys just have a weakness—full stop—for girls!

Analysing all the answers given by the boys, it seems that the girl most likely to be popular with the lads is restrained in every way—in dress, in personal habits, in her understanding of boys' demands.

She is a foil for her boy's personality. Not too feminine, not too brash, she offers him companionship without the problems of altering either his or her outlook on life too much.

She doesn't have to ape other women—we want her to stay as sweet as she is—literally.

Nor does she have to pander too greatly to her men. Boys—for all their pride and traditional dominance—enjoy the company of girls and paying them courtly attentions.

She realises that boy-meets-girl is the most natural thing in the world—a story as old as time, a story that doesn't have to involve "goodies" and "bad-dies."

Which all means simply that girls have really no trouble pleasing males—they just have to be, above all else, "one of the boys."

Sounds silly, but it's true!

● Now it's the girls' turn to define their ideal boy. Turn overleaf for the Quiz For Girls Only.

## Australia's ideal girl, according to the boys who answered the quiz, is like this:

● She is modest and quiet, rather than the "life of the party," prepared to go steady with the right boy and does not flirt with others. She is an individualist and independent, but is happy to fall in with her boy's plans. She doesn't chase boys, but is not aloof and reserved. She is good at sport, and a good sport. She introduces her boy to her parents and returns from a date at the time they specify. She doesn't object to kissing (except on a first date) and necking—but she never gossips about it. She lets a boy know she has fallen for him, but does not expect every steady friendship to end in marriage. She does not smoke or drink. She takes an intelligent interest in the world around her, rather than a superficial interest in things that mainly concern boys. She is well groomed and fashion conscious—but wears only those fashions and colors which suit her own personality.



# QUIZ FOR GIRLS ONLY

● On the previous page we have the definition of the ideal girl according to Australian boys. Now it's the girls' turn to help us define the ideal boy.

Just answer the questions below with your honest yes or no and post them to "Girls Only," Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Closing date is February 8. As soon as we have analysed your answers we'll tell you all about the boy most likely to be popular with Australian girls.

- 1 Do you prefer a boy to dress in the latest men's fashion styles rather than in good but ordinary clothes?
- 2 For a casual date, would you choose a "life of the party" boy rather than a quiet, modest one?
- 3 Are a boy's looks more important than the way he thinks?
- 4 Do you want the boy you like most to ask you to go steady rather than approve your going out with others?
- 5 Do you prefer a boy to ask you what you want to do rather than plan the outing himself?
- 6 Do you like a boy to be an individualist, even though your friends might frown on some of his views?
- 7 Do you think it's important for a boy to know how to cook and mend his clothes?
- 8 Are you bored when a boy talks about serious books, music, or the state of the world?
- 9 Do you dislike boys drinking and smoking, even in moderation?
- 10 Are you pleased when a boy you're learning to like wants to have a necking session?
- 11 Do you have a weakness for boys who like dressing in evening clothes and taking you ballroom dancing?
- 12 When your date flirts with other girls at a party, do you feel angry?
- 13 Would you stop dating a handsome boy if his manners were a bit rough and ready?
- 14 Would you drop a boy for taking you home at the time specified by your parents when you want to stay later?
- 15 Would you prefer a boy to spend his last 10/- on flowers for you rather than save it for a taxi-ride home?
- 16 Do you prefer boys who take the romantic initiative to those who wait for you to give the green light?
- 17 Would you drop a boy who consistently failed to dress correctly for your dates?
- 18 Would you continue to like a boy who cut your dating time in half to concentrate on his studies?
- 19 Do you feel piqued with a boy who doesn't comment on your appearance?
- 20 Do you prefer a boy who lets you beat him at, say, tennis or golf?
- 21 Do you resent a boy taking you home to meet his parents before dating you regularly?
- 22 Do you feel pleased when a boy does not ask for a kiss on a first date?
- 23 Do you prefer an independent boy to one who always goes around with a gang?
- 24 Do you prefer a boy to keep romance lighthearted rather than to develop a doglike devotion to you?
- 25 When your steady has become "unsteady," do you think he should break it up rather than allow you to do so?

Yes      No

## HOW TO TACKLE YOUR

# First job

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● "What floor?" asks the liftman suspiciously. "Fifth, please," you stutter. And up, up, up you go, heart in mouth and best foot forward right into your first day of your first job.

**E**IGHT hours later and the liftman smiles. "Down? And how was your first day's work?"

Horrible? You took all day to file ONE bundle of letters . . . all those new faces whose names you'll never remember in a million work days . . . the way they were nice at first and then suddenly ignored you . . . and then the boss said you could leave early, so that means they're going to sack you . . .

Here, steady now! First jobs ARE important, but getting in a panic won't help. It's a big step into a different sort of life, but it's not an irrevocable one.

True, you want to make a success of it, for the sake of your own self-respect, and to do that you have to sort out exactly what you must expect of the job and what it expects of you.

Firstly, don't expect the first day at work to be a swag of cherries. A new job's a bit like a new pair of shoes. It has to be worn in gently and it'll pinch a bit in the process.

But, unlike shoes, a job very rarely changes to suit you. **YOU'RE** the one who has to adapt to fit it.

This adapting may start even before you arrive at your first job. It can start with your dressing, for the first impression you'll give is that of appearance.

**Be neat**

Thus, if your hair's straggly, your hem's falling down, or your shoes are dirty, your boss will immediately jump to the conclusion that your work will be a bit slap-happy, too.

Similarly, if you're dressed up to the nines, he'll think you're more interested in your appearance than in work.

So before you set off, check your tidiness first. Then ask yourself whether you're wearing an outfit suited to the job. Something neat but not too slick and over-confident, something casual but not nonchalant.

You feel you're just right for the job? Good. Now you're all set to adapt your personality. Tone it down a bit. For the first few days people will expect you to be simply "the new boy or girl" who's doing such and such. Not Miss Mary Jones or Mr. John Smith, an individual character.

Generally speaking, it's better to be over-shy than super-confident. For the first few days be

unobtrusive but observant. Wait for the older-established members of the firm to make the first advances to friendship rather than take the initiative.

For instance, don't start addressing senior staff members by their Christian names. Call them Miss, Mrs., or Mr. Maybe the form will stay like that, but that won't really matter to you.

The way you sell yourself during the first week in a new job counts more than how efficient you are at the work.

You may serve the best cup of tea in the building, but if you do it with a "this-job-is-too-menial-for-me" approach you're liable to be stuck on the nasty tea-making routine while others are promoted.

And most important—always speak clearly and to the point; don't mumble or be vague.

## Be willing

Willingness to do anything is the key to your first week's success. For, even if your work's not quite up to scratch, your employers will always reason, "Well, he's willing to learn, so maybe things will be better next week."

This willingness needn't take the form of unreasonable curiosity. It IS good to ask questions about something you don't understand in the job. But don't ask interminable questions about things you should, with a little bit of intelligence, be *able* to understand.

And when you think you've a fairly worthwhile question, pick the right time to ask it — NOT when everybody's flat out with his own urgent problems.

After a few days you'll probably find that the job isn't really so hard and that your co-workers are pretty human and willing to help you.

At this stage don't become too confident and bungle all your careful work by drifting in late from lunch, booking up hairdressing or dentist appointments during working hours, or making or receiving endless personal telephone calls.

And what if you DO all these things — you're willing, tidy, doing the very best you can in every way — and you're still not happy at work?

Well, go along to your boss and tell him. Maybe he'll change something to suit you. He might suggest a different sort of job and help you get it.

Changing jobs isn't a reflection on your ability or your character — as long as it's the job that's wrong and not you.



# ANNETTE

## -will she be another Elizabeth Taylor?

● Diminutive Annette Funicello, a black-haired bundle of seemingly inexhaustible nervous energy, can get tired just like the rest of the human race.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR, with Mickey Rooney in a scene from "National Velvet." This was the film, about a girl who loved horses, which set Elizabeth on the steeplechase to fame. Below, Annette Funicello with Tommy Kirk, her co-star in "The Horsemasters."



THE 18-year-old brunette actress, dancer, and singer discovered this during her strenuous recent months in England and Europe filming "The Horsemasters," her biggest acting assignment to date.

As a result of her labors abroad, Annette asked for and got a three weeks' holiday on her return to California from her boss, Walt Disney, who holds an exclusive contract on her services for television and films.

She immediately took off for "parts unknown." This week she is due to report back to the Disney studio in Burbank, California, and is expected to go into the new film "Babes in Toyland," a movie version of the immortal Victor Herbert operetta.

Annette, who graduated from Disney's "Mouseketeer" group, is one of the brightest young dancing, singing, and acting stars in Hollywood.

Her equestrian performance in "The Horsemasters" may bring her world fame, as Elizabeth Taylor's riding and acting did in her first major film, "National Velvet." It's not surprising that Elizabeth is her favorite actress and the star to which she wants to hitch her wagon.

Annette starred in "The Horsemasters" with Tommy Kirk, another Disney discovery, who appeared with her in "Shaggy Dog."

On her return to Hollywood she said that the biggest problem she and Tommy faced in "The Horsemasters" was learning to ride on the small English saddles. Both were taught to ride on large, cowboy-style Western saddles, which are equipped with pommels. ("Easy to hold on to in case of emergency," she said.)

### Hard work

"Working in films is wonderful," Annette said, "but it's also very hard work. That's one of the things most people don't consider when they talk of being a movie star."

"For instance, on this film I got up around five-thirty to be on location by eight for make-up. We worked all day, sometimes right up to about seven in the evening."



ANNETTE as a student horsemaster.

"When I got back to my hotel there was no time to do anything and, anyway, I always felt so tired. So I would just have a meal, climb into bed, and watch television."

One weekend Annette went to London to see the current teenage idol, Cliff Richard, in his Palladium show.

"Cliff was fabulous," said Annette. "He took me out to dinner and invited me out with him on the following Sunday, but I just couldn't make it because on that Sunday we were filming. So you can see how little time I get for dates."

"Back home it's different. I don't have a steady and go out with a lot of different fellows, but none of them are in show business. We just go to a movie or have some dinner out."

"If I ever marry — and I want to some day because I want nine children — I'll probably marry someone like a lawyer. I don't want to marry anyone in show business."

"And when I get married I'll give up my career. I suppose I would miss it a little, but I think that being married would be a full-time job without making pictures."

Annette, whose burning ambition is to act on Broadway in a strong dramatic part, has no family connections with show business. Her father runs a garage in California and her mother stays at home to look after her family, which includes Annette's two brothers, Joe, 10, and Michael, 4.

Mrs. Funicello visited Annette while she was in Britain,

but became very homesick. "Mother, worried about how Dad and the boys were making out on their own," said Annette, "We'd never left them for so long before."

Annette's preparation for a career in show business began when she was five. At that time she became a dancing student in North Hollywood.

From this small beginning she went on to study ballet and tap dancing. But it was not until she appeared in May, 1955, at the Burbank Bowl in a ballet that Disney talent scouts spotted her. A contract and a job with the Mouseketeers quickly followed.

### 40 records

As if acting and dancing weren't enough, Annette also sings. Her single disc releases in America, more than 40 of them, have all sold well and she has cut three albums.

Naturally she doesn't get much time for the usual teenage fun, but when she does Annette goes swimming, dancing, or to the cinema.

Her new film is about a group of teenagers who come to Britain from many countries to learn all about horses.

"The Horsemasters" will be seen for the first time in the United States this year as a two-part color television spectacular.

It will be shown later in Australia and elsewhere abroad as a color movie in theatres.

● The latest pin-up of Annette is on page 12.



# The 'Emily Mac' —leader in the domestic arts

● A Melbourne college not only teaches girls and women to run their homes scientifically — it also trains all the domestic arts teachers for Victoria's secondary schools.



COOKING CLASSES at the "Emily Mac" combine practice with theory. Here Jennifer Hammond, of Northcote, removes from an oven a tray of shortbread she has just made.



THE ART of food preparation from butchering to dainty presentation at the table. Above: Pauline Curtis (left), of Beaconsfield, saws up a beef-bone and Lesley Gillahan, of Gornong, cuts some beef from the bone at a class on handling bulk meat. At right: Three students put the finishing touches to a buffet supper, centred by a cleverly decorated giant crayfish. From left to right they are Lesley Hazeldine, of East Brighton, Margaret Stronell, of Murrumbidgee, and Janet Lillie, of Vermont. The girls' overalls are called "pinkies."

IT is the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Economy, and claims to be the only one of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere.

The "Emily Mac" is the senior technical college for girls and women under the control of the Education Department of Victoria, and prepares its students for careers in many fields.

More than 1200 students are "in school" at the College each year, ranging from 15-year-olds starting out on career courses to married women brushing up on their housekeeping knowledge.

Some are full-time students, some part-time, and they can be doing any of 16 widely differing courses.

All full-time courses have one subject in common—English—and for better cultural development there is an excellent library, also dramatic, speech, and music clubs.

Physical education and sports contribute to the social development of students, and an active social service club

encourages them to think of others and helps them to appreciate sound citizenship.

The College also has a Students' Representative Council, which gives the girls an opportunity of developing abilities for organisation.

Most important of the College courses is the Diploma of Institutional Management, which produces the really top-line housewife of the future, dietitians, and cookery and dietitian teachers for Victoria's technical colleges.

The course takes four years at the College and an additional year at an approved institution for experience. It includes subjects such as English expression, science, dietetics, cookery, first aid, home nursing and mothercraft, book-keeping, music, sport, institutional management, home economics, applied art and cake decoration, chemistry of foods, biochemistry, physiology, and microbiology.

The two other diploma courses are Foods and Cookery, and Needlecraft.





The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

# FAMILY COMIC

## Sandra

By BILL SAWYER

● SANDRA is left alone to sleep the night in a haunted mill as part of Gerald Radnace's advertising campaign for a nightdress. Doors are locked, shutters are screwed shut. All goes well until midnight, when someone tampers with the shutters and a loud clanging wakes her up. Sandra climbs out of bed to find the shutters wide open. NOW READ ON .....



## RIVETS





# JACKY'S DIARY.

BY JACKY MENDELSON  
AGE 33½



THEN ONE DAY HIS WISH WAS GRANTED, & EVERYTHING HE TOUCHED CHANGED INTO SOLID GOLD!

SO RIGHT AWAY HE WENT AROUND TOUCHING EVERYTHING SO HE COULD GET MORE RICHER EVEN,



## Man in Apron by Larry



Copyright London Punch

## SIDE By G



"Honey, you are a real help."

## BUR



"Would you give it back? It stops to be."

## TIZZY



"Some girls have all the luck."



● Chris Welkin, Dr. Bafz, lunar agronomist, and Mello, the girl from Venus, find that Venus plants grow so rapidly and strongly on the moon by radiation that they take control of the radiation machines. When the creeping carrot attacks the Venus melon, and Mello cries to it to keep away, the carrot attacks her. NOW READ ON . . .

# CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham



USING A KNIFE, CHRIS STARTS TO FREE MELLO WHO HAS BEEN SEIZED BY THE CREEPING CARROT, WHICH GROWS RAPIDLY ON LUNAR SOIL.

Art Simon



THAT PLANT'S AS VICIOUS AS ANY WILD ANIMAL!



LATER, AT THE LUNAR LABORATORY OF DR. BAFZ

OBVIOUSLY WE MUST ALL STAY OUT OF THE GARDEN TILL WE FIND A WAY TO TAME THAT THING!

BUT DOESN'T IT BEHAVE STRANGELY FOR A PLANT?



ONLY IN A SENSE OF GOING TO EXTREMES. THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE APPLIES TO PLANTS AS WELL AS ANIMALS.



SOME PLANTS, LIKE MISTLETOE, ARE PARASITES. OTHERS, LIKE THE VENUS FLY TRAP, FEED ON INSECTS, EVEN SMALL ANIMALS!



AND WE MUST REMEMBER THAT MAN'S WORST ENEMIES ARE NOT BEASTS-- BUT TINY PLANTS, BACTERIA!



OMIGOSH! LOOK AT THE WAY IT'S GROWING! IT HAS COVERED THE WHOLE AREA-- IT WON'T STOP TILL IT COVERS THE MOON!

WE'RE BESIEGED BY IT!

CONTINUED



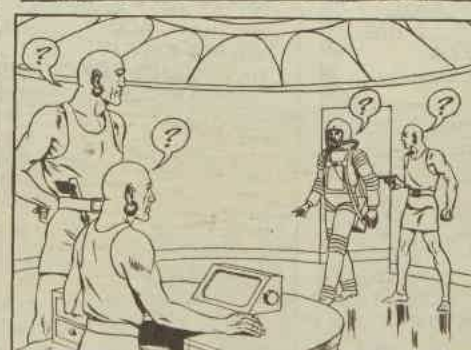
# TEENA<sup>®</sup> BY Linda Terry



## MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, who has dived into one of the disappearing water-spouts which are draining all the lakes on earth, is drawn up and up until at last he comes to a vast space ship into which the water is entering. Behind the ship are great ovals of ice, each containing millions of tons of water. Then Mandrake, too, is drawn into the ship. NOW READ ON







AT LUNCHTIME many of the students eat a snack in the sunny courtyard. The College is built on the site of the old Melbourne Gaol, and the gaily colored chairs, garden seats, and tables are surrounded by the sombre bluestone walls of the ancient cell-block buildings.

Both are three-year courses at the College, followed by two years' industrial experience.

The first trains students to become teachers or demonstrators, while the latter is arranged especially for the girl with leanings toward fashion.

Two other of the College's full-time courses are those in pre-nursing education (two years) and in homecrafts (one year).

The college also has six trade courses, each of two years.

One of the most popular evening courses for part-time students is the one-year homemakers' course. In two sessions a week, this deals with simple household cookery, cakes and pastries, hot sweets, and entrées, and with the management of the home, including planning, care, decoration, budgeting, and nutrition.

Other evening courses, each of two years, are dressmaking, needlework, and ladies' tailoring.

College fees are £6 a term for full-time day courses and £8/8/- a term for special courses.

For country, interstate, and overseas students there is limited accommodation at the hostel attached to the College. This costs £45/10/- a term of approximately 14 weeks.

The "Emily Mac" has a high reputation for doing a good job. Standards for enrolment are not high, but because of its popularity intending students should put in their applications early.

The pictures on these pages, taken by Jonathan Evetts, illustrate some of the College's activities.



DRESSMAKING is a popular course with Cherree Savill (left), of Heywood, and Fran Williams, of Werribee, both future teachers.



WEAVING vivid colors into material for a ski jacket is Rosemary Gibbins, of North Coburg. In the background is Julie Thorpe, of Glen Iris.



# Family Crisis

THE steam from the kettle had condensed on the cold window and was running down the glass in tear-like trickles. Outside in the orchard the man from the smudge company was refilling the pots with oil.

The greasy smell from last night's burning was still in the air. Mr. Delahanty gazed out at the bleak darkening orange grove; Mrs. Delahanty watched her husband eat, nibbling up to the edges of the toast, then stacking the crusts about his teacup in a neat fence-like arrangement.

"We'll have to call Cress," Mr. Delahanty said finally. "Your father's likely not to last out the night. She's his only grandchild. She ought to be here."

Mrs. Delahanty pressed her hands to the bones above her eyes. "Cress isn't going to like being called away from college," she said.

"We'll have to call her anyway. It's the only thing to do," Mr. Delahanty swirled the last of his tea around in his cup so as not to miss any sugar.

"Father's liable to lapse into unconsciousness any time," Mrs. Delahanty argued. "Cress'll hate coming and Father won't know whether she's here or not. Why not let her stay at Woolman?"

Neither wanted, in the midst of their sorrow for the good man whose life was ending, to enter into any discussion of Cress.

WHAT was the matter with Cress? What had happened to her since she went away to college? She, who had been open and loving? And who now lived inside a world so absolutely fitted to her own size and shape that she felt any intrusion, even that of the death of her own grandfather, to be unmerited invasion of her privacy.

Black magic could not have changed her more quickly and unpleasantly and nothing except magic, it seemed, would give them back their lost daughter.

Mr. Delahanty pushed back his cup and saucer. "Her place is here, Gert-rude. I'm going to call her long distance now. She's a bright girl and it's not going to hurt her to miss a few days from classes. What's the dormitory number?"

"I know it as well as our number," Mrs. Delahanty said. "But at the minute it's gone. It's a sign of my reluctance, I suppose. Wait a minute and I'll look it up."

Mr. Delahanty squeezed out from behind the table. "Don't bother. I can get it."

Mrs. Delahanty watched her husband, his usually square shoulders sagging with weariness, wipe a clear place on the steamy window-pane with his napkin.

Some of the green twilight appeared to seep into the warm dingy little kitchen. "I can't ever remember having to smudge before in February. I expect you're right," he added as he

went towards the phone. "Cress isn't going to like it."

Cress didn't like it. It was February, the rains had been late and the world was burning with a green fire; a green smoke rolled down the hills and burst shoulder-high in the clover crops that filled the spaces between the trees in the orange orchards.

THERE had been rain earlier in the day and drops still hung from the grass blades, sickle-shaped with their weight. Cress, walking across the campus with Edwin, squatted to look into one of these crystal globes.

"Green from the grass and red from the sun," she told him. "The whole world right there in one raindrop."

"As Blake observed earlier about a grain of sand," said Edwin.

"O.K., show off," Cress told him. "You know it — but I saw it." She took his hand and he pulled her up, swinging her in a semi-circle in front of him. "Down there in the grass the world winked at me."

"Don't be precious, Cress," Edwin said.

"I will," Cress said, "just to tease you. I love to tease you, Edwin."

"Why?" Edwin asked.

"Because you love to have me," Cress said confidently, taking his hand. Being older suited Edwin. She remembered when she had liked him in spite of his looks; but now spindly had become spare, and the dark shadow of his beard — Edwin had to shave every day while other boys were still just fuzzy — lay under his pale skin; and the opinions, which had once been so embarrassingly unlike anyone else's, were now celebrated at Woolman as being "Edwinian."

Cress' grandfather said nothing, only stroked the violets awkwardly with a trembling forefinger.

## The seventh, and last, of our CRESS DELAHANTY stories — by Jessamyn West

Yes, Edwin had changed since that day when she had knocked his tooth out trying to rescue him from the mush pot.

And had she changed? Did she also look better to Edwin, almost slender now at 16 and the freckles not noticeable except at the height of summer? And with her new-found ability for light talk?

They were passing beneath the eucalyptus trees, and the silver drops, falling as the wind shook the leaves, stung her face, feeling at once both cool and burning. Meadow larks in the fields which edged the campus sang in the quiet way they have after the rain has stopped.

"Oh, Edwin," Cress said, "no one in the world loves the meadow lark's song the way I do!"

"It's not a competition," Edwin said, "you against the world in an 'I-love-meadow-larks' contest. Take it easy, kid. Love 'em as much as in you lieth, and let it go at that."

"No," she said. "I'm determined to overdo it. Listen," she exclaimed, as two birds sang together. "Not grieving, nor amorous, nor lost. Nothing to read into it. Simply music. Like Mozart. Complete. Finished. Oh, it is rain to listening ears."

She glanced at Edwin to see how he took this rhetoric. He took it calmly. She let go his hand and capered amidst the fallen eucalyptus leaves.

"The gardener thinks you've got St. Vitus' dance," Edwin said.

OLD Boat Swain, the college gardener whose name was really Swain, was leaning on his hoe, watching her hopping and strutting. She didn't give a hoot about him or what he thought.

"He's old," she told Edwin. "He doesn't exist." She felt less akin to him than to a bird or toad.

There were lights already burning in the dorm windows. Cress could see Ardis and Nina still at their tables, finishing their Ovid or looking up a final logarithm.

But between five and six most of the girls stopped trying to remember which form of the sonnet Milton had used or when the Congress of Vienna had met, and dressed for dinner. They got out of their sweaters and jackets and into their soft bright dresses.

She knew just what she was going to wear when she came downstairs at six to meet Edwin — green silk like the merman's wife. They were going to the Poinsettia for dinner, escaping salmon-wiggle night in the college dining-room.

"At six," she told him, "I'll fly down the stairs to meet you like a green wave."

"See you in thirty minutes," Edwin said, leaving her at the dorm steps.

THE minute she opened the door she began to hear the dorm sounds and smell the dorm smells — the hiss and rush of the showers, the thud of the iron, a voice singing, "Dear old Woolman we love so well," the slap of bare feet down the hall, the telephone ringing.

And the smells! Perfumed soaps frothing in the showers; talcum powder falling like snow; "Intoxication" and "Love Me" and "Devon Violet"; rubber-soled sneakers, too; and gym T-shirts still wet with sweat after basketball practice, and the smell of the hot iron on damp wool.

But, while she was still listening and smelling, Edith shouted from the top of the stairs, "Long distance for you, Cress. Make it snappy."

Cress took the stairs three at a time, picked up the dangling receiver, pressed it to her ear. "Tenant calling Crescent Delahanty," the operator said. It was her father: "Grandfather is dying, Cress. Catch the 7.30 home. I'll meet you at the station."

"What's the matter — Cressie?" Edith asked.

"I have to catch the 7.30 Pacific Electric. Grandfather's dying."

"Oh, poor Cress," Edith cried, and pressed her arm about her.

Cress scarcely heard her. Why were they calling her home to watch Grandpa die? she thought, angrily and rebelliously.

An old man, past eighty. He'd never been truly alive for her, never more than a rough, hot hand, a scraggy moustache that repelled her when he kissed her, an old fellow who gathered what he called likely looking stones and kept them washed and polished, to turn

● Continued opposite





# LISTEN HERE

## -with Ainslie Baker

● The way things are shaping, it's beginning to look as though quite a few of our most popular singers are going to develop bright secondary careers as composers.

**A** POINTER to things to come is Patsy Ann Noble's new H.M.V. single, carrying one tune by the Allen Brothers, "Busy Lips," and the other, "It's Always The Way," composed by the already prolific Johnny Devlin.

Speaking of local talent, "Catch Me A Kiss," which is the reverse side of Tony Brady's "Angel In A Red And White Scarf," has no connection whatever with "Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes," which I suggested earlier was the same tune.

**Pops:** Festival has rushed out two discs to tie-in with Brenda Lee's tour of Australia. The tiny girl with the dynamite in her voice sings her latest U.S. hit, "Emotions," and "I'm Learning About Love" on the single. Some of the titles on the LP "This Is Brenda" are "When My Dreamboat Comes Home," "Just a Little," and "Teach Me Tonight."

**"TAKE TIME OUT"** (Festival 45) starts off as just another ballad, but develops an irresistible beat that could make it as big for Carl Dobkins, Jun., as "My Heart Is an Open Book" and "Exclusively Yours." On the flip, is definitely O.K., too. The Anita Kerr Singers help out with the girlish teen sounds.

**NOT** much romance about The Romancers' "Jumpin' Jungle" (Teen 45), but the jungle's there all right, and so's the jump. Less of a novelty but also given the boom-beat treatment is the flip, "Moody." Two good numbers, and either could turn out to be the popular one.

**WITH** the exception of "Cathy's Clown" and "Lucille," it's all new material on The Everly Brothers' latest Warner Bros. album, "A Date With the Everly Brothers." Among the new numbers are "Made to Love," "That's Just Too Much," and "Baby, What You do to Me."

**Humor:** Here's the one a couple of million people in various English-speaking parts of the world have been waiting for — "The Button-Down Mind Strikes Back!" (Warner Bros. LP). Last year's great new comic find Bob Newhart, whose first ambition was to be a lawyer, proves he still has plenty of funny ideas. One of the best is "The Grace Ferguson Airline and Storm Door Company" — low fares, no frills, and no seats.

**Movie music:** Two haunting instrumental versions of the fascinating beat-music "Ruby Duby Du" theme from the coming "Key Witness" are already on sale. Charles Wolcott, who composed the tune, conducts the Studio Orchestra on an M.G.M. 45, with Tobin Matthews responsible for the W. and G. version. Both flips are the same, "Leather Jacket Cowboy."

**Classical:** Listening to Dvorak's Fifth Symphony ("From the New World") you might like to ponder the circumstances of its composition. Czech-born Dvorak was from 1892-95 director of New York's National Conservatoire. Performed first at Carnegie Hall, "The New World" was hailed as a glowing tribute to America. Since then critics have found more nostalgia for his homeland in the work than influence of his host-country. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, under Hungarian conductor Ferenc Fricsay, gives a stimulating account of this controversial work on a D.G.G. LP (Mono or stereo).



JOHNNY DEVLIN, a keen motor cyclist, is a prolific composer as well as a singer.

over and admire. It was silly and unfair to make so much of his dying.

But before she could say a word Edith was telling the girls. "Don't cry," they said. "We'll pack for you. Be brave, darling Cress. Remember your grandfather has had a long, happy life. He wouldn't want you to cry."

"Brave Cress — brave Cress," they said. "Just frozen."

She wasn't frozen. She was determined. She was not going to go. It did not make sense. She went downstairs to meet Edwin as she had planned, in her green silk, ready for dinner at the Poinsettia. The girls had told him.

"Are you wearing that home?" he asked.

"I'm not going home," she said. "It's silly and useless. I can't help Grandfather. It's just a convention. What good can I do him, sitting there at home?"

"He might do you some good," Edwin said. "Had you thought about that?"

"Why, Edwin!" Cress said. "Why, Edwin!" She had the girls tamed, eating out of her hand, and here was Edwin who loved her — he said so, anyway — cold and disapproving. Looking at herself through Edwin's eyes, she hesitated.

"Go on," Edwin said. "Get what you need and I'll drive you to the station."

She packed her overnight bag and went with him: there didn't seem — once she'd had Edwin's view of herself — anything else to do.

**B**UT once on the train her resentment returned. The Pacific Electric was hot and smelled of metal and dusty plush. It clicked past a rickety Mexican settlement, through La Habra and Brea, where the pool-hall signs swung in the night wind off the ocean.

An old man in a spotted corduroy jacket, and his wife, with her hair straggling through the holes in her broken net, sat in front of her.

Neat, thought Cress; anyone can be neat, if he wants to.

Her father, bareheaded, but in his big sheepskin jacket, met her. It was after nine, cold and raw.

## CRESS DELAHANTY

"This is a sorry time, Cress," he said. He put her suitcase in the back of the car and climbed into the driver's seat without opening the door for her.

Cress got in, wrapped her coat tightly about herself. The sky was clear, the wind had died down.

"I don't see any sense in my having to come home," she said at last. "What good can I do Grandpa? If he's dying, how can I help?"

"I was afraid that was the way you might feel about it. So was your mother."

"Oh, Mother!" Cress burst out. "Recently she's always trying to put me . . ."

**H**ER father cut her off. "That'll be about enough, Cress. Your place is at home and you're coming home, and keeping your mouth shut, whatever you think. I don't know what's happened to you recently. If college does this to you, you'd better stay home permanently."

There was nothing more said until they turned up the palm-lined driveway that led to the house. "Here we are," Mr. Delahanty told her.

Mrs. Delahanty met them at the door, tired and haggard in her Indian-design bathrobe.

"Cress," she said, "Grandfather's conscious now. I told him you were coming and he's anxious to see you. You'd better go in right away — this might be the last time he'd know you."

Cress was standing by the fireplace, holding first one foot, then the other, toward the fire. "Oh, Mother, what am I to say?" she asked. "What can I say? Or does Grandfather just want to see me?"

Her father shook his head as if with pain. "Aren't you sorry your grandfather's dying, Cress? Haven't you any pity in your heart? Don't you understand what death means?"

"He's an old man," Cress said ob-

stinately. "It's what we must expect when we grow old." Though she, of course, would never grow old.

"Warm your hands, Cress," her mother said. "Grandfather's throat bothers him and it eases him to have it rubbed. I'll give you the ointment and you can rub it in. You won't need to say anything."

Cress slid out of her coat and went across the hall with her mother to her grandfather's room. His thin, old body was hardly visible beneath the covers; his head, with its grey skin and sunken eyes, lay upon the pillow as if bodiless. The night-light frosted his white hair, but made black caverns of his closed eyes.

"Father," Mrs. Delahanty said. "Father." But the old man didn't move. There was nothing except the occasional hoarse rasp of an indrawn breath to show that he was alive.

Mrs. Delahanty pulled the cane-but-toned seat a little closer to the bed. "Sit here," she said to Cress, "and rub this into his throat and chest." She opened her father's nightshirt so that an inch or two of bony, grizzled chest was bared. "He says that this rubbing relieves him, even if he's asleep or too tired to speak. Rub it in with a slow, steady movement." She went out to the living-room, leaving the door a little ajar.

**C**RESS sat down on the chair and put two squeamish fingers into the jar of grey ointment; but she could see far more sense to this than to any talking or being talked to. If they had brought her home from school because she was needed in helping to care for Grandpa, that she could understand — but not simply to be present at his death. What had death to do with her?

She leaned over him, rubbing, but with eyes closed, dipping her fingers often into the grey-gresse. The rhythm of the

rubbing, the warmth and closeness of the room, after the cold drive, had almost put her to sleep when the old man startled her by lifting a shaking hand to the bunch of yellow violets Edith had pinned to the shoulder of her dress before she left Woolman.

She opened her eyes suddenly at his touch, but the old man said nothing, only stroked the violets awkwardly with a trembling forefinger.

Cress unpinned the violets and put them in his hand. "There, Grandpa," she said, "there. They're for you."

The old man's voice was a harsh and faltering whisper, and to hear what he said Cress had to lean very close.

"I used to — pick them — on Reservoir Hill. I was always sorry to — plough them up. Still — so sweet. Thanks," he said, "to bring them. To remember. You're like her, your grandmother," he added after a pause.

**H**E closed his eyes, holding the bouquet against his face, letting the wilting blossoms spray across one cheek like a pulled-up sheet of flowering earth. He said one more word, not her name, but her grandmother's.

The dykes about Cress' heart broke. "Oh, Grandpa, I love you," she said. He heard her. He knew what she said, his fingers returned the pressure of her hand. "You were always so good to me. You were young and you loved flowers." Then she said what was her great discovery. "And you still do. You still love yellow violets, Grandpa, just like me."

At the sound of her uncontrolled crying, Mr. and Mrs. Delahanty came to the door. "What's the matter, Cress?"

Cress turned, lifted a hand toward them. "Why didn't you tell me?" she demanded. And when they didn't answer she said, "Edwin knew."

Then she dropped her head on to her grandfather's outstretched hand and said something, evidently to him, which neither her father nor her mother understood.

"It's just the same."





# TAKE A PIECE

## OF STICKY-TAPE ...



*By Carolyn Earle*

● *A hairdo that you could shampoo and set at home in just a reasonable time would be a perfectly dandy one to have, don't you agree? Well, it can be yours if you follow the directions given here and set your hair with sticky-tape.*

A SIMPLE solution to the time-taking but essential business of giving your hair a shampoo and set has been found at last. It's a quick and easy method of using strips of sticky-tape instead of clips and pins to set your hairdo, and you can do it yourself as easy as wink.

The pictures on this page show how the sticky-tape set works. The secret of tape-setting, which is ideal for short and medium-long hair, is to half-dry your hair with a towel before you start to set it. This speeds up the whole operation no end.

For instance, it should only take about ten minutes, or even less once you get the knack of handling it, to tape-set the smooth semi-bingle at the top right of the page. That's not bad, is it?

Tape can be mastered even by butterfingers, and it gives a much softer look than the roller method. Note, though, that if your hair is dead-straight you will need an end-perm, at least, for easy handling and maintenance of this style.

Just to show what you can expect, have a look at the "before" picture at the top, left. The model is wearing a casual flip hairdo that she set herself in the ordinary way.

Now turn to the "after" picture of the same girl; here she's wearing a tape-set semi-bingle styled by Sydney hairstylist John Taylor. Nice effect, don't you think?

To achieve the happiest results for this semi-bingle (the cross-bang is good if you have a naturally low forehead) your hair should be trimmed to ear-lobe length and taper to a slightly longer line at the back.

**FOR THE SET:** Make a short, low part on one side and arrange top hair in three big rollers set from left to right. Next, arrange the bang in three large curls, two of them turned one way, the third the other, and fix each one securely with a strip of sticky-tape about 2½ in. to 3 in. long.

Set each side in large, taped curls turned towards the face. Arrange a row of nape curls in an outward direction from centre-back and anchor them with a long strip of tape. The tape dries with the hair itself and is easily removed.

**TO COMB OUT:** Be simon-sure your hair is dry before you remove the tape and rollers. Then brush firmly up, back, and down. With a comb, separate the top hair and back-comb (tease) it well so it will puff on top. Brush sides forward and arrange back. For bang, separate short ends from top and brush to one side.



STYLIST trims and shapes hair while it is damp and flexible enough to handle.



SIDE VIEW (left) of bangs and side curls set with sticky-tape.



FULL SET (right) for the smart semi-bingle style described above.



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Ungrateful daughter

MY daughter is 16 years of age and working in a big department store in the country. She earns round about £7 a week and pays me £3 a week board. She is always complaining that £3 a week is too much. We pay all her expenses when we go out together as a family. Furthermore, I do everything for her, like washing, etc. We have eight children in the family, and from those eight she is the eldest and the only one who earns a little money besides my husband. For her last birthday we gave her a piano-accordion, but through circumstances she got it a couple of weeks earlier. When her birthday arrived, she told us that we didn't give her any presents. Can a child be so ungrateful for all the parents have done for her? Please can you give me advice? Tell me if it is too much for her to pay. If you think so I will charge her less.

"Worried Mother," N.S.W.

I think you are being very generous to your daughter. £3 a week is a very fair figure for her to pay. She would have to pay a great deal more anywhere else.

Daughters, and sons, too, are often apt to believe that the privileges of their home, its food, its shelter, and everything that goes with it, are theirs by right. I believe it is a right they must earn. To do so they must give their parents various things.

The first thing is to contribute money as soon as they begin to earn so that they ease the burden of expense their parents have borne for them happily ever since their birth. The second is to bring some happiness, contentment, and good fellowship into the house. And the third thing is to help — to do their share in the house.

I believe you spoil your daughter when you do her washing and ironing for her and other things, like paying for her outings, as a matter of course. She should learn to do things for herself — to make her bed, keep her things tidy, do her own laundry, and to help with other things, too, like setting the table, washing up, and so on. I don't think she should have all her leisure time taken up with chores, but working and paying board doesn't mean that any girl is free from her share of the household jobs.

I am surprised at the way she behaved over her birthday present, to hear of such mean behaviour from a girl who obviously has generous parents. She is very spoiled, I think. Next birthday, see that she doesn't get her present till the day, whatever the circumstances.

### Wants to be actor

"THIS time I come to you with a different story; not girls, for these are only my second worry. To come to the point, I want to be a film actor. I am 16½ years old, strongly built, and, as I have been told by many people, handsome. Girls seem to take an interest in me, too. My interests lie in many different things. I like dancing, learn judo, play all kinds of sport, paint, and listen to modern and classical music. Although I came first in my class in the Intermediate examination and had a special prize for the most improved boy in English in less than three years in Australia, I can't imagine myself doing the same job all my life. My father and grandmother were in acting and I think I inherited some of their talents. Although I have been recommended by all teachers to go for the

Leaving Certificate, my stepfather wants me to leave school and start working. I was wondering if you have any advice for me. What should I do? Are there any schools of acting in Sydney? Is there any possibility of becoming a performer. I am German, besides.

B.H., N.S.W.

Being a successful actor involves many things. Some of them are talent, money, and hard work, and even then a not very secure future from the money angle.

There are a number of good drama courses available in Sydney. Some of the small theatres run them. Two I know of are run in conjunction with the Ensemble Theatre at 78 McDougall Street, Milson's Point (92-2181), and the Independent Theatre, Miller Street, North Sydney (XB2718). Why not ring them up and have a talk to them about the courses? I don't think being a German migrant would make the slightest difference.

One of these courses may suit you, because both of them can be done after working hours, at night, and during the weekends.

There is also a very good course at the University of New South Wales at the National Institute of Dramatic Art, but to do this course you must have your Leaving Certificate, be 17, and pass a competitive audition before you are accepted for the course. Even then it is a full-time day course and costs £100 a year to do. I realise you are not able to do this course, as you are going to start work, but I thought you would be interested in it.

Talking of starting work, doing this doesn't mean you must give up your schooling. You could enrol at the Technical College, go to evening classes, and sit for your Leaving Certificate there. I think it is worthwhile to do this because there are many more good jobs about for young men with the Leaving Certificate, and this way you can be earning money while you are learning.

If you went to the tech. at night you fulfil your stepfather's wish that you start working, and your own to get the Leaving Certificate.

### Simple solution

"WE are two very attractive girls of 15 and are both madly in love with a boy of 18. He seems to like us both very much, for when he takes us out he kisses us. We both love this boy and we do not want to break our good friendship over him, so do you think we should forget him and go for other boys who like us?"

"Chums," Vic.

Yes.

### Life ahead

"I AM 17 and have been keeping company with a boy of 22, who is well qualified and could easily support a wife. For over two years I have held the position of secretary to a medium-sized firm. All my life I have mixed with people generally at least a couple of years my elder, and I look anything from two to four years over my age. My problem is that I really am fond of him, but I feel that I have so much of my life ahead of me I do not want to be tied down. Unfortunately I have only a small circle of friends and there are no clubs near where I live."

"Yes or No?" W.A.

Has this boy asked you to marry him? If not, all you're doing is crossing your bridges in advance, aren't you? It is quite plain that you don't want to marry yet (which is good, as you are so

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



BRIGHTEN your summer sorrows up with some new inexpensive beach togs.

Buy a cheap, yellow straw hat, plait some thick yellow wool, tie the ends with red ribbons and attach to the brim, and, pronto, you have the sweetest little beach bonnet on the sand.

Renovate your old swimsuit. Sew on buttons, flowers, or bows and any pretty knick-knacks to make it divinely different.

A beach robe may be made from a yard and a half of yellow towelling doubled over with a split in the top and splits up the sides.

Edge the hem with some pompons or fringe or colored braid.

The coat should barely cover the swimsuit and a wide matching stiffened belt looks good with it.

Towels that are terrific in fashion and finance can be made by joining large, bright face-cloths together and over-stitching them in the same color cotton as the wide border fringe.

young) and just as plain that you are sick of all your friends.

Why don't you change your job? You'll meet new people then and still be able to keep up with the ones at the old place, if you want to. And talking of clubs, there are many in the area you live — practically every church has one, and there are others, too. You know, one of the best ways to get to know people is working for charity. Most charities have committees or auxiliaries working for them. Why not do some good work as well as make friends?

### Step-brother problem

"I AM an adopted 14-year-old girl. My step-parents are very nice, and they have a son who is three years older than me. They adopted me two years ago, and I have been very happy and grateful to them for bringing me into their home. But my step-brother in the past six weeks has been making advances to me that I feel could lead to serious difficulties. Should I speak to my step-parents about it, or should I remain silent and worried?"

"Worried," Vic.

You should tell your step-parents about it immediately, and if it still continues go to the Child Welfare Department and ask their advice.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.







**ANNETTE  
FUNICELLO**

Page 12 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 1, 1961



*SIMPLE yet charming design (below) for gift cake has fondant gloves, rose and forget-me-not posy, tulle butterflies.*



*HAND-PAINTED BIRDS, cut from fondant, piped roses and flower sprays, trim pretty cake for children, shown below.*



*LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM is this doll cake dressed in a decorated tulle bodice and a skirt which features icing "lace."*



*TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY cake with an unusual arrangement of candles, moulded flowers, and tulle corner bows.*

Continued overleaf



# Lace and bridgework

● Piped icing lace designs are a decoration that requires a little practice, but it is well worth the effort because of the dainty appearance the designs give to cakes. Below are the directions.

**T**HE method of piping the bridgework design shown on the cake at top right is also given.

## ICING LACE

Royal icing is used for this work, and the addition of the small quantity of liquid glucose will give a free-flowing line. The beginner can place a waxed paper sheet over the designs in the large photograph at the bottom of this page, and so trace the work until the general idea is obtained. But much smoother, more even designs are done by working freehand.

It is not absolutely essential to have the lace geometrically exact, because no one is likely to use a rule on the finished result. If sections are reasonably even and work finely done, the effect will be achieved.

Fine pipework can be done

only with the finest of writing-tubes. Should this become blocked, never attempt to clear it with a pin or similar implement, because it will make the point burled or misshapen. A very fine needle can be used if necessary, but from the screw end, not the point. Unscrew the tube and push obstruction through from the wide base.

The safest method of cleaning the tube is to wash it out and dry it before using again.

To obtain even-shaped loops on the designs, have the board under the waxed paper tilted up slightly from the top—about 2 or 3 inches is sufficient. To eliminate eye-strain, a sheet of dark paper can be placed under the waxed paper. Pipe the required number of designs on to waxed paper, set aside to dry.

This is delicate work, and a few will break, so extras will be needed. When dry, remove

each piece from the waxed paper by carefully bending the paper from behind and placing fingernail under dried icing.

Attach to the cake with a line or dots of royal icing, standing straight up or at an angle, according to design.

## BRIDGEWORK

This is a type of decoration that is popular for filling in some of the lower side sections of cakes.

In this work also a smooth-running royal icing and a fine writing-tube are essential.

For side decoration the lines are piped close to the cake at the top of each design, but the base is built out by a series of lines or scallops piped one on top of the other.

In this built-out work each line or scallop must be allowed to become almost dry before putting the next one on top of it, because the weight of the combined built-out section, if wet, would pull it out of shape.

These lines or loops are piped with a thicker writing-tube.

The actual bridgework is done by connecting the icing to the top section, then squeezing the bag so an icing line will

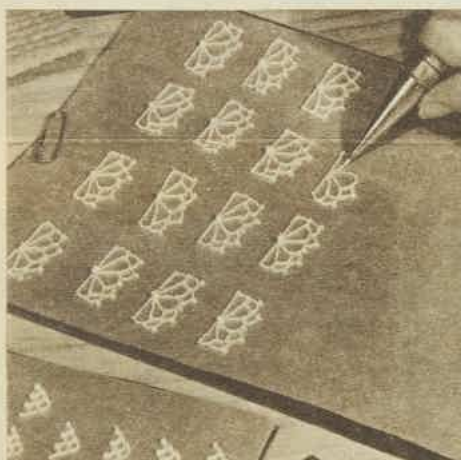
gracefully drop to be connected to the lower built-out loops.

The secret of even work is to adjust the icing line lengths so they are all even—not with some forming a tight line and others curving into the hollow of the "bridge" section.

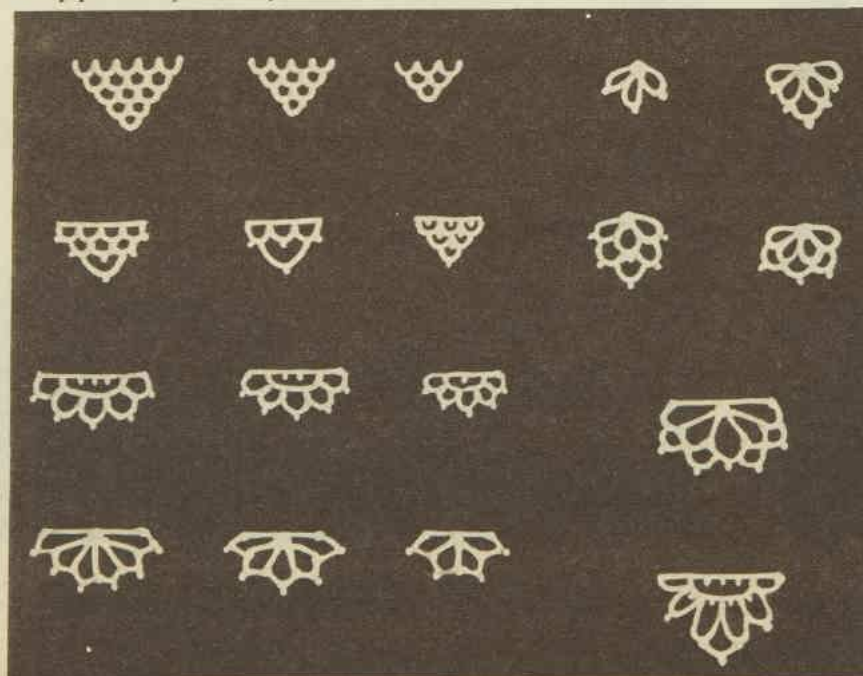
Bridgework also makes an attractive top design, but in this the built-up lines range from high to low, as illustrated in the finished cake at top right.



CAKE above shows use of bridgework and lace on top and sides of a simple design. See full instructions for piping at left.



ICING "lace" (above) is piped on to waxed paper with finest writing-tube. Designs can be traced from illustration below and used until beginners become expert enough to pipe lace patterns freehand.



## New ideas for beautiful designs (from page 31)

sifted through as fine a strainer or sifter as much as possible.

Icing mixture which contains a small percentage of corn-starch is unsuitable because it will not dry quickly and the piping subsides and loses shape. To test for purity, drop a small quantity into a glass of water, stir lightly, and allow to settle. A cloudiness in the water indicates an icing mixture; clear water means pure sugar.

The egg-white used should be as clear as possible, as a yellowish hue will not give a pure white icing when needed.

Acetic acid or lemon juice (a few drops) is used to ensure quick drying. It is not necessary when piping on tulle, etc. For piping flowers, where petals

need to dry quickly to hold their shape, a few drops extra can be added.

Liquid glucose (1 teaspoon) is added to give a softness and pliability to the icing and is excellent for all line work.

Use a glass or china basin and a small wooden spoon for mixing, as metal utensils may be affected by the acid.

Electric mixers do save a lot of the mixing, but they incorporate too much air into the mixture, which causes it to subside and soften on standing, and also break slightly while piping.

When desired consistency is obtained, cover bowl with a damp cloth so that surface will not dry out.



DRIED "lace" pieces above are placed in position and attached to cake with lines or small dots of a slightly firmer royal icing.

## NEXT WEEK: Second instalment of Cake Decorating

## £5 PRIZE RECIPE

**T**HIS week's cookery prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. H. Cooper, "Hollywood," Condonbolin, N.S.W., for her interesting rabbit dish, which tastes very similar to chicken.

All spoon measurements are level.

### RABBIT VELOUTE

One large or two small rabbits, salt, 2 tablespoons bacon fat or other fat, 1 carrot, 1 apple, 2 sticks celery, 1 clove crushed garlic, 2 onions, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 2 cups chicken stock (or use chicken soup cubes and water),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dry sherry, 1 teaspoon tomato paste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon chilli powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 bayleaf.

Soak rabbit in salted water  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Cut into joints and dry on soft towel or absorbent paper. Heat fat in pan, add rabbit, and saute until golden-brown. Arrange pieces in well-greased casserole, cover with diced carrot, apple, and celery. Saute garlic and sliced onion in remaining fat in pan, add flour, salt, pepper, and brown lightly. Stir in stock, and continue stirring until sauce thickens. Add sherry, tomato paste, chilli powder, herbs, and bayleaf. Pour over casserole ingredients. Cover and bake in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours or until tender. Serve with jacket potatoes and green peas.



BY

LEILA C.

HOWARD

OUR FOOD

AND COOKERY

EXPERT

EVAPORATED MILK is featured in dishes at right. They are seafood pie, veal piquante, chocolate and peppermint cream, apricot whip, and gingersnut fluff.



## MADE WITH MILK

● Tinned evaporated milk is a useful item to keep on your pantry shelf. It adds extra creaminess and nutriment to many dishes.

**T**INNED evaporated milk is creamy cows' milk from which about half the water content has been extracted. It can be used as a substitute for fresh cream, and when well chilled will whip up to about three times its original volume.

The following recipes make full use of evaporated milk. Spoon measurements are level and the eight liquid ounce cup measure is used.

### SEAFOOD CREAM PIE

One 8 or 9 in. baked pastry case, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 5 tablespoons flour, 2 cups undiluted evaporated milk, 1 cup water, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup grated cheese, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 tin shredded tuna or salmon, 1 small packet frozen peas or 1 cup cooked peas, 1 small red pepper (chopped and lightly sautéed in butter), tomato slices and parsley to garnish.

Melt butter or margarine in saucepan over medium heat; blend in flour and stir over heat for 1 minute without browning. Remove from heat, add water and half the undiluted evaporated milk; blend thoroughly until all lumps are gone. Add remaining milk, return to heat. Stir until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 2 minutes then add salt, pepper and grated cheese; stir until cheese melts. Remove any skin or bones from tinned fish, sprinkle with lemon juice and stand 5 minutes. Mix fish, peas, and sautéed red pepper into hot sauce. Taste and if necessary season with extra salt, pepper and lemon juice. Pour into hot baked pastry case, serve garnished with tomato slices and parsley.

Note: This pie could be made in advance and just before required reheated in a moderate oven for approximately 30 minutes.

### VEAL PIQUANTE

Six veal chops, 1 tablespoon paprika, 3 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons fat or oil, 3 sliced onions, 1 cup stock or water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk, 3 cups cubed fried potatoes, parsley.

Combine paprika, flour, little salt and pepper; dip in chops and coat all over. Heat fat or oil in pan, add chops and brown well on both sides. Remove, stand aside. Add sliced onions to pan, cook until just soft. Add remaining flour mixture, stir well until lightly browned. Add stock or water and sauces, stir well until sauce boils and thickens. Season well with salt and pepper. Replace chops, cover and simmer until tender (approximately 15 to 20 minutes). To serve, arrange chops on a bed of fried potato cubes on a heated platter. Stir evaporated milk into sauce and reheat but do not boil. Pour over chops, serve garnished with parsley.

### CHOCOLATE VELVET CREAM

One packet chocolate custard mix, ½ pint water, ½ pint milk, 1 small tin well chilled evaporated milk, 1 oz. cooking chocolate.

Blend chocolate custard mix with water and milk, stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Remove, cool until slightly thickened. Whip chilled evaporated milk until thick and fold into custard. Spoon into 4 glass sweets dishes, top each with little grated chocolate.

### GINGERNUT FLUFF

One cup chilled evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ cup finely chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped crystallised ginger, extra walnuts for decoration.

Beat evaporated milk in chilled bowl until thick, beat in lemon juice, sugar and vanilla. Then fold in walnuts and ginger. Spoon quickly into 4 serving dishes, top each with walnut half, serve immediately.

### TANGY APRICOT WHIP

Eight apricot halves (fresh or tinned), ½ cup sugar, 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk (chilled), ¼ cup lemon juice, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, angelica.

Drain apricots and chop roughly (reserve few for garnishing). Pour evaporated milk into ice-cube tray, chill until partly frozen. Turn into chilled bowl, whip until stiff. Beat in sugar, lemon juice and peel. Fold chopped apricots into whipped mixture. Spoon into 4 glass serving-dishes, top each with whole apricot halves and pieces of angelica. Serve immediately or chill in freezing unit 10 minutes.

### PEPPERMINT CANDY CREAM

One cup well chilled evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¼ cup sugar, ½ cup crushed peppermint candy, 1 cup pink shredded coconut.

Beat well chilled evaporated milk until very thick, then beat in lemon juice, sugar, and crushed peppermint candy. Fill into 4 glass dishes and top each with spoonful of pink shredded coconut. Serve at once.

### SAVORY MEAT LOAF

Three-quarter cup evaporated milk (undiluted), 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1 lb. minced steak, ¼ lb. minced pork, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon garlic salt or ½ clove crushed garlic, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chutney.

Pour evaporated milk over breadcrumbs, allow to stand. Combine minced meats, onion and egg and mix well. Add salt, garlic, pepper, sauce, parsley and chutney, blend all well together. Pack into well greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

### AMERICAN CUSTARD TART

Half pound biscuit or shortcrust pastry, 1 dessertspoon berry jam, 1 large tin evaporated milk, 1 cup hot water, 4 eggs, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg.

Roll out pastry on floured board, line a

9 in. pastry dish. Flute edge, spread berry jam over base. Combine evaporated milk and hot water. Beat eggs with salt and sugar, add to mixture; mix well. Pour custard into pastry case carefully, sprinkle top with nutmeg. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and bake further 30 minutes or until custard is firm. Cool before serving.

### MARINADE OF RABBIT SUPREME

Two small rabbits, ¼ cup white vinegar, ¼ cup water, 3 tablespoons salad oil, 2 bay leaves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, ¼ teaspoon thyme, ¼ teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon rosemary, seasoned flour, oil for frying, 1 clove garlic, 2 cups water, 1 small tin evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, 1 tin mushrooms (in melted butter sauce), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ¼ cup madeira wine, 1 tablespoon flour, blended with a little extra water, paprika, parsley and tomato wedges to garnish.

Soak rabbits in cold salted water ½ hour. Meanwhile prepare marinade by combining vinegar, water, salad oil, peppercorns, bay leaves, thyme, rosemary, and sugar. Drain rabbits, cut into joints and pat dry. Rub rabbit flesh with salt, place in large bowl, pour marinade over; stand 3 to 4 hours, turning occasionally. Remove rabbit joints, drain and dry (reserve marinade for future use). Coat with seasoned flour, brown lightly in hot oil in large frying-pan or casserole. Sauté chopped garlic in pan, then add the 2 cups water, evaporated milk, lemon juice, ½ cup strained marinade, salt and pepper to taste. When boiling, pour over rabbit joints. Liquid should come three-quarters of the way up sides of the casserole. Cover, simmer ¼ to 1 hour until meat is tender, stirring frequently.

Lift out joints, remove any protruding bones, add mushrooms, chopped parsley, and wine; bring to the boil, thicken with blended flour, replace rabbit pieces. Stir over low heat until well mixed and thoroughly reheated. Serve piping hot, sprinkled with paprika and garnished with parsley and tomato wedges.



**Bonnie Blonde!**



Chubby little Dianne Scealy enjoys posing for snapshots. Says her mother: "Dianne is a picture of health — she has been a 'happy little Veg-e-mite' since she was about 6 months old."  
(extract from 1945 advertisement)

**IN 1945**

*Dianne Scealy was a  
"happy little Veg-e-mite"*

**AND NOW**

*Dianne is a  
glamorous model*



**...and still a VEGEMITE fan**



All members of the Scealy family enjoy eating Vegemite every day — and they all benefit from its nourishing goodness.

**All the family need delicious VEGEMITE every day**

Through the years, the Scealy family have eaten Vegemite every day — as a safeguard against Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> deficiency — because they realise that even the best Australian diets are deficient in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>.

Vegemite is not only the richest food source of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> . . . it is also rich in Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> and Niacin. These three vitamins have helped the Scealy family in many ways:

DIANNE, the model, is bubbling with vitality, and she has a clear skin, free of the spots that often trouble teenagers. Her brother PETER, 15, is a fine example of healthy growth, and has always had a hearty appetite.

Sister KATHRYN, 6, and brother GREGORY, 2, are following Dianne as "happy little Veg-e-mites." DAD, who is watching his waistline these days, doesn't eat as much as he used to, but he still needs Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> — and he gets it from a food he really enjoys: Vegemite.

MOTHER likes Vegemite for two reasons . . . it's good for her nerves, and it's so economical . . . goes such a long way when spread on toast, bread, biscuits, rusks . . . or mixed in soups, stews and gravies.

Footnote: Remember! Your body cannot store Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> . . . it needs a fresh supply daily from the family health food: VEGEMITE.



Made by KRAFT.  
For big savings, buy the 16oz. or 32oz. family-size jars.

**Always put VEGEMITE next to the pepper and salt whenever you set the table.**



# Help baby to grow

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

● Many factors contribute to a well-nourished, beautifully built baby.



GOOD physique means a good start in life for a child.

**HEREDITY** plays a big part, and if parents have followed the essentials for healthy living and good postural development, their babies will be half-way along the road to physical fitness.

**PRE-NATAL INFLUENCES:** Every potential mother should know that deficiencies a baby suffers during the pre-natal period can never be fully made up after birth.

A poor pre-natal diet, lacking in calcium and often mineral salts or in some of the vitamins needed for good bone-formation, may cause the disease known as rickets.

This causes bone deformities such as bow-legs, knock-knees, flat feet, or a "pigeon" chest.

A healthy pregnancy with a well-balanced diet, properly regulated exercise, plenty of fresh air and sunshine, early

nights, day-time rests, and a contented mind goes a long way towards building a healthy body for the developing baby.

**POST-NATAL INFLUENCES:** Ranking high among these is breast feeding.

The nursing mother's diet needs just as much attention as her pre-natal diet.

Just as the developing baby's body was formed from materials supplied by the mother's bloodstream, so now his natural food is derived from the same source.

Breast feeding helps healthy body-building because:

1. It is safer than early artificial feeding, as the risk of infection through food is minimised.

Breast milk is a sterile food which a baby can easily digest and on which he should thrive.

2. The strong sucking of the baby at the breast is good general exercise, and especially

develops the muscles of jaws, mouth, and tongue so that he is more likely to have a well-shaped jaw and well-spaced strong teeth.

3. Through the breast milk, the baby in the early weeks acquires a certain resistance to disease, which ensures quicker recovery from the usual childish ailments.

4. Breast feeding also gives a baby a greater sense of security.

If a baby has to be bottle fed, expert advice should be obtained about strength and quantity of the milk mixture needed for the individual baby, and other vital points.

## Diet needs

When other foods are later introduced to both breast-fed and bottle-fed babies a good proportion of hard foods will help good mastication.

The toddler's diet should be well balanced, containing easily digested proteins for

rapid growth and plenty of vitamins and mineral salts.

Special attention should be given to ensure clean, healthy teeth to prevent early decay.

A routine should be established early, with abundant fresh air and sunshine, adequate rest and sleep (most important), good handling by the mother, and regular exercise.

However, it should be remembered that there is a wide range of normality in development as a child cuts his teeth, crawls, and walks.

Racial and heredity characteristics influence height and size.

A small-framed, muscular baby will be more likely to sit up alone, crawl, and walk much earlier than a big-framed, heavy baby.

A healthy child has bright, clear eyes, glossy hair, straight limbs, firm flesh, clear skin. He breathes through his

nose (a "mouth breather" often has adenoids or some other nasal obstruction).

## A roomy cot

He is happy and contented, and he has an air of vitality.

Good posture is a "must" in good body building.

It is a valuable physical and moral asset throughout life.

The proper handling and care of a very young baby, when the bones are soft and muscles are weak, are of infinite importance to posture.

He should never be forced or coaxed to sit up, or "feel his feet," or to walk before he actively desires to do so.

His bassinet and cot should be roomy, his mattress firm.

No pillow (or a very small flat one) should be used.

Clothes and bedclothes should never restrict.

Watchful care of baby's feet from the very beginning is most important for posture.

Shrunken booties and tight socks and shoes can cause misshapen toes.

Chronic fatigue can cause bad posture. Early bed-time and short intervals during the day of lying flat on the floor will help correct round shoulders and other defects.

Some children slouch because they lack self-confidence. This can result from too much nagging criticism.

But a happy environment tends to develop poise and grace.

● A leaflet dealing with speech defects in children is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4083, G.P.O., Sydney. NOTE: A stamped addressed envelope is requested.

# Brown children of the north

● The babies of the warm-hearted Torres Strait Islanders are quaint, jolly little things, wise from the beginning as if anxious to grow up.



AUTHOR of this article, Dora Elizabeth Burchill, with a Torres Strait woman and a group of island children.

**FOR** two years as clinic sister I have lived among these carefree colored people, who are a true, distinct race, more akin to the Papuan than the mainland Australian aboriginal.

The children are especially delightful.

Their lustrous brown eyes beam with intelligence and humor; light copper-colored skin is kept smooth and satiny with frequent applications of natural coconut oil.

Vigorous and healthy, some babies demand twice as much as the textbooks say, whereas others are happy on three breast feeds a day.

Feeding problems and skin affections are rare, and the way growth and development defy the textbooks is an eye-opener, for babies do extraordinary things from the earliest age.

I will never forget the first time I saw a three-week-old baby smile, really smile! It was like rays of springtime sun

suddenly flashed from an overcast sky.

At three months, some resemble young amazons.

One island father said proudly of his three-month-old son, "Mapet (baby), 'im turn over on belly, crawl to 'mudder' in kitchen."

Advanced infants sit alone at four months, and at six months, standing steadily on bare feet, respond with laughing eyes and rhythmic movements to the throbbing tune of

Cooked brains and tender liver of a captured dugong (flabby sea cow) serve as baby's first solid food on some islands, varied with the soft, sweet kernel of dried coconut, cooked like young potato, mashed ripe bananas, and the wonderful papaw.

Where — on a rare occasion — no breast milk or powdered milk is available for a young infant, the sweet, cloudy liquid of the green coconut is given.

By DORA ELIZABETH BURCHILL

a native drum. (They enjoy a maximum freedom of movement from birth.)

Most of the babies are born at the Thursday Island hospital, medical headquarters for the Torres Strait, and are breast fed for the first year.

Many boys' names have a biblical flavor, like Abraham, Joseph, Paul, Isaiah. Pretty, musical names for girls include Lelisha, Nanetta, Loyla, Noramah.

Educational diet is started early.

A Murray Island mother showed me how a baby drinks direct from the nut with the aid of a funnel of banana leaf.

Island mothers attend regularly with their babies at the Maternal and Child Welfare Clinic at Thursday Island. Napkins, secured with pink- or blue-headed safety-pins, are of pristine whiteness.

Nature is Santa Claus to these children of the sun, supplying endless gifts of shell treasures and toys.

Away from the shops of

Thursday Island, a baby's first rattle consists of plaited strips of coconut palm ingeniously made into a ball containing stones or seeds that musically rattle, but cannot come out to endanger the infant.

Dolls and sailing boats for older children are expertly carved from the soft wood of the native wongai tree.

Older children are quite good with babies, while big boys tend them lovingly and skilfully.

Schoolchildren are as well dressed as those "down south" — girls wear blue uniforms and white blouses, and the boys clean shirts and shorts.

After school, scholars patronise the Town Library, avidly read adventure stories, "do-it-yourself" manuals, biblical stories, and poems.

In the Torres Strait, adoption of children is a popular native custom and no child need feel unloved or uncared for.

Even with one or both parents living, children are quite happily adopted into other families.

Child endowment is from the Queensland Government for each child, and provision for health and welfare is also made.



**NEW!** one tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk makes  
**2 trays of delicious ice cream**  
**Plus 6 servings of luscious Fruit Whip!**

(OR: if you prefer, 4 pint trays of ice cream that actually costs less than  $\frac{1}{3}$  shop price!)





## ICE CREAM

AT  $\frac{1}{3}$  SHOP PRICE!

It's just one of the many wonderful things you can make with

## IDEAL MILK!

Just pierce the tin and pour Ideal Milk is simply delicious with sliced fruit... poured straight on to breakfast cereals! The reason? Ideal is twice as rich... with twice the food value! It's concentrated, creamy, delicious! And so wonderfully easy to use. You can actually make a whole week's desserts from a single tin! Here's how... From one tin you can make 4 full trays of a new delicious, creamier ice cream that never goes flaky and costs less than  $\frac{1}{3}$  shop bought!

Or, still from one tin you can make 2 whole trays of this same delicious ice cream plus 6 servings of a luscious new dessert... Ideal Fruit Whip.



Here's how...

## Basic One-Whip Mixture

all you need: 1 tin Ideal Evaporated Milk (12 oz.), 1 teaspoonful vanilla, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1 tablespoonful golden syrup, 1 tablespoonful hot water.

Place unopened tin of Ideal Milk in the freeze chest of the refrigerator for at least two hours or preferably overnight. To open, hold tin under hot tap for a few seconds only, open both ends and shake out. Place into a large chilled bowl and cut into pieces with knife. Beat very slowly until mixture is broken up. Then beat vigorously until mixture trebles in bulk. Dissolve gelatine thoroughly in very hot water and add gradually to mixture, beating all the time. Add syrup (for easier measuring dip spoon in hot water) and vanilla and blend in well.

This mixture is enough to make 4 full trays of delicious ice cream in any flavouring you like. Freeze for at least 3 hours with control at maximum.

Or, if you prefer, you can make just 2 trays of ice cream plus the 6 servings of Fruit Whip, as below:

### 1. New Creamier Ice Cream

To half the basic mixture, add (if desired) your favourite flavouring. Pour into 2 one pint trays and freeze for at least 3 hours before serving.

### 2. New Fruit Whip

To other half of basic mixture, add pulp of 2 passionfruit or your choice of sliced fruit in season. Pour into serving bowls (or moulds) and place in refrigerator to chill.

It's wonderful how Ideal makes making so easy, gives you more time to relax with the family.

# AT HOME with

Margaret Sydney

● The one time in the year when you see your own home the way visitors must see it is the day you get back from a holiday.

IT always gives me a shock, and partly due to that first look and partly due to the fact that I feel energetic after doing practically nothing for three weeks I always resolve to have an orgy of renovating and redecorating.

As soon as we opened the door on the rather musty air of the shut-up house I was hit in the eye by the stain behind the telephone table where Mike upset a glass of orangeade.

I'd got used to that in the past six months, so that I really never saw it.

I'd got used, too, to the scratched paint on the bottoms of the doors where the dog uses his claws to let us know he wants the floor opened for him, and the worn strips on the arms of the sitting-room chair-covers.

Past experience tells me that my enthusiasm for setting everything to rights will peter out after we've been home a week or two, so that I must get busy straight away if I want to get anything done.

The mountain of washing and ironing that we brought back with us and the need to prepare three meals a day at regular hours make it hard to get on with paint-scrapping and repapering.

I find that I agree with Ogden Nash that—*Breakfast is an institution that I don't know who commenced it.*

But I am not for it; I am against it.

### Fried eggs—sign

### of disrespect

ON holidays Hugh and the children would drift in when they were ready and help themselves to fruit and cereal and toast.

At home something more seems to be demanded, and though I managed to fob them off with boiled eggs for the first couple of days I knew I wouldn't get away with that for very long.

My children regard a nice, little, easy boiled egg as the lowest of all forms of food and the serving of them a sort of insult on the part of the cook.

Their attitude reminds me of the story told by the American novelist Gertrude Stein.

When she was living in France she had a little French maid who had taken a particular dislike to the great painter Matisse.

Matisse was coming to lunch, and the maid showed her disapproval by saying to Miss Stein:

*"In that case I will not make an omelet; I will fry the eggs. It takes the same number of eggs and the same amount of butter, but it shows less respect, and he will understand."*

### Room with a

### view—new style

WE found the usual pile of bills, papers, and late Christmas cards wedged into the letter-box when we reached home, and among them a letter from a friend whom I

envy with all my heart—she's been having a six-month working holiday in Europe.

Her letter asks me to measure the window in her sitting-room and send her the exact dimensions at once by airmail.

She has lived for several years in a charming flat in Kings Cross.

The building is old and the rooms have high ceilings and graceful archways leading from one to another.

But the view from the side window is a horror of chimney-pots, unpainted roofs, bedraggled geraniums in pots, and other people's underclothes hanging up to dry.

My friend Beryl has discovered that in London she can have a transparency made from a colored photograph to cover the whole side window and blot out the hideous view that clashes so unpleasantly with her elegant antique furniture and her cool pastel walls.

She writes: "I was tempted at first to use one of my European photographs for the transparency."

"I thought it'd be fun to come in from Darlinghurst Road and look out on the roofs of Paris with Notre Dame in the background, or on to a Norwegian fiord, or the Swiss Alps gleaming with snow."

"But I think that might be too much of a shock altogether, and I'm going to use a shot I took from Warriewood, looking north along the beaches to Barrenjoey."

I've measured the window for Beryl, and I find it's 5ft. deep by 2ft. 6in. wide.

To have a transparency made for fixing to the glass of that window will cost her about £23 Australian.

*It sounds a lot, but it's no more than the cost of a quite ordinary second-hand chair, and the view from the window has been such an irritation to her that I think she'll find the money has been well spent.*

### Men worry about

### growing old

HUGH celebrated (or mourned) his birthday this week. No mention is allowed to be made of his age, because it depresses him, and he always says beforehand: "I don't want anything for my birthday—let's forget the whole business."

That, of course, doesn't alter the fact that on the day presents are expected and welcomed.

Surely men mind reaching middle age more than women do!

Women spend a lot of time and money, certainly, on making themselves look as young and attractive as they can, but they're made immensely happy by being told that they're very young-looking for their age.

Most men don't want to be young-looking for their age—they just want to be younger.

Hugh is always annoyed by the columns on application forms and car insurance claims which ask his age, and either he says "What the devil's it got to do with them?" and leaves it blank or else he lops off a year or two for his own satisfaction.

*He used to be a few years older than I am. I can see the day coming when he'll coyly admit to being several years my junior.*

Hey Mum!  
Make sure they're  
in the candy stripe  
box.



34 Punched Vamp Derby, Aircelite Sole



129 Boy's & Youth's Tufflex Sole Derby



17 T-Bar Sandal Aircelite Sole



142 Girls' Buckle Bar Wearite Sole



47 Boys' Youth's Ripple Sole Derby



58 Maids' School Derby Wearite Sole



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fine footwear for children

at all leading City, Suburban and Country Stores

Edunley Shoe Co. Pty. Limited

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## LUMBAGO AGONIES!



are things of the past now that amazing A.R. TABS are available. At the first sign of searing lumbago pain take A.R. TABS. Wonderful A.R. TABS spread right into the agonised area and their soothing effects soon allow you to straighten up without fear. In just a few days all the pain goes. Gentle, yet powerful, A.R. TABS give complete relief from lumbago agonies. A.R. TABS, B/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

Wards A.R. TABS



...for people who think—

The Observer



Australia's first fortnightly review

1/6 from your newsagent

ALLY IMPORTED SALMON

"Best Value for Money"





**TELESCOPIUM**, a perfectly formed, uniformly colored tulip. The cup of this bloom is waxy and cool-looking.



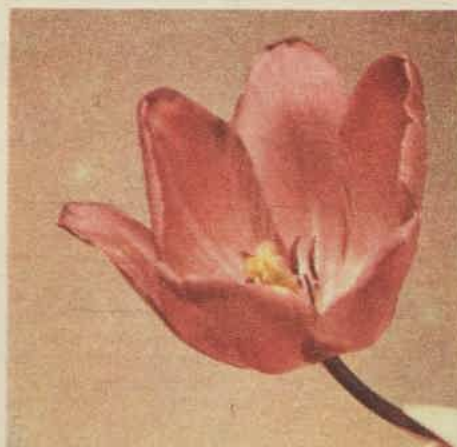
**"RED COPELAND"** is satin smooth with narrow petals. The heart of the cup and the base of each petal are pure gold.



**NAMELESS** — its petals are widely patterned with white stripes, placing it in the list of nameless outcasts.



**ANOTHER** nameless "outcast" striped crimson and yellow. Striping is considered to be the result of an aphid-carrying disease.



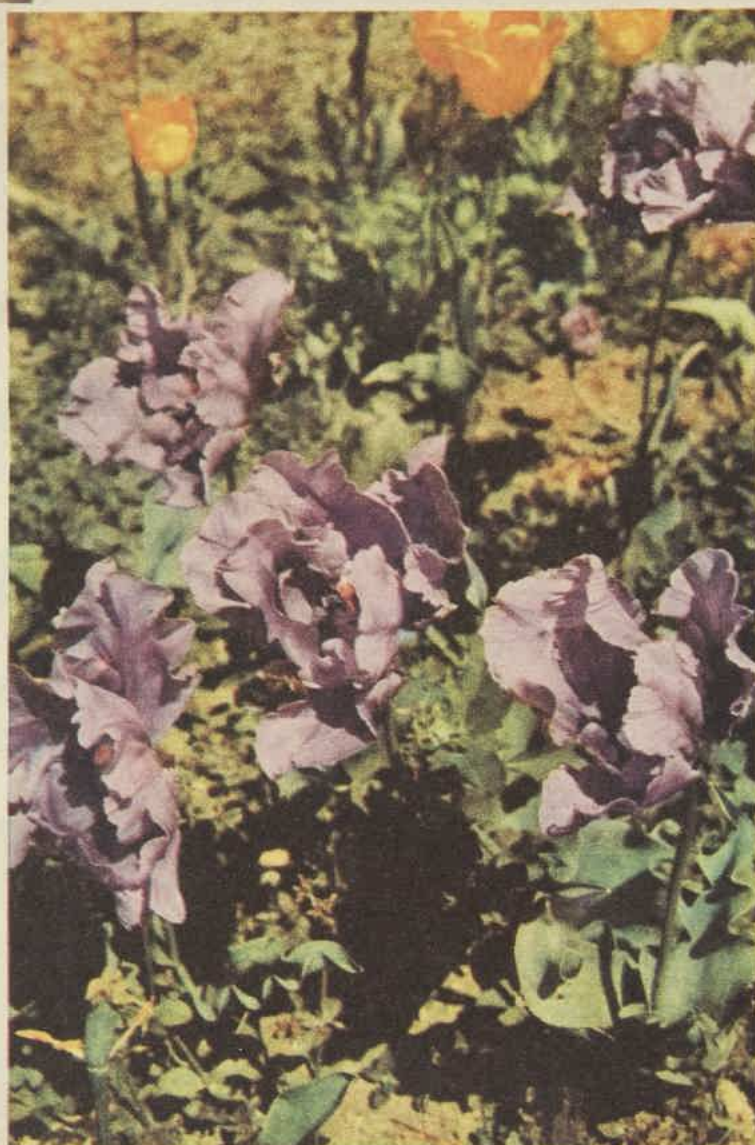
**"ROSE COPELAND"** is a pure, warm rose color. It has tallish, slightly pointed petals.



**"QUEEN OF THE NIGHT"** (below) is a deep velvety purple-black with a silken sheen.

# Tulips — to make a brilliant show

- Few flowering bulbs equal tulips for show, especially some of the newer varieties.



**T**HESE varieties include doubles and semi-doubles and some brilliant two-toned blooms.

Tulips may be planted from now until April.

They like a cool, sheltered position and should be planted in well-drained, deeply dug soil that contains a fair amount of sand, leafmould, and powdered limestone. Very old cow manure is beneficial, but no fresh manure of any kind should come in contact with the bulbs.

When buying tulip bulbs select only those that are round, full, and show no flat sides. They should be at least one inch in diameter.

The striping or "breaking" of tulips of pure or self-colors is due to one or more virus diseases. Once a bulb breaks, it never reverts to its previous single color.

The cause of this breaking is not entirely known, but is probably due to insects carrying the virus from flower to flower, and thus infecting the bulb. Many tulips have bicolored petals, which are not virus-infected.

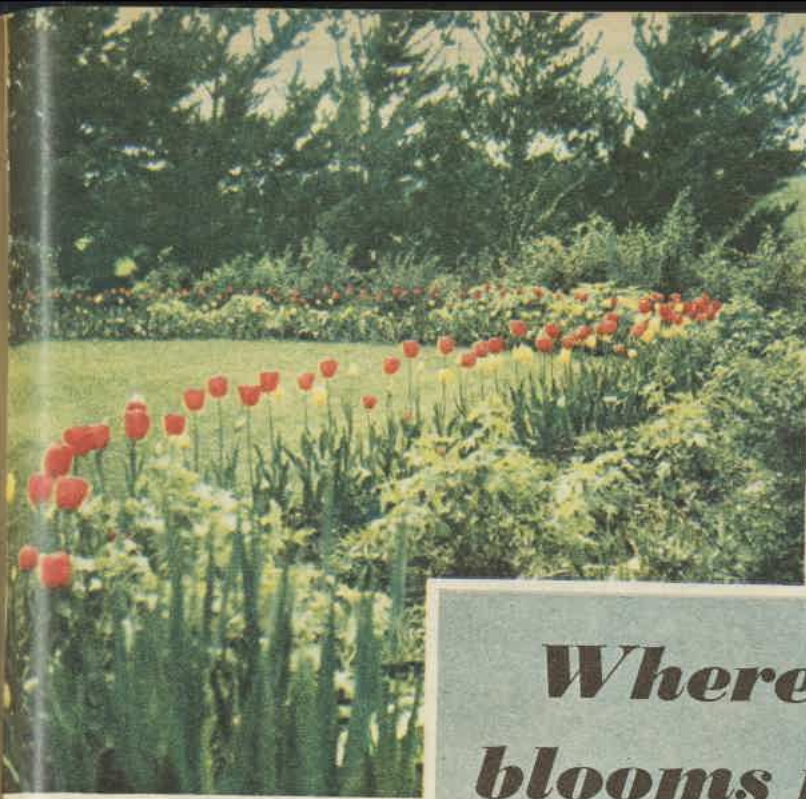
Tulipa clusiana, T. kaufmanniana, T. acuminata (red and yellow), T. chrysantha (yellow and red), and T. persica (yellow, tinged red and green), and some of the dwarf types have various colored petals and dark central blotches.

**PARROT tulips (left)**, delicately shaded, were grown by Mr. R. Sarv, of Bilpin, N.S.W.

The six individual blooms shown on this page were photographed by David Brock, of Adelaide, at Blackwood, in the Adelaide Hills, at the home of Mrs. Maureen Beesley.

Mrs. Beesley, whose tulips have won Show prizes, grows them in beds 1½ ft deep, the bulbs planted six inches deep.





## *Where 7000 blooms flourish under the elms*

ON this page are three views of the lovely garden of Mr. Gordon Clarke at "Linton Park," Linton, near Ballarat, Victoria.

Grazier and amateur gardener Mr. Clarke has about 15,000 tulips (of 60-odd varieties) planted, with thousands of other flowers and shrubs, on five acres of the original Clarke family property, 111-year-old "Piggoreet."

He planned and laid out the garden ten years ago, tends it with the help of his sister and a full-time gardener.

Vast quantities of pulverised sheep manure are used in cultivating the tulips — and this Mr. Clarke

considers the main reason for the superior quality of the blooms.

It is the first time, in his knowledge, that tulips have been grown in mass under deciduous trees.

He "polices" his tulips rigorously, controls striping by regular spraying, and roots out any tulip that bears impure, striped blooms — perhaps hundreds in a season.

Flowering period of his tulips extends over about two months. Varieties include tall (up to 3ft., with blooms as big as a saucer) Demeter, Golden Harvest, Gloria Swanson, medium-sized, and dwarf, including the double-pink Peachblossom.

Some of the best of his tulips, growing under 100-

year-old elm and ash trees, border the drive—5000 of mixed varieties on one side, groupings of 2000 tulips of nine varieties on the other.

Nowhere do the tulips make a straight line, and always, except where they border the drive, they appear in double rows of different single colors around curved lawns, finishing with a pond or some other feature.

Tulips are classified today as Breeders, a fine strain of late-flowering types, with big blooms and tall, robust stems; Darwins, often considered the ideal tulips, with the biggest range of colors and very tall stems; Early Doubles and Early Singles, which are not much grown today; Mendel Tulips (crossbreds of interesting colors); and Triumphs, a comparatively new class.





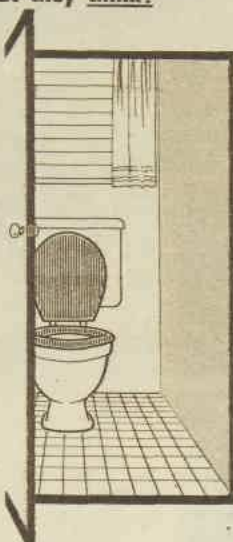
Can friends criticise  
your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your lavatory,  
but can you be sure what they think?

Now, there's a new, easy  
way to keep your toilet bowl  
fresh and bright—HARPIC!

Just sprinkle Harpic in the  
toilet last thing every night  
and flush away in the morn-  
ing. While you sleep, Harpic  
cleans thoroughly and leaves  
the toilet free of germs. Even  
that lime-scale caused by  
hard water is removed—the  
entire lavatory bowl is kept  
sparkling and hygienically  
clean. And being delicately  
perfumed, Harpic keeps  
your bathroom or lavatory  
sweet-smelling.  
Ask for Harpic at your store.



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewered  
and septic tank toilet bowls.  
Harpic cleans round the S-bend — where no brush can  
reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as  
below, the water, because Harpic stays on the sides  
of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long.  
When flushed away next morning, the entire porcelain  
is sparkling clean.

**HARPIC** REGD.  
**LAVATORY CLEANSER**

Safe for cleaning Septic Tank Toilet Bowls HP157

## Goddard's Silver Dip

BANISHES STAINS AND TARNISH  
WITHOUT RUBBING!

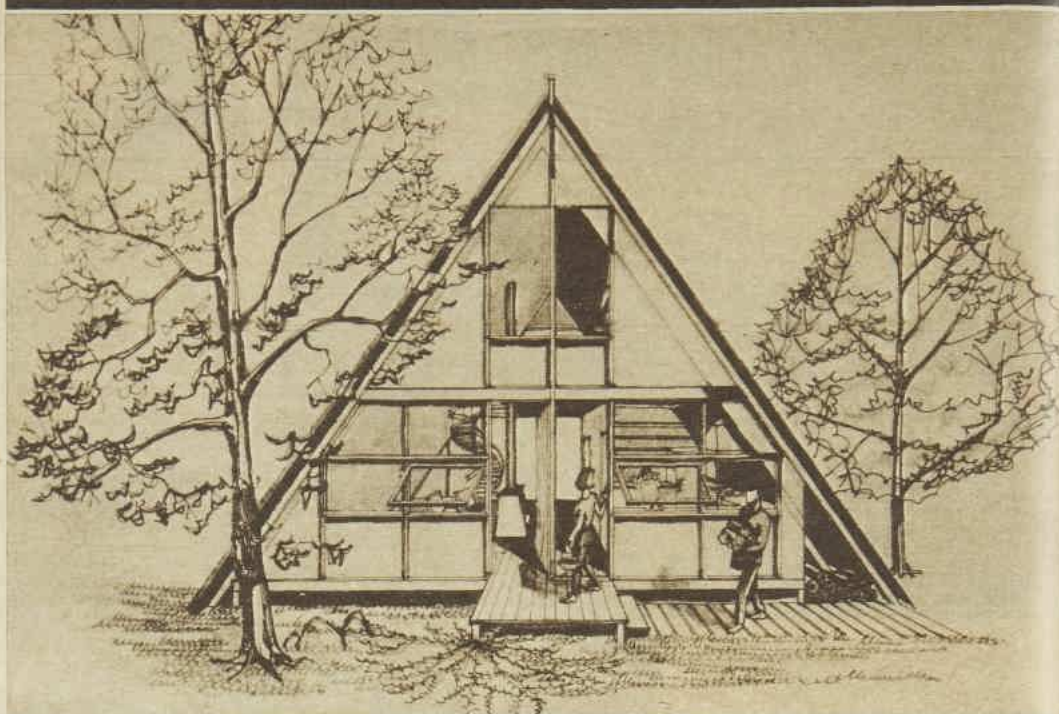
Go ahead and be downright proud of your gleaming  
Goddard's-dipped silver. No need to tell that those  
stubborn stains and tarnish  
went with no work at all—  
even between fork prongs  
and filigree. Good silver  
stays good forever with  
Goddard's Silver Dip. 7/9.



GODDARD'S, specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.



# Three new plans . . .



**PERSPECTIVE**  
sketch (above) shows  
unusual "trapeze  
line" of the house.  
Eaves to the ground  
give added storage.

● This plan of our "trapeze line" holiday home  
consists of only four walls which can be built at  
home and transported to the building site.

IT has two floors. The ground floor  
is 5.3 squares and the upper floor  
2.1 squares — a total living area of  
7.4 squares.

The ground floor has a large living area,  
18ft. by 12ft., and from this room a spiral  
staircase leads to the upper floor, which is a  
dormitory the same size as the living area.

Other rooms on the ground floor are the  
kitchen and a compact bathroom-laundry 9ft.  
by 7ft. 6in.

Our architects suggest that inexpensive  
flywire panels be incorporated in the walls  
to give added ventilation in the hot summer.

Provision for storage has been made under  
the eaves, which come right down to ground  
level (see ground-floor plan).

We have quoted two separate prices for  
the "trapeze-line" plan and the two plans on  
the opposite page—an estimated cost for the  
owner-builder and one for a contractor.

Costs for the owner-builder are based on  
the owner paying the normal trade prices  
for materials but doing all the labor himself,  
except the plumbing and electrical work.

Contractor's costs quoted are average ones  
if the home is built to a reasonable finish  
and in an accessible area.

In this plan, No. 882, building costs for  
the owner-builder are £1200-£1400, and for  
contractor £1800-£1900.

Quite often a toilet has not been shown  
on the plans, as many weekenders are built  
in unsewered areas and the owner does not  
wish to go to the expense of installing a  
septic tank system, making do with a  
detached earth closet.

If an inside toilet is required, the bath-  
room can be redesigned to include it at an  
additional cost of approximately £120-£150.  
Consult your local Home Planning Centre  
for the best arrangement.

The Australian Women's Weekly Home  
Planning Centres are under the direction of  
experienced architects, and each of the eight  
Centres is supervised by qualified personnel,  
who will advise you on all building problems.

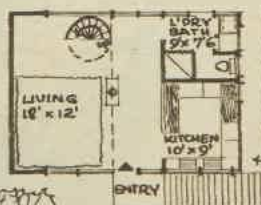
Color consultants, interior decorators, light-  
ing specialists, and other skilled advisers on  
the staff of the store to which the Centre is  
attached, will assist you, if you wish, in  
decorating and furnishing your home.

### PLAN FOLDERS

● Plans shown on this page  
and opposite are three of the  
26 holiday home plans fea-  
tured in our Folder No. 5.  
These folders are available  
from our Home Planning  
Centres and newsagents and  
cost 2/6 each. Included in  
the previous four folders in  
this series are plans for small  
homes to suit all budgets.  
Our next folder, No. 6, will  
contain plans for split-level  
and two-storeyed homes.



UPPER FLOOR PLAN  
AREA = 216 sq. ft.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN  
AREA = 532 sq. ft.  
TOTAL AREA = 748 sq. ft.

**FLOOR** plan  
shows two  
storeys linked  
by a spiral  
staircase  
from the liv-  
ing-room.

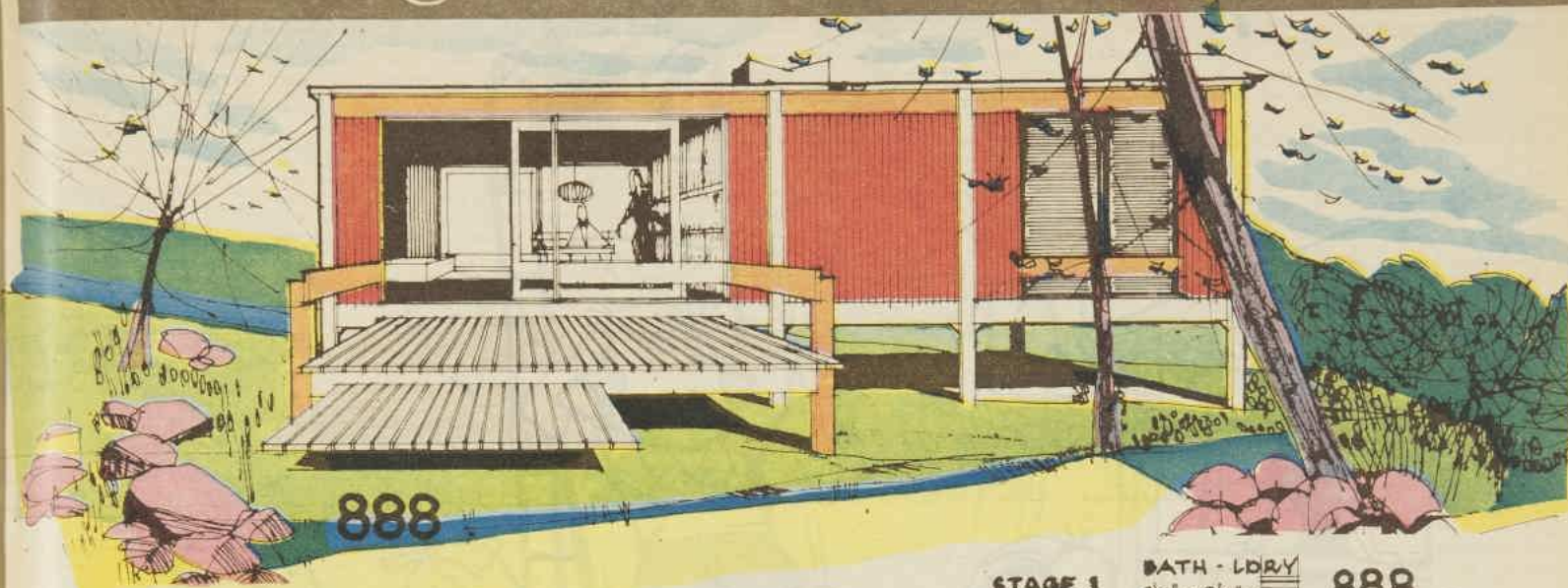
**SS2**

### ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

- CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic  
Centre. (Telephone J2311.)  
BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone  
50121.)  
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street.  
(Telephone 32044.)  
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Tele-  
phone X6111.)  
ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street.  
(Telephone W0200.)  
HOBART: Fitzgerald and Co. Ltd., Collins Street.  
(Telephone 27221.)  
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven  
Street. (Telephone 7733.)  
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield  
Hill. Please address all mail to this Centre to Home  
Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951,  
ext. 220.)



# ... designed for holiday living



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for Plan No. 888 shows the wide verandah, large windows, and "stilt" construction for maximum coolness.

## Cool and breezy for summer

● The two plans featured on this page have been specially designed by our architects to give maximum ventilation in the hot summer weather.

BOTH these holiday homes, Nos. 888 and 949, and the one on the opposite page, are ideal for a site at a beach or in the bush. They are economical to build, and the handyman who is able to do all the work himself will find the cost is still lower.

The houses both provide space for outdoor living. No. 888 has a wide, open verandah or sun-deck, and No. 949 a paved terrace where a barbecue could be installed.

### Plan No. 888

In this plan, which has been designed for building in two stages, large windows, an open verandah, and "stilt" construction add to the coolness.

The first stage, 4.8 squares, which forms the nucleus of a large and comfortable holiday home, consists of a large living area with a bench containing a sink and stove, a combined kitchen-laundry, and a spacious bedroom.

In the second stage, 7.1 squares, additions to the house are made at both ends, giving a second bedroom and a separate kitchen (see floor plan for Stage 2).

The bathroom has been designed with a small square bath and shower above, and there is a washing-trough incorporated into a bench top which doubles as a hand basin. There is also a recess for a washing-machine.

This timber house can be prefabricated by the builder in the backyard and transported to the site.

Costs to build the house are, owner-builder, Stage 1, £1100; Stage 2, £1700. Contractor, Stage 1, £1500, Stage 2, £2100.

### Plan No. 949

Maximum ventilation is given in this house by the use of opposing skillion roofs

to give a row of windows above the living-room (see perspective sketch for Plan No. 949).

If desired, however, it may be built with a flat, pitched, or single skillion roof.

Built in timber the area will be 6.0 squares, in brick 6.6 squares.

Entrance to the house is through an attractive paved terrace to a small entrance hall. This opens into a spacious living-room, 18ft. by 14ft.

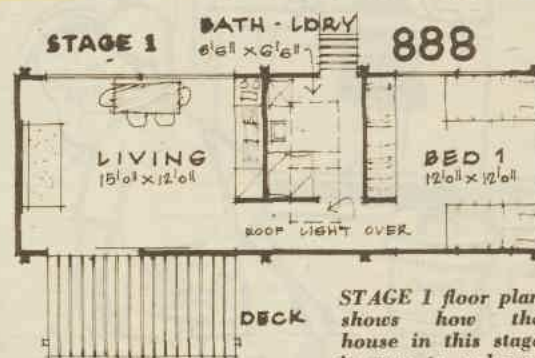
A compact kitchen has a work bench, which doubles as a snack-bar from the living area.

A small bathroom with toilet is conveniently placed near the bedroom, which is 12ft. 6in. by 9ft.

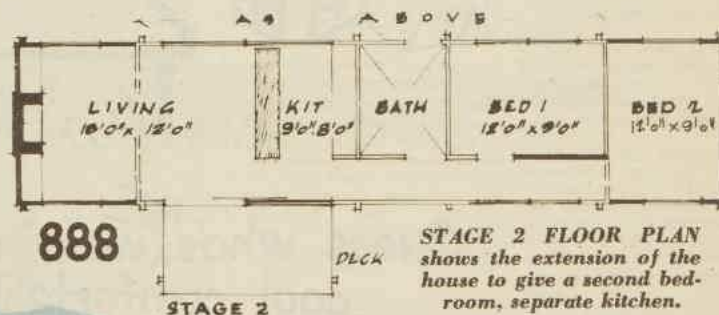
In timber, the house will cost £1200-£1400 for the owner-builder, and £1800 for the contractor.

Built in brick veneer, the house will cost the owner-builder £1325-£1525, and the contractor will charge £1925.

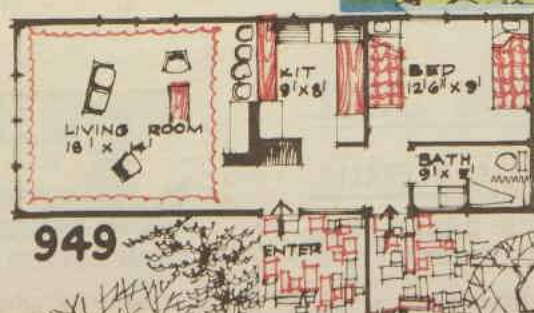
These prices are approximate, and do not include the price of the land. For accurate prices on your own site, please consult your local Home-Planning Centre. (See addresses on opposite page.)



STAGE 1 floor plan shows how the house in this stage is easy to enlarge.



STAGE 2 FLOOR PLAN shows the extension of the house to give a second bedroom, separate kitchen.



SKETCH above shows rows of windows above living-room. Floor plan at left, the snack-bar dividing kitchen and living-room.





B.42.WW

Guess who's <sup>NOT</sup> wearing shorts made from  
cool comfortable Bradmill Drill

**Red Label Quality**

THE RED LABEL GUARANTEES BRADMILL'S HEAVIEST WEIGHT DRILL

Bradmill Drill Garments are:

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**LOOK FOR THIS LABEL**

**WHEN YOU SEE IT ON ANY BRAND OF SHORTS, OVERALLS,  
WORK TROUSERS OR JEANS, BUY THEM WITH CONFIDENCE**

BRADMILL DRILL IS MADE BY BRADFORD COTTON MILLS LTD., AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF DRILL

Page 44

**BRADMILL  
DRILL**

IT'S THE GOOD DRILL!



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 1, 1961



the way from Chicago. And I'm going out to Brooklyn as soon as I leave you. She's staying with her mother out near Sheepshead Bay. You can check with her if you please."

He sat down again, looking hurt, the hurt of a perfect gentleman. For the first time, Dr. Fenton found himself weakening. This man could be bona fide. He could be Harvard '42, gone slightly sour. His age was the patient's age. His accent was mid-western. His clothes, his manners and his speech were not those of a movie spy.

"If it's proof you want, Dr. Fenton, I'll be happy to supply anything you ask. I know that your responsibility in regard to this is heavy. Security has to be all by the tail. But let me flash some lights along the shore. One, Eric Mallory is an atomic scientist. He is our answer to the Russians..."

The doctor smiled what he hoped was a smile of perplexed tolerance.

"Two, he is my age, thirty-eight years old. His birthday was July twenty-ninth. He's five feet ten. Hair brown and getting bald. Wears glasses. Wife's Italian. And his little boy has asthma."

"Excuse me a second," said the doctor.

"Certainly." Dr. Fenton walked into the reception room with some vague idea of having Edna call the Pentagon and track down the General. But Edna was at lunch. And, damn it, suppose this man was sincere? He certainly had showed no sign of alarm. Could "Green" afford to be trapped? It was possible, from many angles, that here was a decent bystander, intimately connected with the patient and his wife, who had come out of the goodness of his heart, quite stupidly, quite chivalrously.

He walked back into the consulting-room.

**S**TILL bright with the noon sun, it looked as peaceful as before. His visitor was seated where he had left him. Apologetically he rose. He looked at the doctor with a subdued, defeated look, and the worried lines about his eyes and cheeks grew deeper.

"I'm afraid I've done this badly," he said. "I've just been thinking it over. That was an awfully big order to ask of you. I mean, I suppose you wouldn't have given me such information, even if Eric were one of your regular patients, would you?"

"I wonder if you'd care to leave a local address and phone number, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"I'll be at Mrs. Mallory's till eight tonight. That number is Brighton 4-0669."

The doctor wrote it down.

"And your hotel?"

"I checked out an hour ago. The Romagnas are driving me to La Guardia."

"Where do you live in Chicago?"

"I've already given your secretary that. It's 40 Lakeview Apartments, Michigan Boulevard. Do you know Chicago, Doctor?"

"The phone number?"

He gave it.

"And your business address?"

"Lloyd Associates. They're a Chicago firm. It's Michigan 2-6201."

"Thank you."

"When may I come in again? If it were possible, could I bring Mrs. Mallory with me?" When the doctor stared through him, he smiled ruefully. "Still playing it cool? Well, I don't blame you. But I don't sleep nights. And my work is piling up. Poor little kid. What a predicament for a devoted wife. And I think she could really tell you some things that might help with your diagnosis." He paused. He shook his head. "It's not your fault. I

## Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

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understand. But last week when I was there . . ." He winced. "She breaks my heart."

He walked to the door and opened it. Outside, hanging on the hat-rack was a fine grey hat, also a topcoat. While he put it on, he pleaded. "You couldn't give me just one word to take her — one way or another?"

"Good day, Mr. Fitzgerald."

"One tiny crumb of hope would make a difference in her life. The boy is sick again. She hasn't slept."

"Good day," said Dr. Fenton.

"Please think it over some more. Thank you so much." He opened the door at last, then turned his head with a smile.

"What is your fee, Doctor?"

"If there is one, we'll send you a bill."

Fitzgerald left, and the doctor went back into the consulting-room and slumped in the wing chair. He felt as exhausted as though he'd played three sets of tennis.

The best-guarded secret of the century. Obviously. Oh sure, yes. For a full fifteen minutes he sat there, and then he picked up the telephone and dialled long distance.

"I'd like to make a person-to-person call to Chicago," he said. "But I'll need Chicago Information for the number."

There was a copy of Who's Who in America on his bookshelves, and while he waited, his eyes fell on it.

"Information . . ." "Information, we're calling for the number of Ernest Fitzgerald, 40 Lakeview Apartments, Michigan Boulevard."

In a few seconds the number was given. It tallied.

"Will you try it for me then, please?" he said.

He heard the New York operator dialling. After seven rings, he said, "I guess there's no answer."

"Would you like me to keep trying it, sir?"

"No, let's make it another number in Chicago." He gave the business number Fitzgerald had offered.

"Still person to person?"

"Please."

A man's voice answered on the first ring. "Yep?" A bit informal for an advertising agency. The operator apparently thought so, too. "Is this Lloyd Associates?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Long distance, calling Mr. Ernest Fitzgerald."

"He's not here, operator."

The man's voice was clipped, but refined. "Who's calling?"

"Would you see when he's expected, operator?"

"Can you tell me when Mr. Fitzgerald is expected, please?"

"Who's calling?" the man persisted.

"New York City," the operator said.

"Look, New York City is a big place," the man said.

"Mr. Carson," the doctor said.

"Fitzgerald will be back tomorrow night." The man hung up.

Cancelling the call, the doctor crossed the room to his bookshelves.

"Mallory, Eric," he read. "Physicist; b. Cincinnati, O., July 29, 1920. Wark and Helga (nee Fadji) M.B.S., Harvard 1942; M.S., Mass. Inst. Tech., 1943; Ph. D., U. Cal., 1944; m. Angela Romagna, 1951; son, John Cavendish. With Bell Laboratories, 1945; Princeton Univ., 1945-46; U.S. Govt., 1947."

It confirmed, as though with trumpets, everything Fitzgerald had said.

The doctor sat drumming on his desk. Then he got the Brooklyn telephone book. A Victor Romagna was listed be-

side the telephone number Fitzgerald had given.

"Doctor . . ." Edna was standing in the doorway. "Don't you think you should get some lunch? You have an appointment in forty-five minutes?"

"How many do I have tomorrow morning?"

"Three."

"Cancel them for me, will you, please? I won't be here."

Next morning he got his car from the public garage where he kept it, inched through crosstown traffic to the West Side Highway, and then through the tunnel to Brooklyn.

It was a beautiful bright day. Even the tenements sparkled.

lated, though peace and quiet were still here. The light fell kindly on old row houses, stores, apartment buildings, and one could still catch glimpses of the sea. Bedding hung from upstairs windows, washing flapped on the lines.

Brooklyn contained cities within cities, and this section seemed like some European small town. He saw indecipherable signs on the store fronts. Bolognas, sausages, live chickens were on display. Women with dark faces wheeled baby carriages, or idled, chatting. There were few men, and they were old. He passed two bearded cronies playing chess on sidewalk chairs. He passed a goat tied up in a front yard.

And somewhere, amid all this, the wife of the greatest

walks, filled the streets. They chattered in Italian, Yiddish, Spanish, broken English. Shouldering his way in, he moved through gawking women, skipping children, crying babies, delivery boys, looking first for the address before he thought of questioning.

The address he sought was evidently the house of mourning.

All the commotion was concentrated right there. The hearse stood open before the door. The man with the drum stood on the front stoop. Other musicians were milling about. It was a red-brick house like the other houses here, with a glassed-in front porch. The door of this porch was open and bore a crepe. The shades in the house were down. People kept running up and down the steps, women in black and men with mourning bands around their arms. There was a man who must be the undertaker, a frantic individual in a mourning coat, a high silk hat, a white carnation in his buttonhole, and a lavender hue to his complexion.

The coffin, an enormous grey one swamped with roses, was now emerging, borne by staggering pallbearers. It was at last shoved into the silk-curtained hearse. A wail rent the air. An old lady, dressed in black, had doubled up and was sobbing openly and beating her breast. She was pacified, then shoved into one of the limousines. Many of the family already seemed to be in the car, all in mourning, the women's faces veiled in black, but he could not see them. The shades within were drawn.

He spoke to a bystander, a woman in a velvet tam-o-shanter.

"Whose funeral is it?"

"Oh, poor Mrs. Romagna."

"When did she die?"

"On Tuesday. The best woman that ever lived." She crossed herself. "You should have been to the wake. Even the postman came." She stood on tiptoe, craning her neck.

"(Her mother is quite ill," the General had said.)

"Did she have any children?" he asked the lady.

"Sure. Eight." She held up two hands. "One came here all the way from California. Oh, there you are, Rosie?" She clutched a friend. "Say, did you ever see so many flowers? They say the casket cost three thousand dollars. These Italians!"

Why hadn't Ernest Fitzgerald mentioned death?

The doctor was pushed and shoved now back and forth. The band, with more desultory toots and thumps, was lining up. Dressed in business suits, they formed a phalanx, after the chief undertaker had rearranged them several times. Then they began to play an off-key rendition of Beethoven's Funeral March, arranged for cornets, tuba, and the drum. The effect of the music was strange, so early in the morning, on this noisy street.

But the crowd fell silent as the flower cars and the hearse began to move.

And behind the hearse, on foot, marched the male members of the family, in coal-black suits, carrying their hats across their hearts. They paced with gravity and expressions of deep sorrow (some wept) to the thumping of the drum, the slow, sad melancholy of the tune. It was old world and-in its own way quite splendid.

Limousine after limousine departed, each one speculatively examined by the doctor. Angela Mallory, one of eight children, should be in one. And she was beautiful, fantastically attractive. But he could distinguish nothing. The veils were thick, the shades stayed down.

He addressed another fascinated face, an open-mouthed youth in a rubber apron.

"Which one is Mrs. Mallory, the pretty daughter?"

The boy turned round, his mouth still open.

"I hear she's pretty," the doctor said, smiling.

The youth shrugged awkwardly. Then, smiling, he broke into Spanish, from which, using his small command of that language, the doctor judged that the speaker was a stranger here himself.

He had just been passing in a delivery truck which was parked beyond.

The last limousine had left. And in the distance, not too far away, a church bell began to toll above the resounding music of the band. The funeral, by foot and by car, was crawling towards the church. The crowd was following. Drawn with it, the doctor drifted on. He caught up with the cars again, and once more scrutinised the limousines. Mrs. Romagna might have been a millionaire, or a gangster's mother, to judge by all this display. He asked more questions.

Was one of Mrs. Romagna's daughters named Angela?

He found at last that one of them was.

Was she a married daughter?

She was. All the Romagna girls were married.

Was her name Mallory?

Did she have a son?

**T**HE questioner did not know, or did not stop to answer. The spectacle was too engrossing, morbidly glamorous. The doctor had heard it said that, in the milestone events of life, Italians were extravagant.

The band and hearse had reached a church, a big grey edifice with a clanging bell. Now the limousines were being emptied. The doctor stood with bared head, watching.

An old man with a cane hobbled out.

After him came a child, a little girl dressed all in black from head to toe. She even carried a black-edged handkerchief, rather self-importantly, he noted.

Then came three women, shrouded figures, one very tall, one medium, one fat. These in the first car ought to be the daughters of the deceased. The woman in the middle, the medium one, had pretty ankles. But he could not glimpse her face.

She paused one moment on the steps of the church, speaking to a friend. And so intent was the doctor on this pause that he almost missed the lady in the second car.

She too wore full mourning, the waist-length veil, a plain black coat, black stockings. She was clasping the hand of a small pale little boy. He could be about four years of age. He was dressed in a grey cap, grey shorts, and knee socks, like an English child.

She removed his cap, revealing light-brown hair, as they approached the steps of the church. Under the full black coat, it was impossible to see her figure, but her legs were slim and shapely. She held her head high and with dignity. Nor could he see beneath the clinging crepe of the veil. And yet he had the impression of beauty, as she passed him. Something soft, yet regal, the manner of a princess.

He had not thought of "Angela Mallory" as regal. Something more voluptuous and more blatant seemed to go with pin-ups. But beauty, like genius, did not always flaunt itself. And that boy might have had a grandmother with a name like Helga.

He turned away from the church, and walked back to the car, wondering.

At dusk he sat again in his

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He drove out along the edge of Bay Ridge, skirting a harbor of purest blue. Making its way towards the ocean, outlined against the hills of Staten Island, was a liner with three orange stacks. The Belt Parkway in this morning sun was quiet, relatively deserted. Curving far ahead, far off, he saw the crescent shape of Coney Island, a glittering scimitar accented by a Ferris wheel. The air blew fresh and salt, ruffling across his hair.

Plum Beach, salt marshes, and even dunes. He was reluctant to leave these open refreshing vistas, and turn at last into crowded streets.

They were heavily popu-

scientific brain in the country. If Fitzgerald was bona fide. And if he wasn't . . . ?

He slowed the car down on a quiet block, parked it and walked the rest of the way through a maze of streets. Tumble-down wooden houses, a big church, a quiet school — and there at last was the place. He paused. It was swarming with people, and the thumping noise that he had been hearing for the last three blocks proved to be the sound of a bass drum. A trumpet blasted. He saw a hearse, a line of limousines and flower cars.

A funeral. The crowd covered the side-



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office, waiting for Edna to leave. When she had finally done so, he dialled the number. By now the body would have been laid to rest. By now even so elaborate a funeral as that one should be over.

"Hello." It was a male voice; in the background many other voices and the clatter of silverware.

"May I speak to Mrs. Mallory, please?"

The phone was set down, and he heard a voice calling, "Angie..."

And presently a soft, musical "Yes?"

"Mrs. Mallory?"

"Yes, this is Mrs. Mallory."

"I am trying to reach a Mr. Ernest Fitzgerald. He

## Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

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told me he might be visiting you this evening."

"Ernest Fitzgerald?" There was a vulnerable, almost child-like innocence and politeness to the reply. "Why, no, as a matter of fact I haven't seen him for years."

"Oh, I see."

"He was my husband's room-mate in Harvard," she went on. "In fact, he was best man at our wedding, but he lives in Chicago. I believe he—"

Belatedly she checked herself, but the afterthought was still polite. "Who's calling, please?"

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you," the doctor said. "Thank you."

He hung up. For a while longer he sat at his desk.

A phony, then. Mr. Ernest Fitzgerald was a phony. But to what extent a phony?

The doctor walked to the window, looked down into the lighted canyons of the city. It was dark by now. A crescent moon floated above the Waldorf.

A dangerous phony without doubt. And a very knowledgeable phony, who had led him straight to the wife of the patient.

And from the standpoint of professional curiosity, what a temptation it was to go to see her, talk with one who sounded so refined and gentle, get her to shed light on what had driven her husband insane.

Brooklyn was temptingly close. But that was out of the question. He had made solemn promises.

The more critical question was whether he should report the events of the past two days to the General. From the standpoints of honor, of obedience, the answer was clearly yes.

He turned away from the window, remembering the General's positiveness in saying that if it should be decided that he, Fenton, was in danger, he would be automatically removed from the case.

He did not want to be removed from the case. Somehow he did not believe in the danger. He would take the responsibility for keeping silent. He would take the risk and see what happened next.

But after his return from Base X, falling exhausted into bed, he had thought it over and was maligning himself for egotism of the rankest sort. To assume that his own personal safety was the only thing at stake was vainglory. To take matters into his own hands out of some misguided sense of heroism could very easily prejudice the safety of that woman, as well as the security of the United States.

HE would tell the General, even if it meant removal from the case. At least it would mean that he'd be getting a lot more sleep. But it was important to tell the General himself. Not Stevens, not the underlings. He would ask Stevens to arrange another meeting.

"Wichita Falls . . ." The patient's voice was clear and distinct.

And then: "... the face of the earth."

After a gruelling flight, the doctor sat in the red room, listening to the tape recorder. Its use as a watchdog in the intervals between his visits had borne fruit.

"That was a Saturday afternoon," said Major Brown, consulting a note pad.

And at four o'clock on Sunday, "November 2, the patient had said, in a manner of a college professor lecturing a class:

"Science is beyond this pettiness, gentlemen. I respect no rules except the rules of mathematics. Look at the stars. Do they contend among themselves?"

There was gagging after this, and a marked inability to speak. Then he cried out, as though in pain, "What have I done?"

At eight o'clock that night, after a period of sleep, he had begun a lecture on radiation waves.

This evidently had contained too much of the technical, for it was highly censored. Long gaps occurred in the tapes where the Major had done some cutting. But enough was there to be impressive.

The erudition of this man still seemed intact.

Here was a brain still aware professionally. The patient spoke quite calmly and with perfect enunciation for quite a while, moving through the cosmic heavens as though they were a well-mapped highway.

"The moon must be regarded only as a stepping stone. Here we can refuel..."

Was this "insanity" or the world of a different breed of men, men who in the space of a few brief years had made strange dreams come true and were pushing farther on to a limitless conquest of Time? Men who regarded Earth and its brief history as a jumping-off point and the moon as a mere filling station.

The patient seemed neither militant nor nationalistic in his ideas. He did not talk about "bases," a race, or chauvinistic possession of the planets. As far as could be determined (though Major Brown might have censored much) his attitude toward space travel was non-political, almost personal. He wanted to devise equipment and explore a road. That was all.

On Monday morning, November 3, the day when Dr. Fenton was again due, he had tossed and muttered.

Only a few words were distinct. Once again the mysterious "Wichita Falls." He

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was obsessed with that town. The doctor had looked it up in the Britannica, and checked its possible significance with Major Brown. It was a town in Texas, population 68,042, near the Oklahoma border, on Wichita River. Major Brown said there was no government base there. Nor, so far as anyone knew, had the patient ever lived there.

"Now," said Dr. Throckmorton, beginning to gurgle with excitement, "listen to what's coming next."

Dr. Fenton listened, and heard the patient ask the time and day of the week. With pleased surprise, the orderly replied that it was seven o'clock in the evening, Monday, November 3.

## Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

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The patient then mentioned Dr. Fenton's name and asked if this were not the night when the doctor was due to arrive.

He said this with considerable effort and whispered tones, but he had the name correct. Thus it was evident that by now the doctor's comings and goings had registered. Memory and some orientation were present.

Throckmorton beamed. Major Brown snapped off the set.

"That's about it," he said. "Good," said Dr. Fenton.

"Well, let's get started then, shall we?"

He looked at his watch. It was close to eleven, almost too late to start. They had been lucky to make it to Base X at all. Winds of almost gale intensity had buffeted the plane the entire way. For a while Stevens had favored turning back. They had arrived an hour later than usual.

The doors rolled back. "Good evening. I am Dr. Fenton . . ."

The patient ignored this

greeting. But he was awake, and rather violently awake, for very shortly after the doctor's voice had died away, some heavy breathing began, and the now familiar choking, gasping sounds which heralded an outburst. Dr. Fenton waited.

"I can't go through with it!" the patient cried suddenly, then paused.

"Through with what?" the doctor asked quietly.

"You don't know," was the fierce reply. Not addressed to him, he thought, but to some vision. "My back is to the wall." This ended in a sort of gasp, a whimper, then the

sounds of tossing came through the microphone, the rustling of sheets.

"Is that your wife to whom you're speaking?" asked the doctor.

Instantly, almost warily, the tossing ceased. There was a long, long silence. With sudden sharpness, directly, the question came.

"Do you know my wife?" the patient asked.

"No. We have never met," the doctor said. "But I have heard about her. And she is safe. So is your boy."

"They aren't. You're a liar. Excuse me." Cultured and yet explosive, the refined voice now came tightly. As through set teeth he groaned, "Oh! What fools!"

"They are safe, my friend."

But this did not calm him. Thrashing about in the bed, he seemed to be beating his head against a pillow. "Idiot," he groaned. "So stupid."

He paused. Fear seemed to have overcome him once again, and for about five minutes he remained as silent as a statue. Dr. Fenton now spoke soothingly.

He explained that the woman and the child were under constant protection, as was the patient, too. Every effort was being made to preserve his home, and it would be there when he returned. That was, if the patient wished it to be there. Repeating all the General's bromides (for there was nothing he dared add), he emphasised the earnest desire of the State to please the patient at any cost. The State assumed that he loved his family. It was part of him. And so he must not fear for it.

"Would you like to hear from your wife?" he asked.

"Come here. You!" the patient said. "You. Out there. Closer."

The doctor slowly rose from his chair. The hairs on the back of his neck had risen. The voice was low, conspiratorial, intimate.

"Closer." It was a whisper now.

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It was impossible to get any closer. His nose was almost touching the canvas of the screen. He was so close, that if he pushed a little, he could probably touch that bed. He could hear the breathing beyond, unamplified. He could almost feel the movements of the lips, the eyes fixed on him.

"Are you as close as possible?"

"I am as close as possible. What do you want to tell me?"

"I want you to . . . to . . . Don't let them close the doors!"

"I won't. What is it?"

"Take us to the moon," came the disappointing reply, still whispered desperately. "You tell them that. That's where we'll all be safe. Only on the moon—"

"Your wife and son."

"Yes?" Sibilantly, with panic. "Nobody has reached it yet. Or have they?"

"Not yet."

"Not in my ship. Nobody knows about my ship. My special ship. But I've got one in my desk. Don't close the doors!" he shouted. He whispered, "Do you know where she is?"

"No, sir."

"Oh!" A deep, disappointed sigh. Then—"Are you brave?"

"I try to be," Dr. Fenton said.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-two."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"What do you do?"

"Psychiatry. Helping worried people."

"Psychiatry! Hmph!" There was a loud sound of disgust. "I've talked to them. They're know-nothings. Psychiatry isn't science. Can you measure a dream?"

"No. Not measure. But maybe judge."

"Do you know what makes men into devils?"

"Sometimes," said Dr. Fenton.

"To you there are no devils."

"I believe that evil people exist, and can do harm."

"And I am evil. Do you think that?"

"Not at all. Just troubled."

"Troubled!" The patient laughed, a harsh, wild laugh. "I'm evil, that's what I am. I'm a murdering devil. I'm damned. Why don't you shoot me? All of you. Shoot me!" He cried so that the prisms of the chandeliers began to ring.

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## SHOW BUSINESS

# BEAVER'S TV FAMILY

● "Leave It To Beaver," a family show, has always been notable for its nice parents, Barbara Billingsley and Hugh Beaumont, and equally nice family, Wally Cleaver (Tony Dow), who is 16, and Theodore "The Beaver" (Jerry Mathers). The boys, seen below as they are on TV, are great favorites. Televiewers are always asking what they are really like off-screen. They are much as they are on TV, which probably accounts for the success of the series.



## Beaver at home

JERRY MATHERS is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Mathers. His father is a school-teacher in Los Angeles. His mother is busy raising her family and keeping house.

IN real life The Beaver has several ambitions that he's busy working on. His most pressing ones are to grow taller and put on some weight. His long-range one is to be a great nuclear physicist and work on space ships.

Jerry has a brother, Jimmy, who is 5, and a sister, Susie, who is 9. They adore their actor brother, who often takes them round the studio to meet the Western stars they idolise.

Jerry won't admit it, but his mother says he gets a big thrill from talking to the cowboys.

"I like Westerns because they're historical," he said recently. "My favorite hobby is collecting historical objects. I have one of the biggest collections of anybody I know."

Jerry's interest in historical objects was awakened by his father. He gave Jerry a few objects he had collected himself, telling him their story.

Jerry, who is only 4ft. 9in. tall and weighs 6st. 11lb., seems much younger than his 12 years. He is very self-conscious about his size and swims and plays basketball as much as possible, as he believes this may make him taller.

The producers of "Leave it to Beaver" don't interfere with Jerry's attempts to grow bigger. They just hope and pray he doesn't succeed, because the whole show depends on his passing for an 11-year-old.

Acting stops Jerry from attending a school, but he has a tutor at the studio.

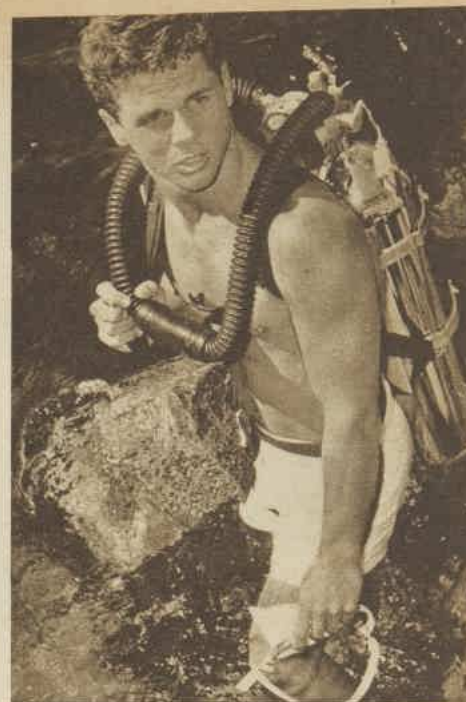
He misses the company of children his own age and the competitive sport at school. Mrs. Mathers sees he gets both when he gets home.

"I want him to live a perfectly normal life in spite of his acting career," she said. "I send him out to play with the neighborhood children."

"He also has little chores to do round the house. He makes his own bed, tidies his room, and helps me dry the dishes in the evening."

"Sometimes he's pretty reluctant to do these things, but I'm firm with him. I don't want him to be spoiled."

At present he's happy as he is. "It's all right being The Beaver," he says, "but it won't bother me when I get to be too big. By then it'll be time to send a man into space."



## Wally at home

TONY DOW, The Beaver's 16-year-old brother, Wally, is 15, 5ft. 7½in. tall, and weighs 9st. 12lb. He's naturally very shy, but acting has helped him to overcome some of this shyness.

TONY is happiest of all in the water.

His specialties are swimming and diving, which he does so well that he has been winning medals and setting records since he was six.

"I learned to swim when I was two," he said, "and have never stopped since. When I was six I began learning to dive."

By the time he was eight he had set a nation-wide record for his age group in the breaststroke. By the time he was ten he was first in the Western States Amateur Diving Competition and won several gold medals in the Junior Olympics.

Although he gave up competitive swimming when he joined the "Beaver" series, Tony still swims in his spare time and has acquired two more aquatic skills—skin-diving and water-skiing.

Whenever they can get away, Tony and his parents sail to Catalina Island, just off California, for a weekend of skin-diving and water-skiing.

A recent newcomer on these jaunts is Tony's 16-year-old girl-friend, whose name he wants to keep a secret. But he will admit that she's a freshman in college and is studying to become a teacher.

Tony confesses that he occasionally dates other girls, for he doesn't believe in going steady. He prefers an afternoon at the beach above all else.

He likes to take girls to movies and parties, but dislikes formal dances because, he says, "I'm not a very good dancer."

Although Tony has been portraying a senior high-school student, he is a year younger and is only now entering senior high.

"I enjoy studying," he said. "Right now my favorite subject is maths. But I also like psychology very much. In fact, I hope to major in it in college."

Does this mean he plans to abandon his acting career? Tony isn't sure, and says he'll wait to see how he feels once he's graduated from college.

But one thing is certain: he'll stay with the "Beaver" show "as long as I'm wanted"—which means he'll be on the TV screen for a long time to come.



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## WEEKEND

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FAMOUS ENGLISH COMEDIAN Jimmy Edwards, who will visit Australia next month to appear on "Top of the Town" at Sydney's Channel 9 and Melbourne's Channel 7. Jimmy is photographed above with his blond wife, Valerie, who is coming with him to Australia.

## "Pa Glum" stars in local variety

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Famous English comedian Jimmy Edwards is arriving in Australia next month to star in Channel 9's big, new live show, "Top of the Town."

"TOP OF THE TOWN" will replace the Bobby Limb show for six months from Friday, February 10, at 8.30 p.m., when it finishes its current season.

"Top of the Town" will be a variety show, planned to be in the super-colossal class, starring overseas celebrity artists and with a core of proved Australian artists.

When Professor ("Pa Glum") Edwards arrives next month he will do one live show in Sydney and one in Melbourne from Channel 7.

There are no details available yet of the script of the Edwards "Top of the Town," whether Jimmy will appear as Mr. Glum of "Take it from Here," as the schoolmaster of "Whacko" or what, but that characteristic Edwards gusto promises a treat.

Star of the first edition of "Top of the Town" will be English comedian Jeffrey Lenner, a dark young man who has had big successes in England.

Australian artists appearing with him will be Barry Linehan; up and coming singing star Patsy Ann Noble; pianist Igor Hmelnitsky. Bob Gibson's 26-piece band will also be featured.

If you're a Bobby Limb fan, you'll be glad to hear that the new show will definitely have a Limb touch. Bobby is acting as a production adviser with Peter Benardos, who so successfully produced his show and is now in

charge of production of "Top of the Town."

I asked Bobby about this new venture and what he'd be doing. He feels it will be wonderful experience for him while he is away from TV.

"I'll be working with Peter," he said. "We'll be making sure that the run of the show is right, watching the artists, the general balance of the show."

"If the comedy is lacking

(Dwayne Hickman) and his loves, especially Thalia (Tuesday Weld), are a joy.

I've been a fan of Max Shulman, who wrote the book from which the TV series is made, for years. If any adult writer has got inside the teenage mind, Shulman has. He reveals the American teenager as quite different from the way he is on most TV shows.

"Dobie Gillis" is a refreshing show, and after the sac-

never a star until "Dobie Gillis" made him one.

"I hadn't worked before a camera in almost a year, till 'Dobie' and it really didn't kill me. I was an economics major in college, and was thinking about becoming a stockbroker."

Dwayne's life as Dobie Gillis would be much easier if Thalia knew this. Thalia (Tuesday Weld), who mixes charm and a necessarily mercenary nature with her affairs of the heart, could never resist a budding stockbroker.

## TELEVISION PARADE

We meet the  
astronauts

"THE Slow Count Down," a C.B.S. documentary shown on ABC-TV last week, introduced televisioners to seven of the world's most interesting men—America's seven astronauts who are training on Project Mercury to be among the world's first men into space.

I found the documentary a real out-of-this-world job, and would have liked to hear more interviews and talk with the astronauts.

I'd like to know what makes the astronauts the supermen they must be to undertake such a project with apparently the greatest self-possession.

Even the sight of the satellites they will man—the "chair" like a steel shell in the shape of a reclining body that will ensure that their spine doesn't suffer when they blast off—was enough to make me feel I must take to the wide open spaces.

at all or looks a bit sticky we'll hop in and fix it."

Apart from his producing experiment Bobby and his wife, Dawn Lake, will be starring in the new Phillip Street Theatre revue, "Out on a Limb." They're both excited about getting back to the stage again.

The Limbs' big shot-in-the-arm for 1961 is a month's trip to America in June to fulfil nightclub and TV engagements.

They'll be away only a month, but it sounds as if it will be a really exciting month. After that it will be back to Australia and plans for their new TV season.

**Dobie Gillis**

**refreshing**

THERE are few things on TV as entertaining and full of laughs as "The Life and Loves of Dobie Gillis" on Sydney's Channel 7. Dobie

charine sentiment of many family series does a good job of presenting the American teenager and his parents as real people.

It's a relief to find that the kids are not a collection of horrors, and their parents not people who are always unbelievably pious about their children and responsibilities.

When the Gillis' find Dobie more than ordinarily trying and one or the other says, "I'll kill that boy," instead of something about more togetherness being needed in the house, it's just like home.

Blond Dwayne Hickman, who plays Dobie, is much older than he looks. As Dobie he is 17. In real life he is 23, and looks 17—he really does.

Dwayne's acting career began 19 years ago, when he was four years old and played the role of Claudette Colbert's son in "The Secret Heart."

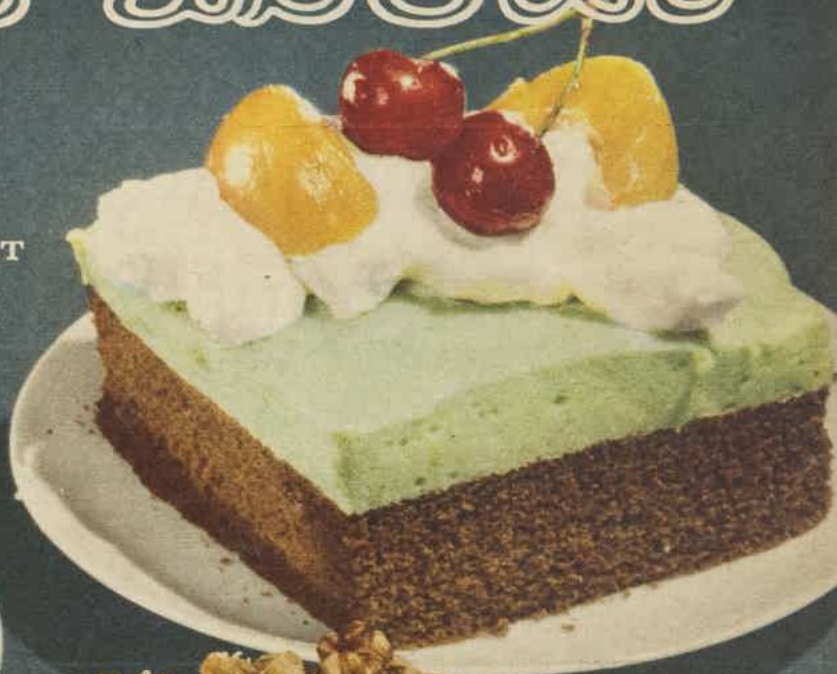
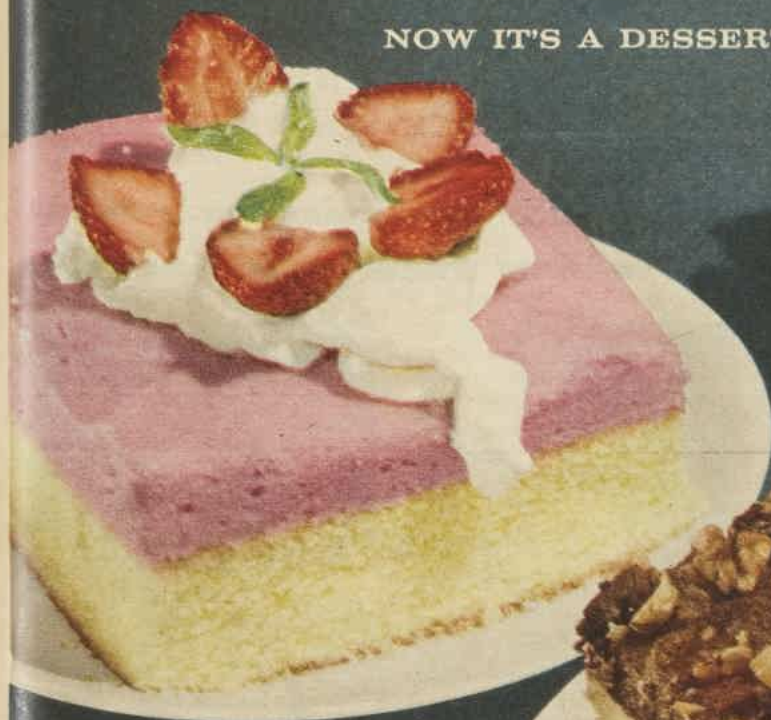
Dwayne has been acting off and on ever since, but was



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## SUMMER CHANGE-ABOUT CAKE

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Top with cream, etc., or leave plain. Cut in pan, then lift out and serve as cake or dessert.

### MOCHA WHIP TOPPING

Stir  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk and one packet Mother's Choice Mocha Whip over low heat until boiling. Cool. Beat one small can (five ozs.) chilled evaporated milk until thick, then beat in Mocha Whip.

LV93/60



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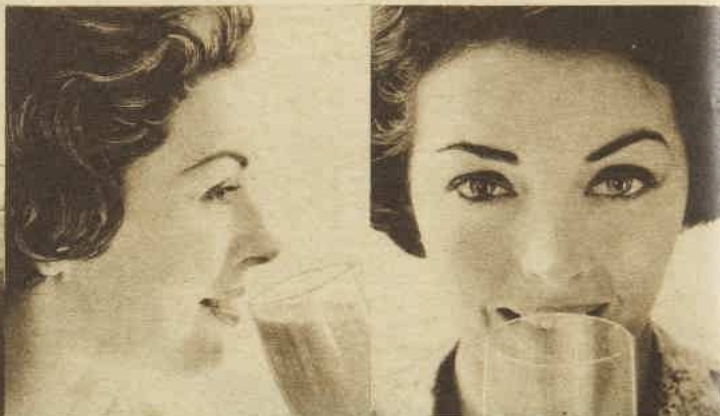
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When the new wonder food was released to the public, Metrecal was soon acclaimed by hundreds of thousands of American men and women as the **most effortless**, most pleasant way to control weight ever discovered. Its success in Europe has been equally overwhelming. Now Metrecal is here in Australia for you.

## what is Metrecal?

Metrecal is a concentrated food in powder form. In balanced proportions, Metrecal contains high-grade protein, fat, carbohydrates, vitamins A, C and D, thiamine, riboflavin, niacinamide, pyridoxine HCl, calcium, panto-

thenate, vitamins E and B12, and minerals, calcium, potassium, sodium, phosphorus, iron, copper, manganese, zinc and iodine.

Each half-pound can is one complete day's food—900 calories. This amount of calories meets all your nutritional needs as you diet, but because it is one-half to one-third of the average person's daily calorie intake, it automatically forces the body to draw on its own fat supply, in this way burning up excess pounds.

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The powder is mixed with water and drunk as a liquid. You may mix a whole day's supply at once, and keep it in the refrigerator, or mix one glassful at a time.

In either case, you drink four glassfuls a day—at breakfast, lunch, dinner and before going to bed.

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## how effective is the Metrecal diet?

In clinical tests conducted by recognised physicians, people on a complete Metrecal Diet have reported weight adjustments ranging from  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pound a day to 18 pounds in 12 days. You can expect the same results!

**Your physician is your best source of counsel and guidance in choosing your reducing programme.**

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# New star on way up

● Big things are predicted for Warren Beatty, actor brother of Shirley MacLaine, now starring with Vivien Leigh in "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone."

THIS is his second picture, his first being "Splendour in the Grass" for Elia Kazan.

Although the first film has not yet been shown, advance studio reports indicate that 1961 could be a big year for the softly spoken young actor with the Montgomery Clift looks.

In "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," which is by Tennessee Williams, Beatty plays an Italian gigolo who woos Vivien Leigh, an ageing actress.

The film is being directed by the Italian Jose Quintero at Elstree.

THERE was a time when fiery Rita Moreno was the girl in Marlon Brando's life. Now, as soon as she has finished "West Side Story," she's expected to marry Sam Gillman, the stuntman who sometimes works as Brando's stand-in.

★ ★ ★

IN an attempt to put an end to what they declare are mutually embarrassing romance rumors, Glenn Ford and Maria Schell now see each other only on the set of "North From Rome." The rumors have been in circulation ever since they starred together in "Cimarron."

## New Films With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average  
★ Average No star—poor

### ★★ NORTH TO ALASKA

Here's a swashbuckling adventure of gold-rush Alaska, with color, roistering, and a feast of fisty action. Million-dollar-gold-strike partners John Wayne and Stewart Granger battle stake-stealers in a get-rich-quick border town and vie for the love of honky-tonk gal Capucine. A rugged duo, shining in typical roles, Wayne and Granger will thrill their fans. But the serenely elegant Capucine only remakes her "Song Without End" princess debut in a speakeasy setting. **Comic**

relief comes from the singing laughgetter Fabian. —Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . VITAL.

### THE SECRET OF THE PURPLE REEF

Yankee baseballer Jeff Richards should stick to his diamond. He's as lost as the schooner The Cloud in this Caribbean mystery of a vanished ship. No suspense and little interest herald the dull climax. But there's compensatory color in the scenery. —Palace, Sydney.

In a word . . . FLAT.

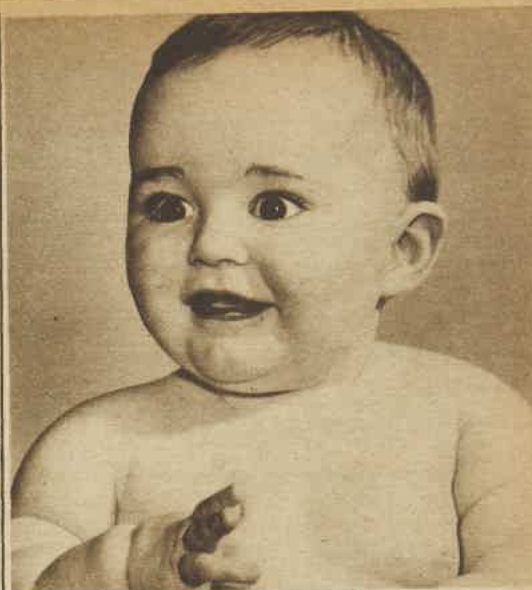
NEWEST movie version of "Camille" is to star European actress Emanuela Riva in what was one of Garbo's greatest roles, with Dirk Bogarde in the part formerly played by Robert Taylor. The film will be made in both English and French.

WHEN it comes to the casting of the movie version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's Broadway musical "Flower Drum Song," it seems likely that Nancy Kwan and France Nuyen will once again be after the same role. France originally was cast for "The World of Suzie Wong," and Nancy only got her chance when France was dropped from the cast. This

time, it's said, both will have to make tests before any decision is made about who is to play the San Francisco burlesque queen.

STILL another personal contract between an actor-producer and his co-star has been signed by John Wayne and the fascinating Elsa Martinelli, whose first movie together will be the African-made "Hatori."

MEANTIME Jack Lemmon, whose Broadway play "Face of a Hero" has closed, is back in Hollywood having his first break from work in two years. However, he'll be before the cameras soon in "Notorious Landlady."



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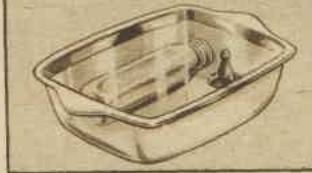
Young babies have practically no resistance to germs; that is why they are so liable to suffer from tummy upsets, gastro-enteritis and diarrhoea. Thrush is a problem, too. If your baby must be bottle-fed, it is important that you keep his bottles and teats germ free. Of course, baby's feed must be sterile, too. All milk must be boiled before use.

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"You all have guns!" He began to sob.

"Nobody wants to shoot you."

"Liar!"

"Tell me who does."

The sobs went on, finally dwindling to a sigh.

"Will you tell me some time?"

But the patient's interest seemed to have wandered off. He began muttering and tossing, and again was heard the fateful name of Wichita Falls. Nobody stirred in the big bare room.

"What happened at Wichita Falls?"

Just muttering.

"Will you tell me some time?" the doctor asked.

"Yes."

## Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 48

"When I come back on Wednesday?"

The patient did not answer.

"We want to help you find those devils," Dr. Fenton said. "We don't want you to be shot. We want you to be happy."

He paused. The screen was silent.

"But you must help us. Only you can help us. We are your friends. Do you believe that?"

"Yes," the patient said. "Yes."

"Very slowly, tentatively. Yes, Doctor . . . Fenton."

It was a most cheerful set of faces that surrounded him after the doors were closed. Dr. Throckmorton chortled and

patted him on the back. Major Brown proposed a drink, and brought out a bottle of bourbon. Even the imperturbable Stevens looked pleased. Wonderful, amazing seemed the play to this long-suffering audience, and many questions were asked, each point rehearsed. Did the doctor realise that the patient not only knew his name, but liked him? And how about the marked improvement in speech, the lucidity of those sentences?

How could they help till the

next session? They were ready to stand on their heads to play some part in speeding up the cure.

Their fate depended upon that cure, and Base X had long ago lost all its novelty. Dr. Throckmorton's arthritis had reappeared. Major Brown had an infected wisdom tooth.

Dr. Fenton felt pleased. This was a big advance, a break, but they had a long, long way to go. The patient had opened up, showed intelligence, some awareness, some warmth of human feeling and the beginning of trust, but he was a very

sick man, irrational, paranoid, fantasy-ridden, and the source of his dilemma as yet unknown. Whether this problem was personal, political, real or unreal still remained to be discovered, and after discovery, treatment must begin. That treatment, considering that the mind itself was of extraordinary calibre, would be a ticklish job. It might take months.

But he threw no wet blanket on their enthusiasm. He drank his bourbon, participated in the toasts. Only when he got outside (it was long after one) and, blindfolded, faced the storm, the slippery bridge, the mud, did he give away to gloom. And then it was not the storm or the dreary weeks of wintry weather which oppressed him.

Storms could be outfaced, but he had other reasons for wanting a quick cure. Why had the patient thought his wife was going to be murdered?

Perhaps "devils" did exist.

In this morning's mail another letter from Green had come, with a New Jersey telephone number. Last night his office safe and files had been broken into. And when, during the flight down, he had asked Stevens to let him see the General, he had been told that it would be at least two days before a meeting could be arranged.

The storm had not abated, and it was after 4 a.m. when the plane arrived at Newark. Dutybound, he left the cab as usual at 86th Street and walked towards his house. The streets were rivers, black and wind-swept. Rain ran in rivulets from his hat. He was very tired and very wet, and perhaps it was illusion, the effect of so much suspense, but he had the sense that he was being followed.

The nondescript bulk of a man had definitely stepped from under an awning as he turned west on Lexington. And, glancing back from time to time, he saw that this figure kept pace half a block away. By 92nd and Madison, the shadow was still visible, coming inexorably on. Maybe a drunk. But the silence of the pre-dawn city, the whistling wind and the old-fashioned, unlit houses made a sullen framework for the figure.

But he was not accosted. And, seeing his house at last, he now had another worry to drive this one away. The front-room lights were blazing.

ALWAYS, on the other late nights, Louisa had left only a dim light in the hall. As he got out his key on the stoop, the door was opened and her bathrobed figure confronted him.

"Doctor, where have you been? I was ready to call the police. There's been a sick man here all night."

"A sick man. Who?"

"He said he was a patient of yours. He said your answering service wouldn't tell him where you were. And he didn't want to go to hospital."

"So he came right here. Oh, look at your overcoat? Have you been walking? In that rain?"

"What's his name? Is he upstairs?"

He had already glanced into the lighted parlor. It was empty.

"Oh, no. Finally he went away. A Mr. Fitzgerald. Ernest Fitzgerald."

Slowly he took off his hat and shook it. Then he walked on sopping feet into the parlor.

"How long was he here?"

"He came around nine. He waited and waited and waited. Finally I told him not to wait any more."

"And when was that?"

"Around one."

Cigarette butts overflowed the coffee-table ashtray, several other ashtrays were also filled. But there were not any visible signs of outrage. Damn. Not to be able to warn her.

Not to be permitted even to show his alarm to his old friend, the guardian of his home. And the General, as yet, no help.

"Did he leave an address?"

"No. He said you knew it."

Her description of the visitor matched the description of last Thursday's "patient" exactly, except that the man tonight had not been calm. He had had a crew-cut, was short, blond, very well dressed, but looked very pale, and was shaking when Louisa opened the door. Deeply apologetic and with a tremor in his voice, he had told her

To page 55

## Lively youngsters love these comfy stretch sox

AND MOTHER LOVES THE WAY THEY WEAR!



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5/6



that he hadn't slept at all for the last three nights, and was at the very end of his rope. She had built him a fire in the library, and later offered him a cup of tea.

This, of course, was one of the maddening factors of the business, for patients had been offered similar refuge before. Indeed, as the maternal type and curious, Louisa tried her best to be in on the doctor's professional affairs, and she revelled in such opportunities to hear case histories, offer consolation, and act as liaison. She was very jealous of Edna Willoughby.

"How much did you talk to him?"

He was still moving about the rooms, opening drawers, glancing at the contents, but nothing seemed to have been disturbed.

"Not very much. He said the fire was very restful. So I just looked in on him from time to time."

## Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 54

"You gave him the run of the house?"

"Not really. But where were you so late?"

Exhausted by the events of the night before, the doctor overslept, arrived at his office later than his first appointment, and it was still raining hard. A three-day north-easter seemed in prospect. The heat was on the office far too hot. Edna Willoughby kept bothering him about the office "robbery" (she felt that the building superintendent should be notified, if he insisted on keeping it from the police) and the files were still mixed up. He found himself listening to patients without much interest, his ears alerted only when the phone rang.

He badly wanted to hear from Operator 10.

Between one and two, while he was out to lunch, another curious thing happened. He found the message typed by Edna on his desk when he returned.

"A lady called. Potential patient, says she. Too nervous to make appointment here. Would like to meet you instead at six tonight in Hotel Astor lobby. Wouldn't leave her name or address. Asks you wear white flower in lapel. She'll wear a red camellia."

He burst out laughing. And it was a relief to laugh. Slippery Fitzgeralds, robberies, and Mr. Green's special deliveries and phone numbers, and now — Mata Hari. They weren't even subtle.

He crumpled up the note, tossed it into the waste-basket. At four Stevens finally telephoned.

"This is Operator 10. Are you alone? Please ask your secretary to get off the line." Considering how many people now seemed to be in on all the "secrets," it was amusing to hear only Stony Stevens sticking to his guns.

But the doctor obeyed.

"Okay?"

"Okay."

"The General will see you at Base X tomorrow evening. He has heard that latest tape. He is delighted."

"Thanks."

What with shadowy figures and red camellias, the triumph of last night seemed now like ancient history.

"Newark. Same time. Tomorrow night." Stevens hung up.

Till then he was on his own. Still a day and a half before he could tell the General.

As the afternoon wore on the doctor fished the memo from the waste-basket, read it again, and then asked Edna about the phone call.

"She sounded more frightened than anything else," Edna said. "She talked in very low tones, as though she was afraid somebody might hear her."

"Hm," he said. "Doctor . . ." Edna was seated at her typewriter. She looked at him candidly. "Are you all right?"

He smiled. "Of course," he said.

"This isn't the place I once knew," she said. "Frankly, I'm beginning to feel more like a secretary to some private eye."

Again he smiled. "It's occurred to me, Edna, that this might be a good time for you to take your vacation. What do you think? I mean a bonus vacation. You'll still have one coming in the summer."

"Why?"

"I just think it might be a good idea. Certain things I don't want you to risk . . . I mean get involved with . . ."

"You mean it's dangerous for me to be working here?"

"I don't really know," he said. "It might be."

"Hm," she said. She shook the auburn curls. "If there's excitement I want to be in on it."

"I wish you'd think about it," he said. "In any case, I don't want you staying here after closing hours. No overtime work."

"I was never much of a one for that, anyway, Doctor . . ." She paused. "Do you mind if I tell you that you look terrible?"

"I know," he said.

"Are you going to meet that crazy woman at the Astor?"

"I don't think so," he said.

"Frankly, I think I'll go home and go to sleep."

He allowed extra time for getting a cab and, bizarrely enough, got one immediately, so that it was still ten minutes before six when he entered the Astor lobby.

**B**UT not with a white flower in his buttonhole. In the first place, he didn't like flowers in his lapel, and in the second place, there was no point in telegraphing his identity.

He went first to the newsstand and bought a packet of cigarettes and a paper, then criss-crossed the lobby and walked once about its perimeter. No red camellias. Women meeting for dinner and the theatre; an old lady dozing; men looking from newspapers to watches and back to newspapers; bellhops struggling with luggage. It was a busy place, a favorite meeting spot for out-of-towners. The revolving doors never came to rest. But no women with red camellias.

He waited, leaning against a pillar. Finally a chair was vacated. It faced the Broadway entrance. He took it, settling down behind his newspaper, looking every few seconds at the revolving doors. Five minutes passed.

At precisely six o'clock, a tall, well-built redhead emerged.

To page 56

## BACKACHE? like this



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### "The She-Wolf of France"

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The "She-Wolf" is Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II of England. The hero of this fictionalised history is Roger Mortimer, who escapes from the Tower of London to France, where, backed by the powerful princes around King Charles IV, he begins to plot against the weak, decadent regime in England. When Isabella is sent to France to negotiate a treaty, they meet and fall in love, and from then on present a united front against Edward.

Their return with an armed expedition to overthrow the King is successful. Mortimer gets back his lands and becomes the most powerful man in England, finally has Edward II murdered and the young heir, the Duke of Aquitaine, installed as King Edward III.

Scholarly research has gone into recreating this scene of history — and its

colorful characters, especially those of the French court, come to life. Historical notes at the end inspire further reading.

### "Birds in the Roof"

Josephine Blumenfeld (Heinemann). Price 17/-.

A talent for effective understatement and a touch of genteel eccentricity have been used to good account in this mixed bag of short stories by the author of "Pin-a-Rose on Me," which was serialised by The Australian Women's Weekly.

The delicious humor of that book is recalled in "The Dower House," a story about a man house-hunting and being interviewed by a gold-and-pink girl carrying a fat baby.

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## Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

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from the revolving doors, crossed to the news-stand, then strolled into the lobby proper, stopping a few feet away from where he sat. She looked at the big clock; she scanned the lobby. Her lips moved. He caught her eye. She looked haughtily away. She wore a white camellia—or was it a gardenia? He could never tell the difference. In any case, it was not red.

Catching her eye again, he rose. "May I offer you my seat?"

"My goodness, such chivalry." Smiling, she sat down. "Thank you."

She was up again immediately, saying "Lester!" and advancing to meet a man in a camel's-hair coat that was far too long for him. They linked arms and left.

DR. FENTON took the chair again, raised the newspaper. Again he looked about the lobby. Almost every woman in the place was wearing a flower of some kind. He had never realised how many women wore flowers.

And to compound the uncertainty, making the rounds of the lobby came a man in a shabby topcoat, carrying a basket of white flowers. A placard attached to the basket said "50 cents."

It was by now six-fifteen. Somebody had suffered from cold feet.

He returned to his newspaper, this time becoming engrossed in a story concerning juvenile delinquency. When he next looked at the clock, it was almost six-twenty, and scanning the lobby again, he saw a woman he had not noticed before. She sat on an opposite sofa, her back to the revolving doors. She was more a girl than a woman, a pretty slim brunette. If she had been there before, he would have noticed her, no doubt of that.

But she wore no flower, white or red.

He returned briefly to his newspaper, then looked again. Red camellia or not, she was worth looking at. Delicately made and graceful, she was all in black. But it was not the chic costume or the figure that held his eye, but the face above it. A face too romantic almost for the fashionable suit, the small black hat. A face like a Murillo Virgin. Gentle, classic, with modest, downcast eyes.

As he watched, she crossed her legs, putting one slim ankle on display.

He lost interest in the newspaper and looked just for the sheer pleasure of looking, glancing away only often enough to avoid outright staring, and to check the doors.

When he turned his eyes to her face again, she was looking directly at him. Her eyes were a remarkable brown, large and velvety, with a look so candid as to seem childlike. He smiled. She looked away.

It was now six-twenty-five. He thought, maybe red camellias were out of season. Maybe there weren't any red camellias. Maybe the truck bringing red camellias had broken down in Hoboken.

He rose and crossed to where she sat.

"Good evening," he said. "Was it you who called?"

She looked at him blankly, or perhaps it was feigned blankness. Then color flooded her face. Her lips moved, but it was a murmur rather than an answer.

"I am Dr. Fenton," he said. She smiled, with deep embarrassment, and softly shook her

head. Then she dropped her eyes to her purse.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said, and returned to his chair, this time making no pretence of reading the newspaper.

She was now scanning the room, the low chignon moving gracefully as she turned her head, first this way and then that. Her eyes avoided him consistently. Frowning, she looked at the clock. What a beautiful woman. Not a feature, not a gesture that was not feminine, subtly alluring. Once more her eyes met his, and this time they had a look of softness . . . of apology.

She was rising and walking gracefully towards the revolving doors.

He followed her.

When he got through the doors, she was already down on the sidewalk. He saw her toss something into the gutter, then move off into the rainy night amidst the dinner-hour crowds.

He paused long enough to look. There in the gutter was a crumpled flower, its color a bright red.

A passing taxi immediately ran over it, splashing mud against his trousers. And down Broadway, nothing was to be seen except a host of faces, many umbrellas moving like a river under the rain, the glittering signs.

The room with the red Chinese wallpaper looked different when the doctor's blindfold was removed on Wednesday night. Two large wing chairs had been set before the fireplace, with a braided rug between them; a fire had been laid and a handsome antique silver coffee service set upon a piecrust table to the right of the mantel.

The General was in uniform, impressive, amiable, though his wavy white hair and waxen countenance under the glaring globe lights made him look more than ever like an old-fashioned tailor's dummy. He wrung Dr. Fenton's hand, but did not sit down.

"I should like to have our talk after the session, Doctor. Tonight I intend to listen in. It should be an interesting evening, eh? Hope that's all right with you?"

"Of course," the doctor said. "I was more than impressed with your work the other night." The rolling tone was, as usual, ministerial. "You hit the mark in that last tape. And the boys here tell me that he has been more than co-operative. Well, I won't keep you. Do you want to speak to Throckmorton?"

"Just briefly . . ."

## The last word!



"My wife would like to borrow a cup of . . . a cup of . . ."



"Flour!"

So it was going to be a command performance, Fenton realised, and prepared to face it. Excitement was in the air. Dr. Throckmorton, when he came in, was more than ever erect and immaculate. He had abandoned his cane. Even the screen itself looked whiter tonight, as though it had been scrubbed for the occasion.

Dr. Throckmorton said that the patient had allowed his "mask" to be changed, and that he had been bathed and shaved without much fuss.

"He is so much better since you were here. Dazed, and still suspicious of us all, to be sure. But I honestly think he's coming out of it. He didn't carry

on a mite when the General came in to inspect the room, but just lay there watching him. And he has twice since Monday asked about you."

"Has the major kept on the microphones?"

"Oh, yes. But nothing new has developed. He has stopped talking about Wichita Falls and murder, if that is what you mean. It's all been very peaceful. I suspect that he is saving everything for you."

High flattery, though the doctor privately would have preferred less. It threw too great a responsibility on his shoulders, but worse than that,

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all these preparations might shrink the patient's willingness to talk. This was a confession chamber, not a stage, and he wished as well that the General had not chosen to appear in that sickroom. At best it was a change in normal routine.

But the carefully oiled doors slid open. And, trying to establish at once a familiar atmosphere, he addressed the glistening canvas.

There was no reply to anything for a good twenty minutes.

He went through all his book of tricks again. He explained the General's presence tonight as a sign of faith and hope. He spoke of the love the country bore the patient, the future protection that would be given

him. He spoke of science and its aims, the charms of family life, the tender concern of the patient's wife and child. Tonight, he added, he would try to arrange with the General for some kind of correspondence between them now. At this, at last, there came a kind of yawn, and then a quiet chuckle.

"P-poor Fenton." The voice beyond was almost affectionate in its tone, but choking as before. "Y-you try so hard."

"I am here to help."

Long pause.

"Y-you . . . do help," came the grudging compliment.

## Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

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"Only—you . . . Perhaps . . ." He paused. Then he said, with irritation and with a return somewhat to the incomprehensible rapid-fire delivery of an earlier stage, "Whatthehell—is the brass for here—tonight?"

"The General is my boss," the doctor said. "He has employed me to help you."

"H-help me? He'd court-martial me." Restless thrashing. Five minutes of it. "The-the-the-the-microphones!" he said, with a marked return of the speech block. "Night and dd-d-

day. No privacy. Wh-wh-why can't you and I? . . . In here . . . I—I—"

"Yes. Take it easy," Dr. Fenton said, moving closer to the screen. "I'm close."

"I could spill . . . lots . . ." Almost indistinguishable now, the voice trailed off to silence. And there it remained.

What things, for instance? Wichita Falls? Something to do with Wichita Falls, the doctor asked.

Had something terrible happened in Wichita Falls?

The patient had evidently panicked, or was stubbornly on

strike against the General. He was the star in the spotlight, but tonight he had turned temperamental, and maybe this was good.

It showed an awareness of the circumstances and the routine. Also, it showed the patient's growing partiality—for just one man, Dr. Fenton. For, at the very end, after eleven o'clock, when the audience in the wings undoubtedly was cursing the fiasco, he added just one thing (as though he were also conscious of the time and them).

"You're a good guy, Doctor . . . Come back . . . Next time."

The doors rolled shut at eleven twenty-five.

But poor as the "show" had been, the General seemed

pleased. He came marching back into the room, followed by the bustling staff and an orderly bearing a heap of firewood. The General seemed intent on making up for the sparse hospitality of the Hotel Bennington, and besides the coffee, Scotch and brandy were also brought in.

He liked a fire, he said, snapping out the four big lights after the staff had finally departed. It was as comforting to a man's soul as reading a chapter in the Good Book—and since, unfortunately, they could not permit the doctor to enter any other room in this house, he had conceived the idea of cheering up this room in here. This fireplace hadn't been used in years, and the house was frame, but the boys had cleaned out the flues and removed some ivy overgrowing the top of the chimney.

"Well now. Stevens tells me that you have some questions . . ."

They at last got down to tin-tacks, sitting opposite each other in the big blue chairs, the flames casting a warm and ruddy light. The room once more took on an eighteenth-century atmosphere, with its ghostly mirror and its crystal chandelier. It was a strange transition.

"Yes, I do have questions—and problems," Dr. Fenton began. Lighting another cigarette, he then told the General all that had occurred: Fitzgerald's first visit to his office, the facts that had been disclosed, the mysterious ransacking of his files, Fitzgerald's visit to his home, his trip to Brooklyn, his encounter with the pretty girl at the Hotel Astor.

He left out nothing, made a clean breast of his feelings and his acts. All the time he watched the General's face, particularly when the name of Eric Mallory was introduced.

**B**UT even his trained eye could detect very little in that scarred and repaired countenance shadowed in the wing of the big chair.

When he had finished, there was silence, broken only by the crackle and hiss of the flames.

"I don't know what to believe even now," the doctor said. "The ransacking of my safe, of course, seems the only dangerous thing which has occurred. But it might have nothing to do with spies. That building has often been robbed. Nothing was taken. And Mr. Fitzgerald could be bona fide, although I very much doubt it. Frankly, I hesitate telling on people who might have honorable motives, but who are simply behaving stupidly . . ."

Again he paused.

"No . . ." The General formed the word very carefully, and with rounded lips. "I'm glad you told me, although I'm sorry it had to happen." He rose and poked at the fire. "It must make us look very weak, if not downright careless." With his back turned to the doctor, he almost mumbled the next few words. "Espionage has become a science. And in a case like this . . . wheels within wheels . . ."

"Then it was espionage?"

"I believe it was." The General gravely turned, standing before the mantel and again looking like a dominie, a bemused and solemn one, searching for a prayer. His eyes looked over the rimless glasses, which had slid slightly down upon his fleshy nose. "Some of it was. I don't believe in Mr. Fitzgerald, in any case. The patient's college room-mate is not in this country."

"But the addresses in Chicago?"

"The apartment number could have been registered

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Page 57



## Penny's proud — she knows her Surf-washed towel can stand a close-up look

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## Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 57

under another name or be the actual address of a bona-fide Mr. Fitzgerald who is not living there at present. They have a dozen tricks with phone numbers, Fenton." He sighed and fumbled in his pocket, producing an extraordinarily small notebook. "I am more interested in the man who answered at the business number."

"That has more point. Do you recall that number?"

The doctor produced it; he had kept a record. The General wrote it down.

"Lloyd Associates. I'll check the address. Though it's probably too late now."

"I am sorry, sir. I am new at this. And," Dr. Fenton could not resist saying in self-defence, "I have no way of immediately contacting you."

The General simply frowned into his notebook. He held his pencil poised.

"This woman and the man. Could you describe them, please?"

When the doctor had complied with this request in detail, and he had scribbled everything down, the General still stood there with a worried frown.

"Curious," he muttered to himself, then resumed his seat. He tapped the notebook against his knee. "And this man said that he was leaving from La Guardia that same night?"

"Yes, sir. And that the Romagnas were driving him to the airport." The doctor paused. "Though the Mallory woman didn't know a thing about it, hadn't seen him. Am I to assume—that the doctor hesitated—that the proper names were given? The lady in Brooklyn didn't sound like a phony."

The General picked up his coffee, stirred it. "Doctor, it would be wiser for you to assume nothing in this case. Neither now, nor later."

He sat down heavily, a gloomy man sipping coffee, and the firelight luridly lit up a line of stitches beneath one ear. "We cannot be precipitate." He turned, looking directly at the doctor now, and laid the coffee cup on the floor. "The problem is far graver. As it must already have occurred to you, this poses a very melancholy decision for me."

"The danger point?" asked Dr. Fenton.

"Precisely." The General once more stood up. A man of few nerves, he revealed them now in the sudden thrust of his big hands into his jacket pockets and the sucking in of his big lower lip. He began to pace between the two wing chairs.

"You are obviously vulnerable now. Everything about you is known, including the time your secretary goes out to lunch, the hours when you are here, your home address. Heaven knows how they hit the mark, but they have, and they are going to make you their prime target."

"But Mr. Green knew all about me weeks ago," the doctor murmured. "And you—"

THE General waved his hand impatiently. "Whoever these people are, they are an organisation, with money, offices around the country, clever personnel. And any trick might be tried."

He paused before the fireplace. "You are a doctor. You have to be available to the public. Any stranger could walk into your consulting room. Or some fake patient could lure you to an address. I couldn't guard you without attracting undue attention. I cannot ask you to close up shop. You cannot warn your secretary or your maid to be on guard against them. So . . ."

He stopped, his expression as dejected as though the bars had just been stripped from his chest. His voice grew sad. "I had hoped to keep you on until our man was well. After tonight it seems more vital than ever that you should be kept on. But"—he shrugged—"they have struck you off the list."

So there it was, the end that he had feared. Loss of the case and the patient, whom he had come to like, who was an enormous challenge, and who, after weeks of patience, had finally evinced some signs of trust. Medicine must go down before a lot of greedy, slippery

criminals. Perhaps science itself would suffer. Perhaps the future of the United States.

"Does the danger involved mean danger for the country or simply danger to myself?" he asked the General. "Because, well, frankly, I'm not disturbed."

The General fingered his lip. "Does my knowing who they are and their knowing about me affect Security deeply? Does it affect the safety of the patient?"

"No. I cannot fathom their total motives. They seem foolish on the one hand, and very clever on the other." Once more the General paced. "But they are probably trying to get through you to the patient, determine where he is, what his condition is. . . . That, I am quite positive, they can't know, or that sandy-haired fellow wouldn't have showed up twice. Nor would the girl have called you."

Less downcast, more excited, the General picked up his coffee once more. "Obviously, the home visit and the ransacking of your files was another crude attempt. But they'll get cruder. And more desperate than sending women with red flowers." He stopped, laid the coffee down. "That was a peculiar thing, that flower business. I still don't get the pitch. Why didn't she put the flower on? You say you spoke to her?"

"Yes, but, General, I'm not sure she was the woman. The flower in the gutter might have been coincidence."

"Some fat coincidence. You saw her throw it, didn't you? What was she after?" He frowned and shook his head. "Crazy. There you were—the set-up perfect . . ."

"Not perfect, sir." The doctor reddened. "I intended to obey the rules." He spoke more forcefully. "Am I to assume that I am to take no chances, make no decisions in these matters? At the time all that I did was with the hope of helping you. Meeting these people so I could learn a little."

The General seemed deep in thought. He did not answer.

"Am I to assume as well," Dr. Fenton went on, "that

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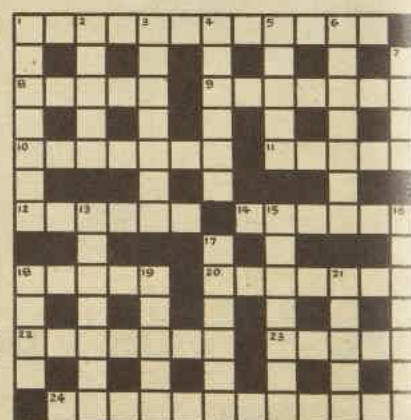
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- This month disturbances provide directions to counsel (12).
- Stops with a corset (5).
- Highest title of sovereignty (7).
- Assisted to eat debt (7).
- A man should look before he does so (5).
- Kind of hound and an inventor of a photographic process (6).
- Bestow the devil's art (6).
- Staffs of office showing a high card (5).
- A type of reindeer with a well-covered rib (7).
- Give an account of near art (7).
- Summons embracing everything (5).
- Takes the cake, but no conductor of an orchestra does it (5, 3, 4).

PREPOSSESSING  
I A H L N A  
GAGES EPIGRAM  
M L P E P O U  
EVEREST SCANT  
N E S D  
TIRADE CORSET  
O A W O  
SABLE PANTHER  
A I R L E A W  
LOCARNO DODGE  
I O O M J N  
CONTRABANDIST

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Precise point of time (7).
- Sudden fright noticeable through acres (5).
- Italian dish or Tito's (7).
- Systems of religious belief consisting mostly of marsh plants (6).
- Urge to do in a trim pelerine (5).
- Rain van (Anagr., 7; for Buddhist).
- God of Love (4).
- Purple medick growing in a Swiss city (7).
- Reclaim (Anagr., 7).
- Bound to include us (7).
- Stress on a syllable, mostly with an American coin (6).
- Coin an aromatic plant (4).
- Ingenious sharp pain (5).
- In Brussels it is worth 5 francs (5).



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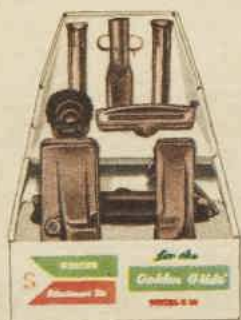
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## SINGER SEWING CENTRES



calling Mrs. Mallory in Brooklyn was also wrong?"

The General did not answer. He stared off at the shadows. "Is Eric Mallory the patient's name?"

"Doctor..." The General smiled wanly, though his face was still in shadow, backlit by the fire's glow. "There are many important scientists in the United States. Why press the point right now? It is better not to know."

"But it would help—" "Help you with what? Only to reach persons who, if they have information, can give it through the proper channels. Which we, in turn, will gladly pass to you. All the rest, my boy, lies in the danger zone. I thought I had made that clear. We are keeping this man anonymous to help you, not to help ourselves. Why, if I had a choice I'd take you in there, let you meet him tonight. But I can't. Off or on the case, you must be thoroughly protected."

"But these criminals know his name."

"You don't know that for a fact, Fenton. Have I confirmed it? Has any report you've read confirmed it? Not knowing it for a fact is all that actually might save you. Oh, you don't know these devils. They can wash your brains, knock you out with drugs. I had a son

He stopped. He paced again, out now into the silent, barren periphery of the room beyond, his tread heavy and rapid on the creaking floor. He walked to the leather couch and back again. When he spoke, his voice was sombre and composed. "No, the more I think about it, Fenton, the more I feel we have no right to keep you, much as I would like to. In fact, I think it would be a good idea if you'd leave the country for a while. Could you arrange a couple of weeks' vacation, in Jamaica, for instance, at our expense...?"

"Have you the authority to let me stay on the case?"

"I have, but I am morally and practically opposed. The risk's too great."

"Have I a voice in this? Would it be possible for me to overrule you, General?" The doctor smiled. And now he rose. He was as tall a man as the General, and their two giant shadows made restless colloquy on the opposite wall.

"If you will tell me that, and I think you want to tell me that, sir, then I will gladly stay."

"The set-up here would have to be completely changed," the General said musingly. "And your schedule. Some other base possibly. No." He spoke more firmly again, but with the same marked wistfulness. "You have no axe to grind in this. You are a civilian doing us a favor. Your life is worth as much as—well—his." He gestured towards the shadowy screen.

"Scarcely," said the doctor, also looking at it.

"We do not regard you as expendable. You have a practice."

"But little else," said Dr. Fenton.

## Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 58

The General peered at him over the rimless glasses.

"I am not married," the doctor said. He stared at the fire, feeling averse to the drama, the sentiment, the necessity of making a spectacle of himself, but realising perhaps it was the only way. "I suppose you have wondered about that, General," he said awkwardly. "Possibly thought me a Don Juan or... worse. But the fact is..."

"The fact is," he went on, listening to the roaring draft in the chimney above, and tilt-

The doctor paused. He also took a chair, reached for a brandy glass. "So that may be one of the reasons I'm psychologically ripe for this thing. I don't want to give it up. And I certainly don't have as great a stake in living as, say, a man with a wife and kids."

He gulped the brandy. "And aside from personal reasons, I'd hate to think that I wasn't a match for these devils. I'd also hate to see the best brain in the country in any other psychiatrist's hands. It's—egotism, too." He smiled at last across the braided rug.

"And patriotism, too. I'd say." The General rose. He

much as possible at night, and listen to no strangers. His schedule would probably be changed, and from now on he would leave from Idlewild.

And there it rested, over another brandy for the road—a road which after tonight might never be the same.

November 17 was Louisa's sixtieth birthday, and Dr. Fenton had suggested some weeks earlier that she celebrate by giving a dinner for some of her friends in the neighborhood. Louisa had been overwhelmed, at first with gruff gratitude, then, as the time neared, with self-importance.

The doctor's presence was an unsettled point right up to the very hour. He had been hesitant to ask if he might attend. There was a strong possibility that he might be on one of his

fast under the influence of the champagne he had provided, and were now gobbling their turkey dinner with an enthusiasm that bordered on avarice.

"Gravy?" the doctor asked the lady on his right, an elderly lady in blue lace who by day took care of newborn infants.

Shaking her head, she continued her diatribe. "Them mothers! Doctor, I'm telling you, you leave them alone and they'd kill the poor little things."

He nodded sympathetically, reflecting that he would prefer to be talking to the butcher, a jovial, portly man with an interest in sports, politics, and women.

Upstairs the front doorbell rang.

"I'll get it, Doctor." Hand-some in black taffeta, Louisa was giggling at something the butcher had just said.

"Not on your birthday." The doctor bowed to the lady in blue lace. "Will you keep an eye on those two for me, please?"

The laughter followed him upstairs.

At that moment, warned by the champagne and by the good feeling downstairs, the doctor had no thought of conspirators. The past weeks, ever since his talk with the General, had been quiet. No more letters from Green. No telephone calls, except one from Stevens to cancel the sessions until further notice. The reason given was that there had been a small fire at Base X, quickly controlled, nothing serious.

The bell rang again as the doctor approached the door.

He opened it. Standing there was a slim, dark girl, dressed in black.

It was the girl he had seen at the Astor.

"Dr. Fenton..."

"Yes?"

"Could I see you for a few minutes, please, Doctor?"

He looked across the street, then left and right. The night was raw, one of those veiled November nights when the street lamps wear an aureole and cars slip by like shadows. Mist drifted over the sidewalks.

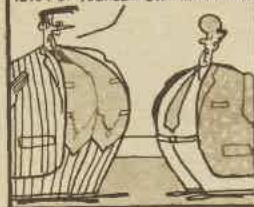
"Doctor," she said, and the beautiful eyes were pleading. "I am Angela Mallory."

She returned his gaze timidly, but unwaveringly. "Come in," he said, finally.

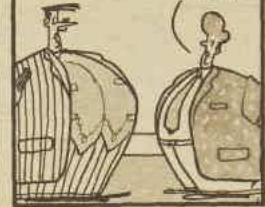
To be continued

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

JOE, I WON'T HELP YOU TO MAKE AN IDIOT OF YOURSELF OVER THIS MATTER!



WELL, DON'T WORRY,



I CAN DO IT MYSELF WITHOUT YOUR HELP!!



ing his chin upward, "my major reason for living ended about twenty years ago—when my interest in psychiatry began. I don't make myself clear." He turned, taking out a cigarette. For this was hard to say. Nor might he have said it if this room had not been dim, the General a man that he respected, and this story possibly a straw.

"There was a girl, General. A very wonderful girl—whom I knew in college. She was a talented pianist. She went insane during one spring vacation. When I came back to Oberlin, she didn't show up. Her mother was a Dane—and a peculiar woman. She never told me where Kristin was. I had to find out all the details from the neighbors. But in all the years I've never been able to find that insane asylum..."

The General had sat down quietly.

"Her mother's dead now

ambled to the piecrust table, picked up a lump of sugar, crumbled it. "Well..." He seemed to count each chimney brick. "I can only say that we will do our best to keep these people..."

Dr. Fenton smiled broadly. The General extended his hand. The doctor gripped it, though the occasion probably demanded some sort of a salute.

They talked after that about the patient and the future. The General felt that it was expedient to move the patient from Base X as soon as possible. But this would take arranging. Some new, even more secret installation must be found. Since this would take time and conferences, he suggested that the sessions be cancelled for the time being. None would take place Friday, anyway.

"Stevens will notify you."

Meanwhile, the doctor was to walk cautiously, stay in as

nocturnal missions; and beyond that, Louisa might not even want him. She might fear his presence would put a damper on the party.

The doctor got home from the office about five-thirty. A surprised Louisa came bustling in from the kitchen. "You home?" she asked. "You're not going out tonight?"

"I thought I might catch a movie."

"Movie?" She hesitated.

"Would you—"

"Do you want me?" He grinned.

"Of course," she said gruffly.

"You gotta eat somewhere, ain't you?"

At seven, he sat in the basement dining-room, presiding at a candlelit table. He sat at the head, Louisa at the foot, and between them assorted maids, baby-sitters, and the local butcher, all dressed to the nines. At first stiff and self-conscious, they had loosened up

## Continuing . . . THE IMPROBABLE BLONDE

from page 17

"No, but a couple of times I had to hit the panic button," Pete said. "Let's not knock the child, except in her presence. Where is she?"

"In the garage," Mrs. Monahan said, "and she's very unpunctual. She's always in the garage, often with boys as messy as she is. Do you know, you're the first suitor we've ever seen with flowers and candy?"

"I'm too old," Pete said.

"She can't set a table," Mrs. Monahan said, "or order from the grocery, or sew on a button. But she can certainly adjust valve clearances. Why am I telling you this? I suppose I ought to be encouraging you, in the wild hope that

"It was an accident," Pete said. "I'd lost the beam and just happened to wander into that dance. I'm thirty-one. In three months I'll be thirty-two."

"Why not knock her?" Mr. Monahan said. "What do you see in her, Mr. Lomax? She's got almost as much of a crew-cut as you have, and from the back she resembles a boy. Most days she's pretty soiled. All she wants to do is water-ski and burn alky and spear fish. When our only child turned out a girl, I consoled myself with dreams of silks and lace

and parties and maybe grandchildren, not a bunch of spare parts. I must have been nuts."

"I don't see anything in her," Pete said. "I'll soon have twelve years on her. I'm gaining."

"You could take your drink and go out to the garage," said Mr. Monahan hopefully.

"I don't like garages," Pete said, "and I never chase girls. They rarely chase me, and I'm alone quite a lot, except for husky kids, but I like it that way."

THE Monahans gazed at each other. Their eyebrows went up and they seemed hopeful and alert again. As Pete attempted to disillusion them, Tommy came in, wearing a thick jumper and shorts. Her feet were bare, and she had a smear of grease on one cheek. She kissed Pete's forehead.

"Isn't he perfect?" she said. "Why, flowers and candy! It's sort of like a Victorian postcard. He sends me."

"Go take a bath," Mr. Monahan growled.

"I like to be informal and modern," Tommy replied. "Maybe if I wait he'll kiss my hand."

"Don't hold your breath,"

Pete said. "I've never enjoyed the taste of oil. And take a bath or I'll eat with somebody else."

Tommy stared at him, her lower lip protruding. He eyed her steadily. She looked down at her shapely, dirty feet.

"Don't get sore," she said. "All right... You all look depressed. What's the matter?"

"We were discussing you before you arrived," Mr. Monahan said. "Can you think of a better reason for being depressed?"

Shrugging, Tommy left them. Mrs. Monahan said happily to her husband, "He made her take a bath."

"That's nothing," Pete said hastily. "At that age they go through phases. When she is forty, I'll be fifty-five."

"Fifty-two," Mr. Monahan said. "That's nothing, either. I'm fifty-two."

The dinner went off extremely well, mainly because Tommy appeared in a delightful white dress and stockings and slippers, and sat up straight and pleased her parents. Pete discussed engineering and air-

craft flight characteristics with a beaming Mr. Monahan, who remarked that this was the first occasion they'd had one of Tommy's boy-friends to eat when he hadn't found himself in a discussion of rock-climbing, water polo, and rock-n-roll.

"I'm a man friend," Pete said with emphasis. "You notice I only talk to you, don't you? Your daughter and I have absolutely nothing in common."

After the meal, he and Mr. Monahan had coffee and brandy together, and Pete drew tentatively on a good cigar. Presently they joined the ladies on the porch. Although Tommy was a poor player, they indulged in two rubbers of bridge.

During the whole time, other than when holding cards, her spine remained erect and her hands in her lap. From time to time she smiled glassily. As they retired, the elder Monahans said this was the nicest evening they'd had since Tommy was born. Tommy got Pete a Scotch and soda.

"I'm growing to like my parents," she said. "They're antiquated but nice. Are you fond of them, dad. Is this a

To page 62

## DRIVE SAFELY

Don't let drowsiness or fatigue turn you into a dangerous driver. Stay wide awake at the wheel

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AWAKENERS

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family you'd be willing to marry into."

"Yes," Pete said. "Love 'em. No, I wouldn't. Let's change the subject."

"Let's change the scene," Tommy suggested. "Why don't we go for a ride in my car? I haven't had a traffic ticket lately."

"Sorry," Pete said. "I'm quite law-abiding, and it makes me nervous to think cops are watching me. We can go out and study your roadster, though, if you want."

"Wonderful," she said. "This dress is beginning to close in on me."

When she had changed to dungarees, they went to the garage. Despite being advanced far beyond the age of reciprocating engines, Pete had a good look at what Tommy called the "mill" of the roadster. To humor the child, he suggested fuel injection—it could add another thirty miles an hour to the contraption.

Wondering slightly at himself, he mentioned he had a few days off and might have some drawings made and pick up the necessary parts from Amalgamated's junk-pile.

"Would you?" Tommy said, and grabbed his lapels. "Oh, please! I don't care so much about the car, but it would give us a chance to work together and share mutual interests. You know, I plan to convert you to my type."

"Oh?" Pete said. "Experts have tried that and failed. I'm so out of date I have the notion a guy should run his own life as he chooses, with such girls as he has assisting him and taking orders."

**S**HE assured him: "That'll wear off. I can cure you, Dad." She smiled. "You know, you told Mamma and Daddy we had nothing in common. We have. It's spelled S-E-X. Works wonders."

"Good night," he said. "You've been youthful and nearly adequate."

He attempted to shake hands with her, but her footwork was more than adequate and she kissed him on the mouth. His breath was stopped, although not his racing pulse.

"No more kissing. Is that clear?"

She nodded happily. "As soon as I've got you tamed, I intend to see how you are without a moustache."

For several days Pete walked around the plant clutching furtively at his upper lip. In due course he fell foul of Mr. Groves.

"Listen," the executive said, "I hear you're bothering the draughting department and swiping pressurising pumps and bending copper tubing. What've you got in mind?"

"What I've got in mind," Pete said, "you wouldn't believe. I don't myself. I don't even dare think about it."

Mr. Groves patted his shoulder. "O.K., go ahead. You may revolutionise things for yourself. The ideas you don't dare think about are what have kept us ahead in the Air Age, boy."

"Stop calling me 'boy'!" Pete snapped.

Thereafter he got in a good deal of garage time with the loveliest of the Pavement Sluggers. Some of the other club members came by to lend advice or wrenches, and Pete found safety in numbers.

Fond glances, however, from his greasy associate were bestowed on him, even in the presence of others. Becoming rather popular, he heard himself put up for honorary membership in the Sluggers. He declined that, together with invitations to more dances.

Some of the devotees of racing tyres and torsion bars said he was real quick for his years.

## Continuing . . . THE IMPROBABLE BLONDE

from page 60

girls have been pinned down by the adolescents who are with them. I'm all grown up, but stupid, and it took me a little while to realise you never can go back. Tonight I'm playing cards with your worthy parents, and in the process I might get quietly loaded. Beat it."

"You don't mean that, Pete," she said, eyes wide. "Yes, I do. I'm being kidded."

\*\*\*\*\*  
● A well-planned dinner is no small art, nor small pleasure; neither the great Generals nor the great philosophers have spurned the practice and science of it.  
—Montaigne  
\*\*\*\*\*

by the other grown-ups. I'm a man—that's hard to explain to you. Not a boy."

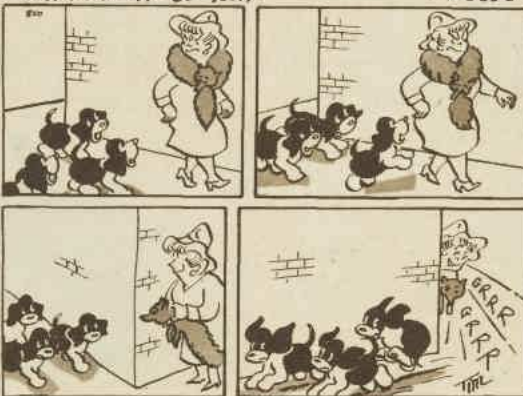
"I don't understand." She was growing pale under her tan.

"Well, you will in a few years. That's the whole trouble. A man doesn't mind being an idiot, but he can't stand being an elderly idiot."

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Now, can't you get off the boat and play with the other kiddies and stop worrying me?"

"Yes, sir," she said.

That evening, by virtue of recruiting a crusty old gentleman off a neighboring yacht for a fourth, he played some good bridge with the Monahans. It was a quiet, almost satisfying evening, and, although he was a bit blue and disgusted with himself, he had a pretty good time.

Tommy was picked up in a dinghy before dinner by a bronzed young giant and didn't return until after he had gone to bed. His host and hostess made no mention of the changed routine, but as he prepared to retire Mrs. Monahan stopped him.

"It's not your fault, Pete," she said. "I'm sorry—we both are—because we were sort of hoping—"

"I have a large hole in my head," Pete said. "But it's been nice knowing you."

#### Notice to Contributors

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"I've been around longer than you have," Mrs. Monahan said, "so I know even more than you. It's not that you're older or that the difference in age matters intrinsically when real love and trust are involved, but she's so young. Defiantly young. Women have to learn to be men's ages, and Tommy is too spoiled to make the effort. She insists on your coming back to her, which is silly. That's our fault, and we're sorry. Good night, Pete."

He spent a miserable night, and following breakfast in the morning, he got a book from the boat's library—it happened to be "War and Peace"—and lounged under the awning in the cockpit trying to whisper the pronunciation of Russian names to himself.

Except for a gay "Good morning," Tommy ignored him. She left early for a day of spearfishing. He kept on reading Tolstoy.

In the late afternoon, Tommy having returned, they sailed back to the mainland. Thanking everybody, he started to go. Tommy followed him to his car.

"So this is goodbye," she said.

"Don't be childish."

"I was a little simple. I

eating again. Sunday morning early I'm going to the dry lake and burn off some rubber, and my parents are going, too, worriers that they are. They'd like to have you along, and so would I—to check over my roadster. You could go in the car with them."

Pete waited, struggling with himself. "O.K.," he said. "And I think you're crazy."

The Monahans came for him at four-thirty in the morning. Hunched over the wheel, his jaws clamped down on a cigar, Mr. Monahan merely said Tommy was starting late in the roadster, as usual. Mrs. Monahan was knitting, and she seemed to drop many stitches.

Mirage was a great, white, shining, dusty salt bed, ringed by hot brown mountains. In a morning heat that was approaching a hundred degrees were desperate youths in amazing cars, officials, an electrical timing-stand, spectators who had come early, guys selling beer and hot dogs, and an ambulance and a small fire engine. The course down the centre of the lake was marked with bits of cloth fastened to sticks.

Tommy arrived in due course, quite late, and driving alone. The other Pavement Sluggers surrounded her like disciples. While she drank a soft drink, Pete checked over the car, ruining his suit in the process. Contest numbers were put on the side in poster paint.

"Look," Pete said, "this thing will wind up now, so don't push it too hard. Tyres give in this kind of heat. Don't push it too hard, even for glory. Better yet, let one of the boys drive. You're the only girl entered—why be conspicuous?"

"Are you getting over it?" Tommy said. "I'm not."

"Yes. Look, you might blow a head or throw a connecting rod. There's sense to risking your life for a purpose, but you're kidding. All you prove is you've got a hot bucket of bolts."

"You'll get married some day, won't you?"

Pete sighed. "I suppose, unless you're tired me out too much. It'll be to a girl as old as I am, who likes cards and music and staying out of the sun. Why don't you go over and sit in the sedan with your folks?"

"I'm never going to get married," Tommy said. "No matter what age you are, either you get what you want or you bow out."

"Please," Pete said. "You think this is a movie? A long time ago I used to worry about my getting it. I cured myself. Now I'm worrying about you. Go sit down. Is it fair to start me all over again?"

**H**E was startled to see tears cutting rivulets through the dust on her cheeks. She turned away from him and got into the car.

The starter called her number. She drove to the far end of the course and awaited the flag from the fellow in white overalls. This was a flying-start event, the first run being more for a warm-up than trying for the record, but the manner in which Tommy spun the wheels when she took off proved she was serious.

The roadster was a blur as it passed Pete, and his ears flinched from the wild howl of high r.p.m.s. Long ago he had got over those intimations of disaster when he or somebody he liked tried something tough, but now he felt his heart pounding with the premonition that rarely came true, and the heat alone wasn't making him sweat.

Away from him, in the glare of the sun and the sparkling haze of salt earth, things went wrong—a tyre, lateral stability, a tie-rod, anything at that clip. Pete began running. The roadster slewed, screamed sideways, spun, and turned over slowly twice—so slowly that it couldn't be harmful.

Then dust blanketed it, followed by sudden ugly black smoke, and he heard the sound he'd heard often enough and dreaded in the marrow of his bones—the wail of the ambulance and the fire truck.

Pete was there ahead of everybody. The car was smoking, but not really burning yet. She was knocked out and apparently unmarked; her safety-belt and shoulder harness had protected her that much, anyhow.

Ripping loose the harness with hands trained to work like lightning, he dragged her clear. Flames spread up from the crazily twisted rear of the car, but there was no explosion, as he had expected when he hit the ground and covered her body with his.

In seconds the ambulance and the fire truck slammed up to him, the fire was out, and forty bystanders crowded around to watch the doctor and first-aid men check Tommy. Mrs. Monahan sat down and held Tommy's head in her lap.

"Severely shaken up," the doctor said. "No internal injuries, I think. Shock and maybe slight concussion. She'd better go to the hospital for 24 hours."

**T**OMMY'S eyes were open. Mr. Monahan, his hat jammed over his ears, was identifying himself as her father and begging her to speak to him. But she was only looking at Pete, in a fashion that stabbed him. He knelt beside her and she gripped his hand.

"It's all right," he said. "You'll just have a headache. . . . Honey, the years don't matter, the outside, the sunburn, those poor squid. I'll do what you want. You're the boss. Put me down for a refresher course in kindergarten. We'll even rebuild that car and go again, but with me at the wheel. Is it a deal?"

It was plain she didn't hear him. She shook her head, coming out of it. Mrs. Monahan looked at Pete and wept. The doctor watched Tommy closely, a hypodermic needle in his fingers. The men with the stretcher were waiting.

"Pete," Tommy said, "please give me another chance. You won't be grounded by me. I'll grow up by tomorrow. I'll stay inside and resign from the Sluggers and wear a girdle and play long-hair music and take bridge lessons. I'll always be on time and you can keep your moustache. You can be head man in everything. I'll drive your stock car, never out of second gear. Please? Will you?"

Pete bent and kissed her. She began to smile. The ambulance men rolled her gently on to the stretcher, and Pete helped Mrs. Monahan to rise. She kissed him.

"I'll go with her in the ambulance," Pete said. "I guess she's mine now. . . . It's a mess. I'm sorry."

"You raise her," Mr. Monahan said. "We've done all we can. Sometimes one older head is better than two young ones."

"Roger," Pete said. "But I'm taking the assignment on the condition she never hears my opening remarks at this wreck. Raise your right hands and solemnly swear—"

The Monahans raised their right hands. He had to leave them to climb into the ambulance with his kid.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 1, 1961



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F7216. — Infant's nightgown and matinee jacket. Nightgown requires 1½ yds. 36in. material; matinee jacket, ¾ yd. 36in. material. Infant's size. Price 3/6.

F7211. — Pretty-as-a-picture shortie nightgown requires 1½ yds. 36in. material, 1½ yds. 36in. lace, 1½ yds. 36in. net material, 5yds. ¼in. lace edging, and 2yds. 1in. ribbon. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F7213. — Summer frock with contrasting collar requires 1½ to 2yds. 36in. material. Collar requires ½ yd. 36in. contrasting material. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Price 4/-.

F7216



F7211

F7213

F7214

F7215

F7212. — Sunsuit and matching bonnet for a little girl requires 2½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material and 2½ yds. edging. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 years. Price 3/6.

F7214. — Simple slip requires 3yds. 36in. material, 2½ yds. 2in. lace edging, 1yd. ¼in. ribbon, 2yds. ¼in. lace edging. Sizes 36 to 42in. bust. Price 4/-.

F7215. — Slip and panties for the mother-to-be require 4½ yds. 36in. material, 9yds. ¼in. lace edging, 1½ yds. ¼in. ribbon. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 411 — PRETTY MATERNITY FROCK

Maternity frock for party wear is available cut out ready to make in a printed floral cotton in shades of blue and lilac, green and blue, and green and tan. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 46/8, 36 and 38in. bust 48/8. Postage 4/- extra.

### No. 412 — YOUNGSTER'S PYJAMAS

Handy one-piece pyjamas for a boy or girl are available cut out ready to sew in easy-to-laundry plisse in pink, blue, and white. For 1 and 2 years 18/8. Postage 2/- extra.

### No. 413 — GIRL'S PLAYSUIT

Cool and comfortable, easy to wash and iron, this two-piece playsuit is available cut out ready to sew in poplin in pink, sea-green, tan, lilac, white, and pale blue. For 4 and 6 years 19/6; for 8 years 21/6. Postage 3/- extra.

### No. 414 — SHEATH FROCK AND JACKET

A smart frock and jacket set available cut out ready to sew in Sundek cotton in royal-blue, green, black, and lilac. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 22/6; 36 and 38in. bust 24/6. Postage 4/0 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

# AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning January 30



## ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.  
★ Gambling colors, mauve, white.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in a new start.

★ If off to your first job, there will be many, to you, novel and exciting features. If you are a voluntary worker, programmes for a new season will occupy your mind. If you have a hobby, laid aside in the last month, you attack difficulties, improve your skill, forge ahead with renewed zest. A flying start is half the battle.



## TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, white.  
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in advertising your talents.

★ You'll be passed over if you wait for others to come to you. Now is the time to show you are keen, enthusiastic, capable of discharging responsibilities. Bring your efforts to the notice of those who count; create opportunity if it fails to present itself. Set the stage so you can put your best foot forward. There could be practical rewards.



## GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, green.  
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in long-term planning.

★ Drifting can be dangerous. Plan what you hope to accomplish, set a reasonable goal and work towards it. Whether your ambition is financial, sporting, artistic, social, or romantic it won't come on a silver platter. Note your progress in any field. Don't give rein to your mutual impatience, move step by step and you'll make the grade.



## CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, rose.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, mauve.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in independence.

★ Don't take carelessly given promises for a hard and fast agreement. Count on your own efforts rather than on busy people who forget all about you. The clinging vine act can be overdone. If your beloved has affairs of his own to attend to, why not a night out with the girls? When he calls up, have a previous engagement once in a while.



## LEO

The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, silver.  
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Tues., Wednesday.  
★ Luck in co-operation.

★ Getting on with people means give and take. Help others to carry out their plans and they'll lend their support for your ideas. Working as a team you can accomplish marvels. You may be asked to pour oil on the troubled waters; tact and patience will be your best weapons. Any attempt to dictate in the cause of efficiency will not be popular.



## VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, black.  
★ Gambling colors, black, white.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.  
★ Luck in a new personality.

★ Think about the impression you make on others. If your hair, complexion have suffered during the summer, take a day off for beauty. Freshen up your wardrobe, acquire a new accessory. Take note of mannerisms, over-worked pet expressions, and the man in your life will realise you've developed new charm. Try applause instead of criticism.



## LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.  
★ Gambling colors, light blue, silver.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.  
★ Luck in chance.

★ Pure chance may carry you farther than much hard work. Your Fairy Godmother turns you from Cinderella into the belle of the ball. Her gifts, however, may take odd forms; you won't realise at first how valuable they are. They could tumble you into the arms of one with whom you've quarrelled, or into those of a total stranger.



## SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Mon., Wednesday.  
★ Luck in the end of a cycle.

★ You are closing a chapter. You may be sad or glad, but there's a fresh wind blowing which heralds new conditions, new interests, activities, and, probably new people in your life. If a love affair has faded out, there's a new love around the corner. If you've lost a friend through differing interests, a new one will shortly appear to fill the void.



## SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, grey.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, red, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
★ Luck in study.

★ If the course of true love has gone awry, read a couple of good novels in order to learn more about human beings and their emotions. If you are trying to master a new skill, get a book about it, understand the theory as well as practising with the necessary materials. If you wish to improve your qualifications, consider enrolling in a suitable class.



## CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 24 - JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 19.  
★ Lucky color for love, violet.  
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.  
★ Luck in finances.

★ You may receive an account and find it less than you anticipated. For some of you there could be a slightly fatter pay-envelope. For still others, completing the final payment on an article could ease your budget. A small bonus might give you a thrill. If you indulge in a speculation you are likely to be successful.



## AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 19.  
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in the initiative.

★ Take the first step if you wish to turn an acquaintance into a friend. Give a lead to others if you are anxious to get things done. If a committee meeting, make a contribution to the debate or promise to help in the scheme under discussion. Clever suggestions from you will bridge the gap between conflicting opinions in an organisation.



## PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, navy blue.  
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ Luck in contentment.

★ Ordinary routine has its charm. You may be happy in the garden, on a job which appeals to your imagination or experimenting with one of the domestic arts. It is best to see people you know well and not to seek adventure in places with which you are unfamiliar. Play safe in all social directions, and do not lend money to associates.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



SCHOOL  
DRIVE  
SLOWLY



Children, when going to school or returning home look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any road.

Mothers of three generations have safeguarded their children's energy with the wholesome assistance of some buttered Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits in the school lunch.



*There is no Substitute for Quality*